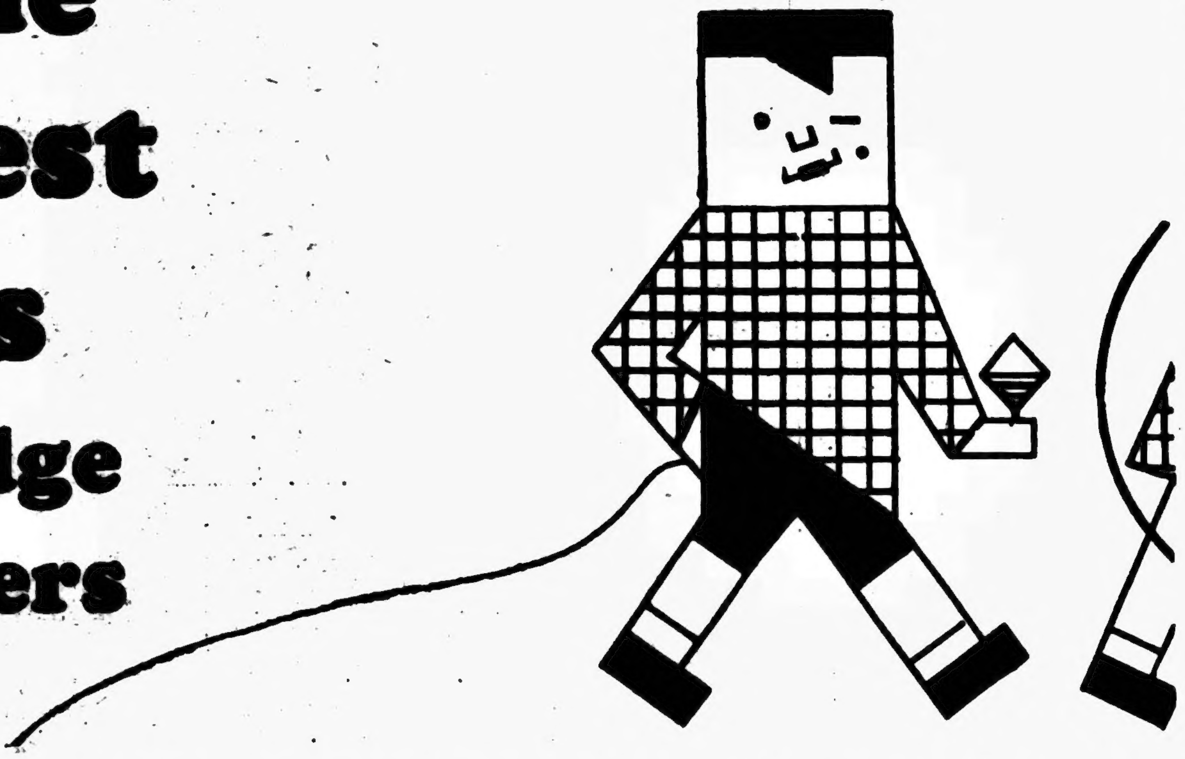
JOHN BULL, FEBRUARY 24, 1934

BRIBERY IN HIGH PLACES SEE PAGE 11

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LV.
1445.

JOHN BULL



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So economical, too! Yet how they thrive on it! When you give them Oxo they're getting *beef* at its *best*—nourishing, strengthening—just what their growing bodies and brains need.

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FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

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EXTRA MONEY for you by taking up "The hobby that pays." No outlay or experience needed. Send the Worldwide Wholesale Warehouses' coupon on p. 3 for free partics.

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DON'T BUY A CYCLE until you have seen Moorhouse's Catalogue. Being actual makers they can save you at least 20/-. All their cycles are carriage paid and guaranteed for ever. See advt. on p. 3.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer on p. 20.

BIG SHOE BARGAIN FOR MEN! If you hike or want a strong pair of Shoes for all-round outdoor wear, read the Bargain offer of Messrs. Lunn's, to be found in this week's "Shop Window" on page 20. This firm guarantees absolute satisfaction.

WHY NOT have a Riley Billiard Table on 7 days' free trial? Read more about it in the advertisement on p. 20.

LIGHTNING LEATHER STITCHER for thrifty homeworkers. Puts perfect lockstitch in boots, belts, bags, harness and all leather goods. Complete with 3 different needles and thread, only 2/3, post 4d.—Penn & Co. (J. Dept.), 142, Cottenham Rd., London, N.19.

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!
A FINE Fountain Pen—and nothing to buy! Get yours and tell four friends to send to the advertiser who makes this generous offer on p. 3.

FREE GIFT of Fashionable Chain Mesh Wristlet to all applicants for the Wrist Watch advertised by Koderne in their "Shop Window" advertisement on p. 3. Mention *John Bull* when accepting this offer.

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on approval. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 62, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

GAMAGES NEED NO INTRODUCTION TO "JOHN BULL" READERS. TURN TO THE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGES 4 AND 5—IT IS CROWDED WITH WONDERFUL BARGAINS OF AMAZING VALUES.

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IMPROVE POOR SOIL with our rich Fertiliser. Startling results. 28-lb. 7/-, c. pd.—Marlborough Fertiliser Co., Borthwick Rd., Ldn., E.15.

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READERS' attention is drawn to the TELSEN RADIO advt. on p. 29.

A POWERFUL 3-VALVE RADIO SET for 79/6, or 2/ weekly. Everything complete and ready to switch on. See advertisement of Eclipse Radiophones in the "Shop Window" on p. 3.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA DIRECT, from 1/- lb. Loose or packeted. Own name if required. Samps. free.—Victoria Tea Co., Ltd., 22, Chancery Lane, Ldn., W.C.2.

SAVE MONEY ON MEAT.
BUY BY POST FRESH FROM MARKET.
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VARICOSE VEINS, ULCERS, BAD LEGS and all Skin complaints permanently cured as if by magic by "Varenecose" Ointment in record time WITHOUT LEAVING A SCAR. Stops that Awful pain and itching for good at first application. Sent under No Cure-No Pay Guarantee. Send for 3/- trial size or call or write TO-DAY for generous FREE SAMPLE, Booklet and Medical Press Opinions. — LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

PSORIASIS, Eczema. These irritating complaints completely ended while you sleep. Immediate relief. Call or write. No obligation.—Ridalex Consulting Rooms (Dept. H.), 121, Kingsway, W.C.2.

ASTHMA & CATARRH SUFFERERS! Turn to the offer on p. 18. A free trial supply of Dr. Singha (Brand) Asthma Tablets or generous sample of Dr. Singha (Brand) Catarrh Cure, together with free treatise and testimonials, will be sent on receipt of the coupons on p. 18. Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

WRITE for free bklt. to Phillips Yeast Products, Ltd. (Dept. B3), 150, Regent Street, London, W.1. It will show you the way to greater vigour and vitality. See p. 33.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) appearing on p. 45.

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BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques. Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

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ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc., BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

DO you suffer from eye strain, weak and watery eyes, etc.? If so, fill in the coupon in the Singleton advt. on p. 20 for free bklt.

FREE Illus. Booklet of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.—Write, Dept. S-NG, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 28.

READERS who write to Dept. 8F, J. S. Fry & Sons, Ltd., Somerdale, Bristol, will receive by return a free list of Gifts offered in connection with FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA. Send for this Free Gift List now. A p.c. will do. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 30.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on p. 41 to your name and address with 2d. stamp for postage.

READERS' attention is drawn to the amazing offer of "RAZOR" BLADES on p. 43.

A SAMPLE of "Snow" Face Cream will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage), appearing on p. 43.

A SAMPLE of Kolynos Denture Fixative will be sent FREE to readers who write to the address in the advt. on p. 41.

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£3-10-0 Cash
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Carriage Paid.
Send a Post Card for Free Catalogue, and see what you save.

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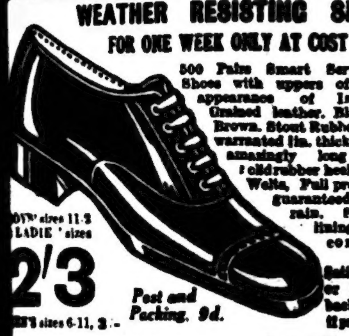

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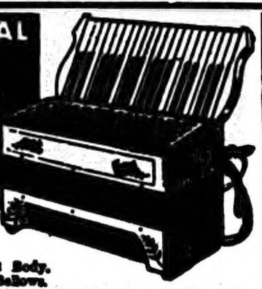

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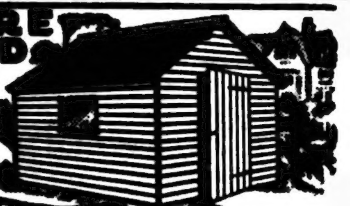

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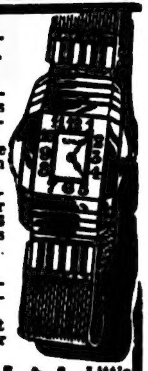

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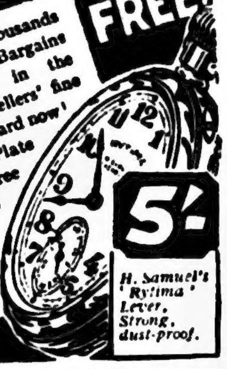

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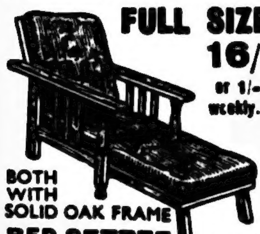
H. Samuel's 'Rytima' Lever, Strong, dust-proof.

H. SAMUEL Ltd. Dept 199 Market St. Manchester



FULL SIZE BED CHAIR

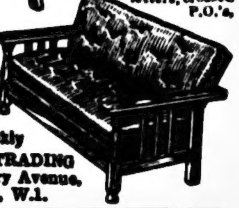
16/6 PAT. SPRING SEATS
or 1/- weekly. **TURNED LEGS**

Polished rich nut brown. 3 soft velvet cord cushions any colour. Carr. and pack. England and Wales 2/6. Call or send for new coloured Catalogue J. Cheques, reg. letters, crossed P.O.'s.

BOTH WITH SOLID OAK FRAME

BED SETTEE

Converts in a moment into comfortable bed, 4½in. wide. Spring seats, turned legs. Carr. and Pack. Eng. and Wales 3/6. **35/-** or 2/- weekly

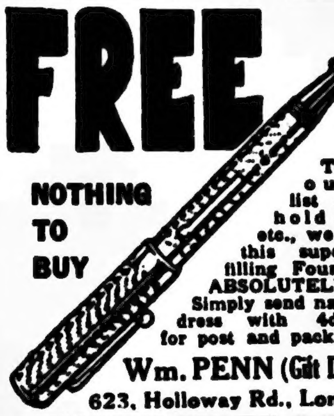


NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD., 52, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

FREE

SENT BY RETURN

NOTHING TO BUY



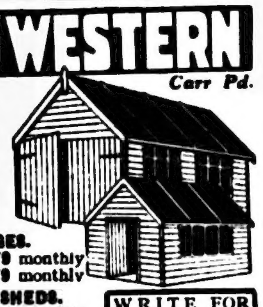
To introduce our latest list of household bargains, etc., we are giving this superior self-filling Fountain Pen ABSOLUTELY FREE. Simply send name and address with 4d. stamps for post and packing to

Wm. PENN (Gift Dept. J.B.3)
623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

SOUTH WESTERN

Carr Pd.

GARAGES & SHEDS made with electric tools from seasoned timber. Each section dead accurate, hence easy to erect. Complete with roofing felt, bolts, etc., etc.



SUPER GARAGES.

10' x 7' 108/- or 9/9 monthly
14' x 8' 150/- or 13/9 monthly

SUPER GARDEN SHEDS.

6' x 4' 41/- or 3/9 monthly.
8' x 5' 58/- or 5/4 monthly.
10' x 7' 84/- or 7/8 monthly

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), Ltd. Dept. J
Huson Road, Fulham, S.W.6. Fulham 1121 (6 lines).

AMAZING RADIO BARGAIN

POWERFUL 3-VALVE RADIO

SEND ONLY 2/- as 1st week's instalment.

Balance 2/ weekly. British made. Complete with Loud-Speaker, Valves, Accumulator and Batteries, in Fine Walnut Cabinet. All ready to switch on. Reduced Price for Cash 79/6. Many other Superb Models from 2/6 weekly.

SEND P.C. for BIG FREE BOOK.
ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. 3AB)
97, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

DRASTIC REDUCTIONS

GUARANTEED CYCLES 59/6

or 1/6 per week. Carriage Paid.

GENUINE £3-19-6 QUALITY

16 distinct models of Lightweights and Roadsters, etc. Buy from Actual Makers and save at least 20/-. Big Catalogue FREE. Cut price Accessories. Cheapest in Britain. TRADE SUPPLIED.

Free FOR A POSTCARD

SPECIAL GIFT.
A spanner which fits all cycle nuts FREE if 1d. stamp sent for postage.

MOORHOUSES
Dept 89, PADIHAM, LANCS.

GAMAGES NEED NO INTRODUCTION

OUR 56th BIRTHDAY SALE NOW ON

Guarantee

Every pair carries Gamages Guarantee of quality—a sure sign of excellent workmanship throughout.

(Above) Goodyear Studded Sole

Post 9d. or two pairs post free.

30,000 PAIRS *of* HIGH-GRADE "Valiant" SHOES

USUALLY 12/9, OFFERED AT 8/- A PAIR

IN co-operation with one of the largest Footwear organisations in the kingdom, we have been able to produce a Shoe which, for Sterling Value, is without parallel. Please read the specification carefully, and then consider how much we can save you.

Specification

- ★ Fine quality Black Box or Tan Willow uppers, both strong and supple.
- ★ Soles: Goodyear studded, double-wear & waterproof or reliable leather.
- ★ Studded sole model has special storm-proof sealed welts.
- ★ Made in Northamptonshire by able craftsmen.
- ★ Solid leather inner-soles, smooth and comfortable to the feet.
- ★ Popular medium round toe shape which gives the utmost comfort.

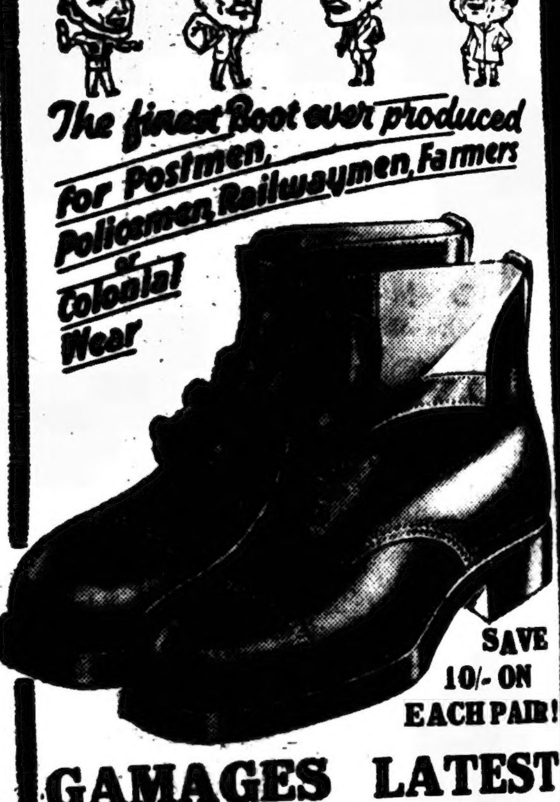
BRITISH MADE FROM BRITISH MATERIALS
ALL SIZES AND HALF SIZES, 5 TO 12

J.B. No. 32.—Black Oxford Shoe, full round toe welted. Goodyear double-wear sole and heel.
J.B. No. 33.—As above in Tan.
J.B. No. 34.—Black Oxford Shoe, smart town model, welted leather soles.
J.B. No. 35. — As above in Tan.

SALE PRICE PER PAIR 8/-

"VALUE FOR MONEY"—

That is what trading means to Gamages—it is our boast that £1 goes further in this Store than anywhere else in the kingdom. This Sale can save you quite a lot of money.


The finest Boot ever produced for Postmen, Policemen, Railwaymen, Farmers or Colonial Wear

SAVE 10/- ON EACH PAIR!

GAMAGES LATEST PADDOCK BOOT

J.B.10.—There's a touch of "class" about these Boots that makes them ideal for the Sportsman, Farmer, or Out-o'-doors Man. They are definitely the finest boots of this type we have ever produced. Note these special points in construction :—

1. Uppers of heavy Tan or Black Calf skins.
2. Calf lined through to toe.
3. All seams sewn with extra stout waxed thread.
4. Extra high leg for wear with leggings.
5. Leather pull-on loop at back.
6. Triple English Tanned leather soles.
7. Outer sole of selected [illegible] Waterproofed leather.
8. Middle sole of solid leather, carried through from heel to toe.
9. Inner sole of extra stout smooth soft leather.
10. Special waterproof layer between outer and middle sole.

To-day's Value 25/- **15/-**

Post 9d., or two pairs post free.

USUALLY ~~8/11~~

8,000 PAIRS

MEN'S Crepe Soled SPORTS SHOES

J.B.5.—Stout supple Tan leather uppers, full round easy fitting toe. Extra stout Crepe rubber soles. Usually 8/11. Men's sizes, 6 to 11.

SALE PRICE **5/-**

Post 9d. Youths' sizes, 2 to 5, 4/6. Boys' sizes, 11 to 1, 3/11.

MENS WELLINGTONS 8/9 PER PAIR

Post 9d.

EMPIRE MADE AND FULLY GUARANTEED

J.B.6.—Equal to Wellingtons sold elsewhere at 16/9 per pair. Ideal for the Garage, Garden, etc. Every pair guaranteed waterproof. Extra stout and pliable rubber soles and heels. Legs, ankles and instep specially reinforced. In dull Black finish only. All sizes 6 to 11.

SALE PRICE **8/9**

Post 9d. Two pairs post free.

USUALLY ~~14/9~~

1,750 PAIRS

HIGH-GRADE SPORTS SHOES at HALF PRICE

J.B.7.—Fine quality dark Tan Suede and Willow Leather Uppers, elegant Brogue Model, Soles and Heels of stout crepe rubber which is almost indestructible. Made in Northamptonshire. All sizes and half sizes 5 to 11.

SALE PRICE per pair **7/6**

Post 9d. extra.

★ ALL SIZES ONE PRICE

Gamages' Special Offer!

A 12/6 FLANNEL SUIT FOR 8/11 with an EXTRA PAIR OF KNICKERS

J.B.8.—These suits are well made of sturdy Union Flannel and the wear is guaranteed. The Flannel is in a good medium shade of Grey, Double-Breasted style only. Jackets have lined sleeves, double material across shoulders, reinforced seams and Double Elbows. Both knickers are full cut and Double Seated, with belt loops, buttons inside and two pockets. Sizes for boys, 6 to 14 years. Blue Shade is available in sizes up to 5 only, 8/11.

To-day's Value 12/6

Post 6d. SALE PRICE **8/11**

NORWEGIAN PATTERN "DUPLEX" SPORTS SHOES

Specially offered to "John Bull" readers.

SIZES and HALF SIZES 5 to 12

REGULAR VALUE 16/9

Thought and care have been lavished on the design with the result that every known aid to ease and comfort have been incorporated.

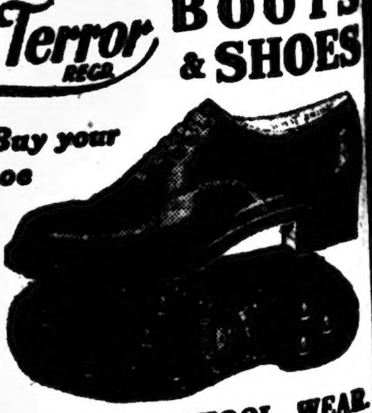
J.B.9.—Style No. 32. Uppers are of Tan Aquarius Calf, which is waterproof and soft to the feet. Goodyear welted soles of waterproof Double-wear Studded "Duplex" soleing.

Post 9d. Two pairs post free.

10/- Pr.

Young Terror REGD. BOOTS & SHOES

Parents! Buy your Boys a Shoe to last at a price within the reach of all.



IDEAL FOR HARD SCHOOL WEAR.

J.B.11.—Here is a shoe that will satisfy boyish pride and father's pocket—a shoe that will outlive two pairs of ordinary leather soled shoes. The "DURIDE" soles are both waterproof and almost indestructible. Uppers are of supple yet wear-resisting Box or Willow Leather, made on full, easy-fitting lasts and leather lined throughout. Sizes 11 to 1.

SALE PRICE, per pair

BOYS' SIZES 11 to 1 **5/11**

Sizes 2 to 5, 6/11.

Post 6d., or 2 pairs post free.

GAMAGES—HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1   Phone : HOLborn 8484   Also at City Branch : 107, Cheapside, E.C.2

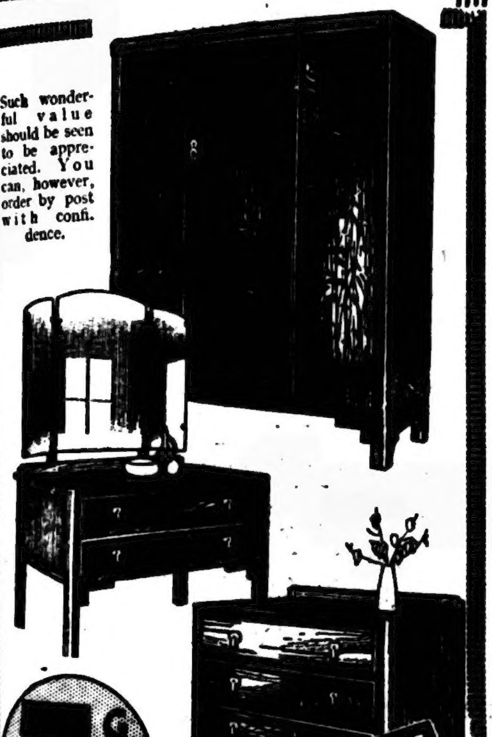
TO THE READERS OF "JOHN BULL"

BIRTHDAY SALE OPPORTUNITIES

Compare the prices of the various examples of Sale Merchandise shown on this page, and you will realise why "John Bull" readers watch for our Sales Announcements so consistently.

THE GREATEST CELEBRATION in our HISTORY

Such wonderful value should be seen to be appreciated. You can, however, order by post with confidence.



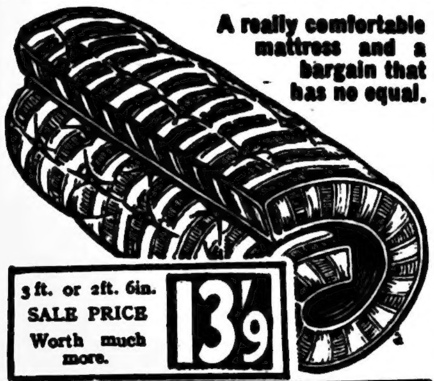
7 GNS

OAK BEDROOM SUITE Usually 10 GNS

J.B.202.—An attractive **Suite**, well made and polished throughout in a rich Brown tone. Comprising **4 ft. Wardrobe** with figured front, and neat enrichments. Interior fitted one shelf for Hats, rod, and sliding hooks under. **3 ft. Dressing Table**, two commodious drawers surmounted by triple frameless swing Mirrors. **2 ft. 6 in. Three-drawer Chest**, fitted three long top drawers. Extraordinary value at the price.

DELIVERED ON THE FIRST OF 12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 13/-

GAMAGES HYGIENIC WELL-FILLED MATTRESS



A really comfortable mattress and a bargain that has no equal.

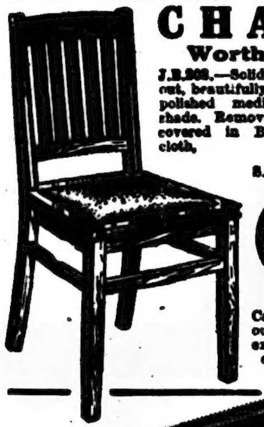
J.B.200.—Guaranteed filled to Government Standard and covered in good quality tick. Packed in a heavy brown carton, and thus arrives to your home clean and untouched by hand. 4 ft. or 4ft. 6 in. **19/6**

Carriage 2/- extra outside our extensive van delivery area.

3 ft. or 2ft. 6in. SALE PRICE **13/9** Worth much more.

OAK DINING ROOM CHAIR

Worth 15/6



J.B.203.—Solid Oak throughout, beautifully finished and polished medium Brown shade. Removable Seats are covered in Brown leather cloth,

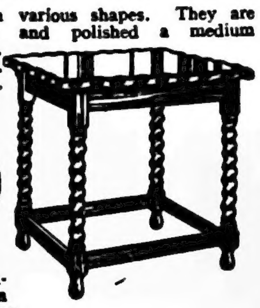
SALE PRICE 8/11

Foreign. Carr. 9d. extra outside our extensive van delivery area.

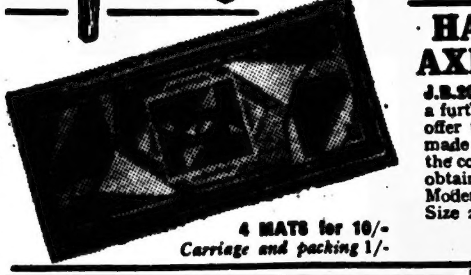
OAK TABLES at a Record Low Price.

J.B.204.—In various shapes. They are well made and polished a medium Brown tone. Size, approx. 24in. x 18 in.

SALE PRICE **9/9**



Carriage 2/- extra outside extensive van delivery area.



4 MATS for 10/-
Carriage and packing 1/-

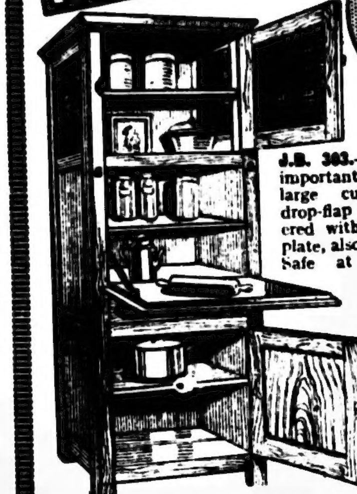
HARD WEARING AXMINSTER MATS

J.B.205.—We have been able to secure a further quantity of these Mats, and offer them again at the same price as made them one of the most popular in the country, and they are obtainable in Fawn, Brown, Modern and Floral designs. Size 27 in. x 13 in.

SALE PRICE **2/6**

WHY BE WITHOUT A KITCHEN CABINETTE?

29/6



J.B. 303.—Complete in every important detail. Note the large cutlery drawer and drop-flap table, which is covered with porcelain-enamelled plate, also the Gauze Panelled Safe at top for meat, butter, etc. Soundly constructed of whitewood, ready for staining. Height 6 ft., width 2 ft., depth closed 1 ft. 6 in.

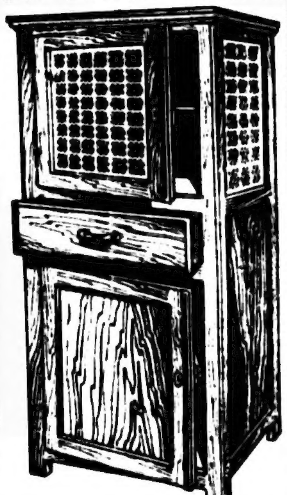
Usual Value 45/-.

SALE PRICE **29/6**

Carriage 2/6 extra.

COMBINATION MEAT SAFE AND CUPBOARD

17/6 is all you need to pay.



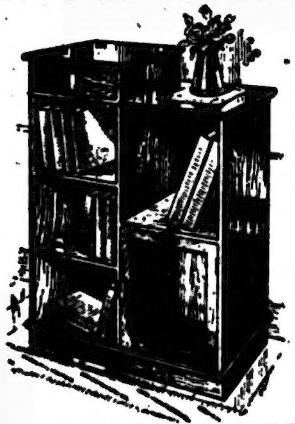
J.B.304.—Note the useful extra deep drawer for table linen, etc. The top section is panelled with perforated zinc, and there is a useful shelf at the bottom of the cupboard. Height 60 in. Width 24 in. Depth 16 in.

Usual Value 25/6.

SALE PRICE **17/6**

Part Carriage 1/- extra outside extensive delivery radius.

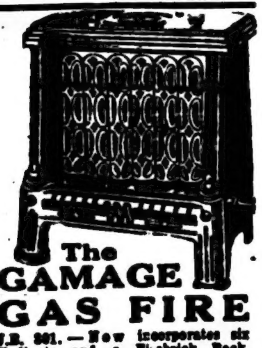
UTILITY BOOK CABINET IN OAK *Wonderful Value.*



J.B. 201. — Fitted with useful drawer and cupboard three shelves on left and one on right that will take children's encyclopædias, etc. Well polished a medium Brown tone. Size 25 in. wide x 36 in. high x 9½ in. deep.

SALE PRICE 20/-

Packing and carriage 2/- extra outside our free van delivery area.



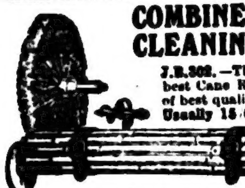
The GAMAGE GAS FIRE

J.B. 301. — Now incorporates six Radiants and a Firebrick Back. Gas can be controlled to reduce the heat if necessary. A kettle can be boiled on the top. Height 10½ in., width 10½ in.

Usually 10/6. Carriage 1/-. SALE PRICE - 5/11

Metallic tubing 2d. per foot.

COMBINED DRAIN & CHIMNEY CLEANING SET, at only 9/9

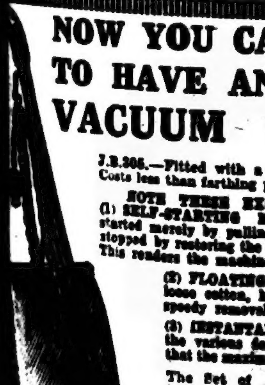


J.B.302.—This most useful outfit comprises 30 ft. best Cane Rods and Straps, large Bass Sweep's Head of best quality and Archimedian or double worm-screw Usually 15/6.

SALE PRICE 9/9

4in. Rubber Plunger 1/- extra. *Carriage 1/3 extra outside our extensive van delivery area.*

NOW YOU CAN AFFORD TO HAVE AN ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER



J.B.206.—Fitted with a most efficient silent motor. Costs less than farthing per hour to use.

NOTE THESE EXCLUSIVE FEATURES:

(1) SELF-STARTING MOTOR. This machine is started merely by pulling the handle backwards and stopped by restoring the handle to a vertical position. This renders the machine SHOCKPROOF.

(2) FLOATING BRUSH which agitates loose cotton, hairs, etc., and ensures their speedy removal by the powerful suction.

(3) INSTANTANEOUS ADJUSTMENT for the various depth pile of Carpet, ensuring that the maximum suction effect is obtained.

The Set of Dusting Tools comprising best quality rubber hose, furniture and stair carpet nozzle, brush for hard furniture, cornices, etc., crevice tool, bent extension arm and blowing attachment can be supplied at 12/6 extra.

Delivered on first of 8 monthly payments of 7/3

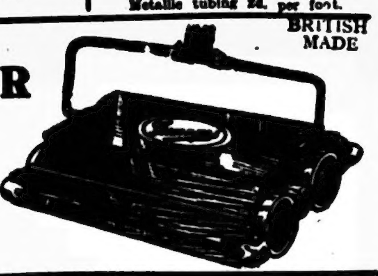
If accessories included 8 payments of 8/9.

SALE PRICE COMPLETE 52/6

CARR. PAID.

MADE TO SELL AT £7-15-0

LATEST IMPROVED CARPET SWEEPER

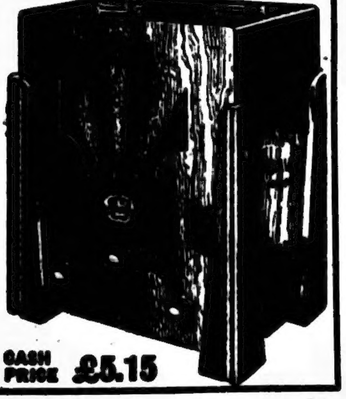


BRITISH MADE

J.B.300.—With a wonderful ball-bearing action, The Sweeper is fitted with every latest improvement, and can be thoroughly recommended in every way. Cabinet work is well-polished dark Oak colour. Fitted with self-cleaning brush and Rubber corners

Usual Value, 12/6 Postage 1/-
SALE PRICE **8/9**

A 4-VALVE ALL-MAINS RECEIVER for the price of an ordinary battery set



J.B.401.—Beautifully designed Cabinet . . . well-polished in Dark Oak. . . . Glorious tone with Full Volume to a Whisper.

NOTE THESE SPECIAL FEATURES:

- **4 Valves: Detector, L.F., Pentode and Rectifier.**
- **Moving Coil Energised Speaker.**
- **Illuminated Dial.**
- **Volume Control.**
- **Long and Medium Waves.**
- **Mains Aerial.**
- **Terminals for Gramophone and an Additional Speaker.**
- **Guaranteed for 12 months.**

For A.C. only, 200 to 250 volts 40 to 60 cycles. State Volts and Cycles when ordering.

DELIVERED ON FIRST OF 12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 10/6

CASH PRICE £5.15

RUBBER ROLLER WRINGER COMPLETE WITH STAND

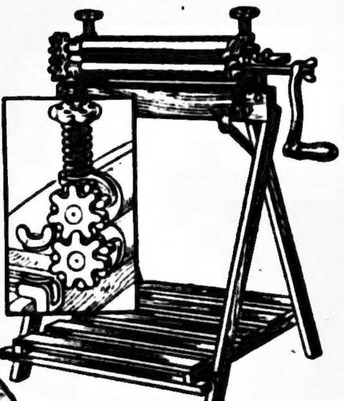
makes wringing light work.

J.B. 407.—This little fellow is a giant in performance. This wringer is fitted with full-sized 16in. guaranteed Rubber-Rollers, and is double-cog gear operated, as illustrated. The stand folds up perfectly flat. We have sold many thousands with entire satisfaction. At the price they represent unbeatable value.

BRITISH MADE.

REALLY REMARKABLE VALUE and a BARGAIN THAT SHOULD NOT BE MISSED

Carriage 1/3 extra outside our extensive van delivery area.



SALE PRICE 13/9

USUAL VALUE ~~22/6~~

5 years' Guarantee.

GAMAGES—HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.1 'Phone: HOLborn 8484 Also at City Branch, 107, Cheapside, E.C.2

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

TO EVERY READER OF JOHN BULL

A Great National Event of Vital Interest to Thinking Men and Women

INSPIRED by the spirit of the age—created to be in line with modern thought and progress—there will arise in this country on **Friday, March 16th,** a new force in weekly journalism. Fearless! Challenging! Stimulating! A staunch champion of democracy and peace, a pioneer of progress—a hard hitter—a clean fighter—it comes at a time when it is most urgently needed by the nation.

IT IS THE "CLARION"—a great, new, large-sized weekly newspaper. It will be published by Odhams Press Ltd., the proprietors of "John Bull." This, in itself, is a guarantee that as a journalistic achievement it will be outstanding. So unusual is this new paper—so unlike anything before published—that the publishers are adopting **an entirely new plan of introducing it to the public.** Such is their confidence in the "Clarion" that they ask you to accept the **first four issues absolutely free**—believing that once you have seen the "Clarion"—once you have realised how much it matters to you and to your life—you will wish to continue as a regular reader.

THE PRICE OF THE "Clarion" is twopence weekly. The Publishers will **pay the newsagent in full and in cash for your four copies**—these copies will be supplied to you by your newsagent each week for four weeks—**you incur no cost and you are under no obligation whatsoever.**

IN ANNOUNCING this offer, the publishers make one very important stipulation—owing to the magnitude of the printing and distribution arrangements for this vast enterprise—**all applications must be sent in to the "Clarion" AT ONCE on the Forms on the opposite page. In no case can any application be accepted after FIRST POST, Thursday, March 1st.** No extension can possibly be made—Thursday, March 1st, is the very last day—so send in your Forms NOW—while you think of it.

No. 1 OF THE "Clarion," **out Friday, March 16th,** will blaze new trails in journalism. **It will be a paper with a personality.** As to its contents—**we want you to see for yourself**—we could say that men and women whose names are household

FREE

A historic Free offer from Odhams Press Ltd., the proprietors of "John Bull," is made this week to every "John Bull" reader.

words will write for it—but it isn't so much their names—it's what they will say that matters—so again we say "See it for yourself."

IF YOU ARE a man or woman with ideas of your own—if you wish to keep in touch with the tide of affairs and the turn of events—if you want straight thinking and plain speaking—if you want not only the news **but enlightened views about the news**—if you want to know the **real** facts instead of being spoon-fed—if you want to know what the people who think are saying in 1934 and not what Gladstone said in 1871—if you are a person and not a puppet—the "Clarion" is the one weekly paper you must read.

AGAIN, TO EVERY progressive man and woman, young and old, of every class and party, we extend our invitation. **On Friday, March 16th, a giant will awake — a new power be unleashed — the "Clarion" will come into its own.**

DON'T MISS THE thrill of seeing Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 of a weekly that is going to make history. You can get these issues absolutely Free by filling in the Forms below and posting them to the address given. If you do not like the "Clarion" there is no obligation to continue—but such is our faith in this new weekly that we are content to leave it to you.

ACT NOW. Remember no application can, in any circumstances, be accepted after **first post, Thursday, March 1st.**

THE filling in of the Forms below places you under no obligation whatsoever. The Publishers of the "Clarion" will make arrangements for your newsagent to supply you with the FIRST FOUR ISSUES ABSOLUTELY FREE and they will pay your newsagent in full for copies so supplied to you. After you have received your first four issues FREE your newsagent will continue to supply the "Clarion" to you UNLESS YOU COUNTERMAND YOUR ORDER, and you will pay for copies No. 5 and onwards in the ordinary way.

POST THE FORMS BELOW TO:—Dept. J.B., "CLARION," 5, Wilson Street, London, W.C.2

N.B.—The Forms below MUST be sent to the "Clarion" at the address given above and must NOT be handed direct to the newsagent.

CUT AROUND DOTTED RULE

NAME ....

Full Postal ADDRESS ....

....

....

Fill in your own name and address above clearly in BLOCK Letters.

NOTE TO READER

You must fill in the Label on the left with your name and full POSTAL ADDRESS in BLOCK LETTERS and send it in together with this form to :— Dept. J.B., "Clarion," 5, Wilson Street, London, W.C.2.

Do NOT hand this form direct to your newsagent.

This form together with Label on left may be posted in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp.

TOWN..

COUNTY..

Write Town and County above in large BLOCK letters.

In case of London give Postal District.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTION FORM

"Clarion"—Every Friday, 2d

Give below in Block Letters the name and FULL postal address of your Newsagent.

NEWSAGENT'S NAME ....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS ....

....

COMMENCING with the issue on sale **FRIDAY, MARCH 16th,** please supply the "Clarion" **WITHOUT CHARGE to me for four weeks** and continue thereafter to supply me each week **unless I countermand the order.** I will pay for the 5th and subsequent issues in the usual way.

Give below in Block Letters your own name and FULL postal address.

YOUR NAME ....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS ....

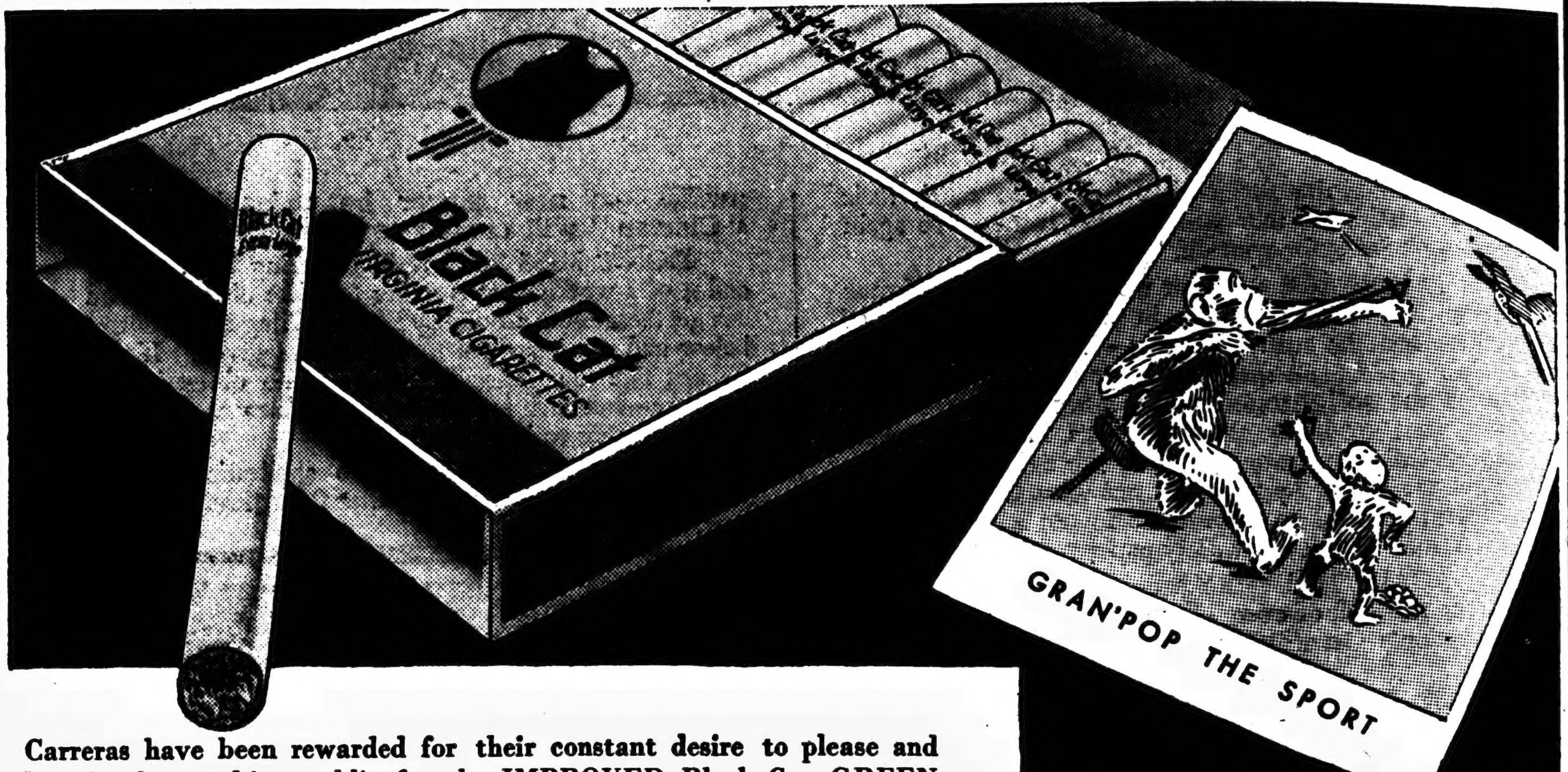
DATE ....

This offer applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Irish Free State. JOHN BULL, 24/2/34.

The flavour-the size-the packing of the improved Black Cat *pleases more smokers every day!*

Length increased—
More tobacco—
Improved quality—

but the same price—20 for 1/-



A beautiful coloured cigarette card of Lawson Wood's famous "Gran'pop" drawings (50 comprises the set) is inserted in each packet.

Carreras have been rewarded for their constant desire to please and benefit the smoking public for the IMPROVED Black Cat GREEN BAND have been an instantaneous success.

You must try them—the pure virginia tobacco associated with Black Cat for more than a quarter of a century has been IMPROVED in QUALITY.

The same meticulous care in making has been preserved and MORE TOBACCO has been added. The length has been INCREASED and the cigarettes are now foil-wrapped. Only one thing remains unaltered—THE PRICE, 1/- for 20 and 6d. for 10 . . . yet your smoking will become far more pleasurable through these added luxuries.

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JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,
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PRETTY VILLAGE Scandal

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

BEHIND the fair face of our countryside, behind the picturesqueness of the old-time village, behind the quaintness of the thatched cottage there very often lies foulness and deadly peril. Lovely to look upon as you speed by in the car, there is many a hamlet that would be all the better for less jessamine and more sanitation.

The old myth that the English countryside was full of merry peasants toiling next to Nature has to be amended. The peasants were, no doubt, merry when they were not crippled with rheumatism, and Nature too often was spoilt by an open drain.

The truth is that while the conditions of life in towns and county boroughs have been tremendously improved during the last thirty years, where there have been millions spent on water, drainage and sewage schemes, countless villages and hamlets have been left alone to make the best of their primitive hygienic arrangements.

Not that it is not possible for primitiveness to be healthy. The cess-pit, the old rubble drain, and the village pump may be perfectly healthy. A cottage can be beautiful without being inadequately floored or damp.

But the general tendency, unfortunately, has been to carry on with the older methods, until some epidemic has shown that ancient hygiene is no longer adequate, and that even the slightest growth and development often involves a breakdown.

Scattered all over the English countryside are these exquisite hamlets. Sleepy and snug in the fold of low-lying hills, sheltered by ancient beech and oak, crowned by some ancient village church and adjacent to the park land of some old family, they are a distinctive feature of the landscape. Feudal in name, feudal in atmosphere, the hurly-burly of the twentieth century seems to have passed them by.

And most certainly the sanitary inspector and the bacteriologist have forgotten them. Only when typhoid and diphtheria break out is there an outcry. And then it is the old, old story—of dirt, of polluted water, of bad drainage.

Things are not as bad as they were. Society at large is more apprehensive of these village dangers—for transport and transit have broken the countryside's isolation. Nothing proved this so markedly as the way in which the Malton, Denam Dale and Foxholes typhoid epidemic roused the apprehensions of the public, as case after case cropped up.

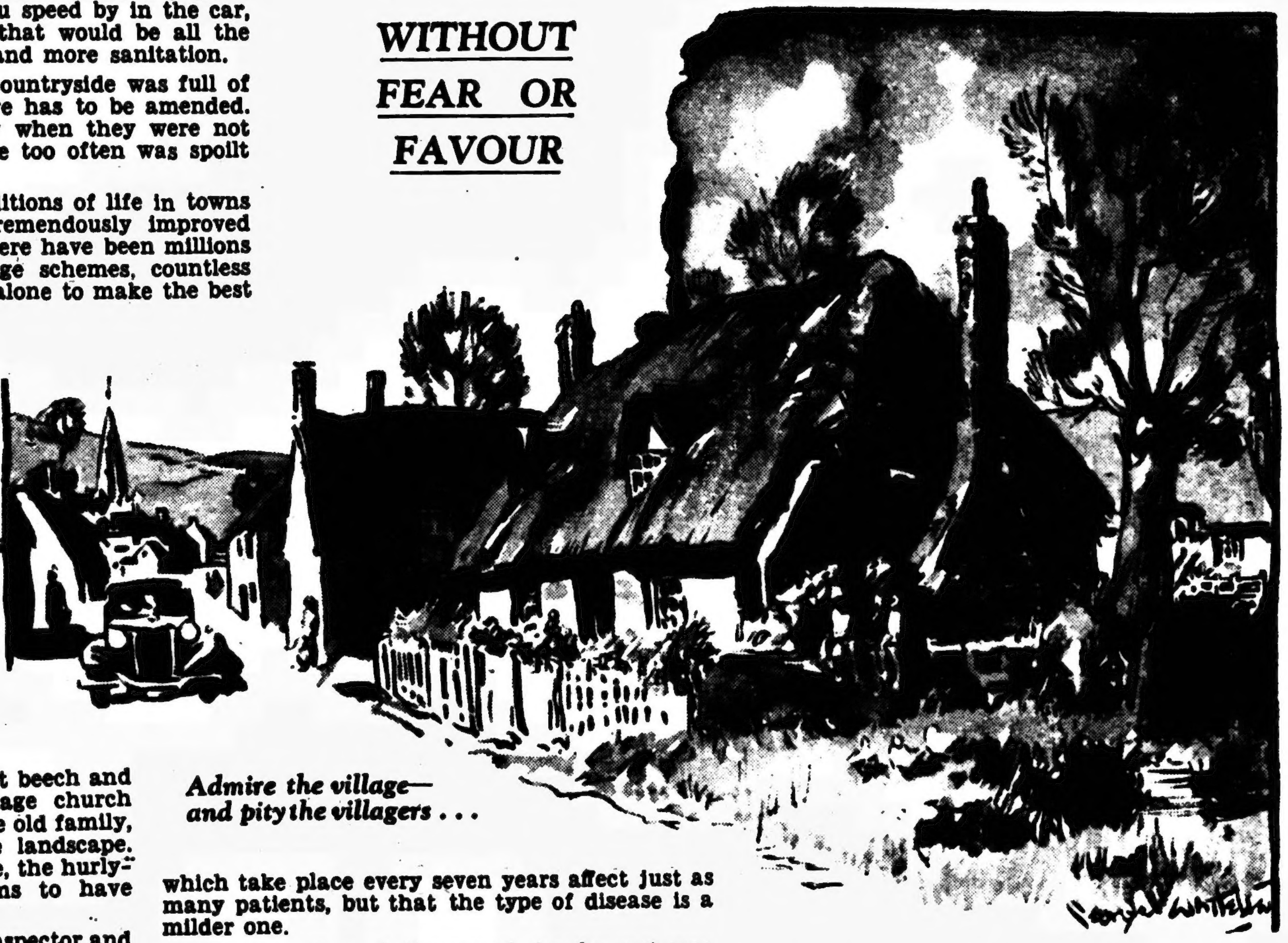
IT was not so much the dreadful fact that Malton had nearly three hundred cases—with twenty fatalities—that roused the public conscience as the fear that the plague would spread and imperil the whole of the West Riding.

Accordingly, rapid and scientific measures were taken; but only after the evil became rampant. Its existence had long been known. Sir en Turner, a former chairman of the West Riding Public Health Committee, said at the time:

"Some time ago, we had a special investigation of the water and drainage systems in rural areas in the West Riding, and we found that many were sadly defective."

Again, too, the standard of personal hygiene has improved and helped the peasantry to strengthen their resistance against disease. A doctor writing to the newspapers a few weeks ago said: "I myself am living in a village where thirty years ago we did not have epidemics of typhoid, only because typhoid was always present."

Figures prove the same things—resistance is stronger and outbreaks more localised. A thorough survey, carried out by a Ministry of Health expert into the incidence of scarlet fever in England and Wales, has proved that the outbreaks which take place every seven years affect just as many patients, but that the type of disease is a milder one.



Admire the village—and pity the villagers . . .

A glance through the records for the past year will show how much room there is for improvement still. Pembrokeshire smitten with mumps, Ashington, Northumberland, with paratyphoid, Eyam with diphtheria, Epping with paratyphoid, Tyneside with the mysterious "pink disease"—a curious inflammation of the nerve sheaths in infants—Chesham with diphtheria, Neston, in Cheshire, diphtheria again . . . and the catalogue could be continued.

In every one of these cases above cited, dirt, bad sanitation, filthy drainage, polluted water and poor housing conditions contributed to produce a condition in which epidemics flourish.

Nor is this the whole story. The regional reports of the Health Ministry and the Board of Education's investigations supplement the indictment.

The condition of children from these rural areas is often deplorable. Inherited rheumatism—poisoned throats, adenoids and bad teeth speak of the insanitary cottage, the seeping cess-pool and the unhealthy village pond.

The oldest inhabitant with his gnarled and bent frame represents the survival of the fittest—a triumph over ague and rheumatism; he should be an object for pity, not mirth.

WHAT has happened too often in these out-of-the-way beauty spots is that the original drainage and cess-pit arrangements were only just adequate for the original group of houses or cottages.

The slightest development involves a strain which bad weather, land subsidence, or any other influence brings to breaking point, and wells, ponds, and even the floors of cottages become impregnated with bacteriological products.

It is nobody's business to prevent trouble. It is only when trouble breaks out that authority steps in. . . .

A few miles from Oxford there is the beautiful and interesting village of Cuddesdon. A lovely church crowns the hill—and behind is the bishop's palace and the famous theological college.

From the church down the hill straggles the village main street. At the bottom there is the village pond and a score or so of beautiful old cottages . . . so beautiful that people come from far and wide to photograph them. . . .

BUT Cuddesdon has what is called the Cuddesdon throat—a slightly inflamed poisoned throat. They tell you it is caused by the mists from river valleys hanging on the heavy loam and clay. Perhaps a truer explanation would be found in that picturesque pond, and the slope of the hill and the natural drainage.

Anyhow, we wonder if the County Council ever call in expert scientific inspection.

The beauty of the countryside need not necessarily conceal disease. And the improvement of rural housing does not mean the demolition of every picturesque cottage and the erection of countless red-brick atrocities. Beauty — and healthy beauty—can be preserved with safety.

Drainage and water must be put right on a large scale. Rivers and streams must be controlled to prevent overflooding. Cottages must be given proper floors and foundations made damp-proof. Proper sewage arrangements must be installed and made subject to central authority.

And, above all, continuous inspection and testing must look for danger and not merely diagnose it after it has sprung up.

England can be kept beautiful *and* healthy. The open drain must be closed.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

How Far Can a Blackshirt Go?

Judge Sticks Up for Freedom

A Cricket Vendetta to Stop

THE Mosley Blackshirts are very ingenious in their methods of obtaining publicity.

Some time ago several hefty young members intervened in a Battersea eviction dispute.

The other day they intervened (not for the first time, either) in the tithe war.

A Suffolk farm had been impounded for tithe, whereupon a force of young Blackshirts descended upon it and—much to the annoyance of the owner—bestowed upon it their unwanted "protection." They organised a system of patrols, dug trenches and erected barricades.

Oppression

We don't wonder the unfortunate farmer disclaimed all responsibility for this astounding development! We do wonder that the offenders were not more severely treated by the authorities.

It is unwarrantable that a number of young men should be allowed to intrude themselves without invitation into anyone's private affairs, for that is what it really means, though the Blackshirts would like people to imagine them as champions of the oppressed.

That sort of championing can easily become oppression itself.

Move them on

We would like to see the right of these young Blackshirts to interfere in other people's affairs challenged in a court of law. One of these days it assuredly will be.

In any case, this country will not put up with private armies. If anyone is in doubt of the grave danger they represent to a nation if left to grow unchecked, let him turn to page 17 and read the lesson drawn by A. G. Gardiner from the tragic experience of Austria.

Blow to freedom

The silliest affair of the week is in some respects quite serious, because it is yet another glaring example of the way in which individual freedom in this country is gradually being chipped away.

A young man arrested in Covent Garden on a charge of being drunk was "tested" by being made to tie an evening-dress bow *without* the aid of a mirror!

He managed to do it quite well, and, after five doctors had given conflicting evidence, the charge was dismissed.

Try it!

We should think so!

How many men can tie a dress bow properly the first time, even *with* the help of a mirror?

Not many—however sober they may be.

In fact, if a man's liberty depended on the tying of a dress-tie correctly in public, very few of us would be out of prison.

A Judge and freedom

No wonder one of our most distinguished judges—Mr. Justice Swift—has described this absurd business of "drunkenness tests" as an "inroad on our British freedom."

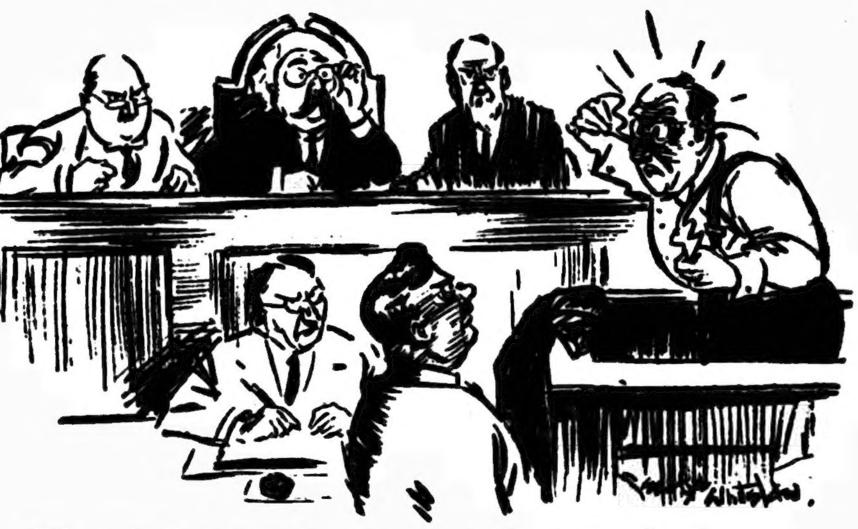
He has said bluntly that while the police are entitled to get a doctor to examine a suspect, they have no right to put him through tests without his consent.

Nonsense tests

The truth is that these so-called "tests" for drunkenness are so ridiculous that, if they were applied to us all, half the population would be officially declared to be "under the influence."

For how many of us could spell "parallelopipedon" correctly? How many could say off-hand whether Mr. Ramsay MacDonald spells his name with a small "d" or a capital "D"?

And even the old "test" of walking straight along a chalked line is notoriously fallible—there are thousands of people who couldn't do it even if they were as sober as a judge.



"If a man's liberty depended on the tying of a dress-tie, very few of us would be out of prison"

Job for the bigwigs

Mr. Justice Swift's statement is worrying the Home Office bigwigs. They are hoping the public won't take the judge's hint.

We hope it is remembered by all so long as the "tests" are of the dress-tie nature.

If the bigwigs don't want to incur a further snub from the Bench they had better devise a more sensible method of dealing with people suspected of being drunk.

That's their job, not ours.

All the same, we suggest to them that there should not be one test, but several. They might discover then that a suspect who couldn't do one, could do others quite successfully, and so mightn't be drunk after all!

A Minister's bombshell

And let us give a little advice to some of our Ministers. There's Mr. Walter Elliot, for instance—the Minister of Agriculture—who is said to be aiming at Mr. Baldwin's job.

We see he has been very courageously telling his fellow-Ministers that unless they "give a clear and vigorous lead they will be swept aside."

Very good, too! We all know that Mr. Elliot is vigorous enough, but we sometimes wish he thought more and did less.

Tons of money

We are told he is going to give a lot more help to the sugar beet industry, but we advise him to change his mind.

We know that much of the £30,000,000 given to this industry in the last few years has gone into the pockets of landowners and foreign merchants.

And we say that as the sugar beet people are able to distribute handsome dividends our money should be diverted to more deserving cases.

Asleep or dead?

Next, there's the First Lord of the Admiralty. We must remind him that four years ago the Government set up a committee on deep-sea diving to devise better methods of rescuing sunken submarine crews.

The sailors who hoped the committee would find a way of making their life less hazardous are now getting impatient, and we're not surprised.

We advise the First Lord to give the committee a gentle prod to make sure it is still awake.

Doddering J.P.s

We advise the Solicitor General to read JOHN BULL carefully. He would then learn quite a lot about the way in which some of our lay magistrates administer justice.

He has just turned down the suggestion of Major Jesson, M.P., that justices should be retired when they are eighty, or have become deaf or otherwise infirm and are incapable of doing their job properly.

He should take notice of some of the scandalous sentences we criticise from time to time That might induce him to change his mind.

Good for swindlers

Then there's Mr. Runciman, the President of the Board of Trade. M.P.s want him to tighten up the laws that allow fraudulent company promoters to "get away with it" so easily.

But Mr. Runciman is too busy threatening France to think about ruined British investors, or about those who may very likely be ruined in the future.

We ask him to remember that while France's little game may have lost us trade worth a million or two, the City swindlers have cost us tens of millions in the last few years and are still doing very well.

Letter of the law

Here's another thing that makes us rather mad:

A Gloucestershire van driver was prosecuted for giving a lift to a crippled ex-Service man who had five miles to walk.

He thus made himself liable to a fine of £50, and was actually fined £1.

We know such passengers as the crippled ex-Service man are not covered by the compulsory insurance policy. But nobody started a prosecution in the years when he got the wound that crippled him and when, probably, he had to do more than one bit of "lorry-jumping."

Problem for Solomon

And while that makes us mad, here is another thing that makes us sad.

Anna Ryan, a London woman, was charged with stealing a bottle of milk from a doorstep. She said she did it to feed her babies; the police said she was living in great poverty with three young children.

We are glad she was bound over. It's very wrong to steal, but our sympathies go out to a woman who has to steal for her babies.

Tragedy's lesson

Then there's the tragedy of a North London nurse who committed suicide because she could not get work. On the very day her body was found a letter arrived offering her a job.

That is yet another proof of the old saying that the darkest hour comes before the dawn. What a pity this distraught woman didn't hold on to li for just another hour or two in orde to benefit from the proof of it.

Water on the brain?

Another hackneyed saying declar that it's easier to push a thing down hill than up, but some people don't see to believe it.

There's a Bedfordshire scheme t pump water at Harlington, which is o sea-level, and take it up miles of hil to dry villages.

Though the operations have bee going on for a year, no water has ye been found. But there's an abundan supply quite near the villages, and could be got for a third of the cost o the other scheme!

That makes us gasp so much that w begin to feel thirsty ourselves.

Much ado about—

After that piece of stupidity, involvin hundreds of thousands of pounds, it' almost a relief to turn to one tha involves only a ha'penny.

Because a litigant at Mancheste County Court couldn't pay a "hearin fee" of 1s. 6d. because he had onl 1s. 5½d., an adjournment was threatene that would have lost two men half day's work each.

We are really grateful to the Cler who produced the odd copper and s saved the law from being a bigger a than usual.

Birch for bad boys

As for the two bad boys who wer ordered to be birched by the Rowle Regis magistrates, we're glad anyho they didn't appear before the "reformatory school for five years" justices.

They are to be birched by thei parents in the presence of a police-office —rather than that the officer should d the job.

We have no objection to that. It's long way better than the treatmen many child offenders receive elsewhere Let other J.P.s take the hint.

The real reason

This case was interesting for anothe reason. The father of one of the ba boys blamed overcrowding for his son' petty thefts.

He had been trying to get a counci house for five years; his accommodatio was so limited that the children had t "run the streets."

We fear that is true in thousands o homes. But how often is it considere by our lay magistrates?

Not cricket

The old campaign to oust Jardine from his position as England's cricket captain is being revived. Mr. Jardine's critics are leaving nothing unturned in their efforts to get him supplanted by another well-known player who is less of a disciplinarian and more of a "county man."

We say frankly that this is not "cricket" and that unless it is stopped it will bring the game into contempt.

More "body line" nonsense

The critics cannot possibly attack Jardine's ability, so they are bringing up the old squabble about "body line bowling," of which the public is heartily tired.

They are seeking to place an absolute taboo on the methods so successfully exploited by Larwood against Australia last year under Jardine's direction. They ignore the fact that this method was permitted to Indian fast bowlers against England and nearly skittled our men to defeat, and that it has often been adopted in English county matches.

Let them hold their peace and leave the management of the game to the ruling body.

Tricksters' deserts

Finally, we note with gratification that Hugh Magee and Henry Totten have each been sentenced at Liverpool Assizes to eighteen months' imprisonment for swindling tradespeople.

We exposed their activities last October under the title of "The Most Impudent Fraud of the Year."

GRAFT: "*John Bull's*" *Nation-wide Exposure*

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

The Government Offic Westminster

BRIBERY *in* High Places

CORRUPT practices, in their various forms, extend far beyond the bounds of the municipal Council Chamber and the local government office. My special investigations on behalf of JOHN BULL leave no doubt about that.

Civil servants, grasping doctors, rchitects, surveyors, travellers, company direc- rs, rate-collectors, insurance assessors, are all be found among the regular patrons of a articular brand of highly profitable corruption nown as "commercial bribery."

The money these people give or accept is sually referred to as "secret commissions." This perhaps a softer expression than graft, but it graft just the same.

What of the corruption in the Government ervices? Unfortunately, it is much more preva- nt than most people suppose.

Bribery is one of the hardest of all crimes to rove. Any convictions which, in the case of the overnment services, have been obtained by the ttorney-General (who has to give his special fiat every bribery prosecution before it can even launched), cover only a small proportion of the ences actually committed.

Of 756 convictions that are officially recorded r various bribery and corruption offences since 11 (the first year in which the authorities began keep a separate record of such cases), no fewer an 541 have concerned persons employed in overnment Departments or by local authorities.

One or two cases will illustrate the sort of ing that goes on.

In one, two officials in the employ of a overnment Department had access to confiden- l papers relating to a costly scheme under con- deration in connection with a large Government tablishment. A certain company was interested securing the contract for this work, and some its representatives corruptly set to work to tain confidential particulars which would help em to compile a tender that was almost certain be accepted.

Finally, a representative of the company met e two officials. Some days later a large sum money changed hands, and the essential in- rmation was supplied in return for it.

But this disgraceful plot was discovered, and e officials were sent to jail for the reprehensible rt they played in the affair.

The company's representatives, however, thout whose evidence the guilty civil servants uld not have been prosecuted, escaped punish- nt.

That is the worst defect in the Bribery and rruption Acts. So long as the giver and the ceiver of bribes are equally guilty—and one nnot be proved guilty without the other being criminated—the law must always be defeated less some promise is made to give immunity one guilty party if he gives evidence against e other.

Let me give another case to illustrate the l to which I refer.

A firm which likewise wanted to secure an portant Government contract got in touch, rough corrupt channels, with one of the officials ncerned, who agreed to hand over the essential rticulars for a substantial sum of money.

Bribers go free

BUT something went wrong at the last moment and he was arrested. And again the Civil servant went to prison while the guilty in- iduals who offered the bribe went free because law was not strong enough to rope them too.

These are two typical cases that "went ong." How many go the other way? Evidence llected by a public-spirited organisation, called Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention ague—which does some highly commendable rk in suppressing graft in all its phases—shows yond doubt that civil servants are constantly ed with temptations of the kind to which I d referred, and constantly fall.

Much of the League's activities last year con- rned the reported bribing of people holding blic positions. Every possible step to prosecute s taken, but, as is so often the case, the essential nesses shrank from giving evidence.

Then, in the Government service, scandals are stantly arising over the prices charged by e contractors for work done.

Last year investigations were held by H.M. Office of Works into the books and records of forty-one different contractors. Twenty-seven were found to have overcharged! The results of the enquiries into the other fourteen have not yet been made public.

In view of various allegations which reached the Minister of Health during the year under review in his last annual report, he ordered two special audits to be made concerning the accounts of two local authorities, and fifty-three special audits relating to fifty-six individual Government servants who were working separately in different departments.

Sacked officials

THE result was that irregularities were discovered in the accounts of 143 officials. And 128 officials "ceased to hold office in consequence of such irregularities."

In thirty-seven cases criminal proceedings were instituted against thirty-seven local Government officers.

And all during the one year under review!

Now let us turn from the Government service to the medical profession. How many members of the general public know the extent to which bribery is increasing there?

Yet I can reveal the undeniable fact that the General Medical Council is constantly having its attention drawn to complaints concerning doctors who connive together to cheat their patients for their own secret gain.

Quite recently, Sir Norman Walker, the President, specially warned all members of the medical profession that the Council would, in future, take the most stringent steps in every discovered case, and would not only have conspirators struck off the register, but would give every assistance to the Public Prosecutor to have them prosecuted.

Corruption among medical men is called "dichotomy," and this, Sir Norman gravely warned members of the General Medical Council, can be dealt with under the Prevention of Corrupt Practices Act, as it is an offence against the law, as well as being a practice not countenanced by the medical profession.

"Dichotomy" means "fee-splitting," and as such sounds innocent enough.

Actually, in practice, it means that a private arrangement has been made between a general practitioner and a specialist, under which the former receives back, or retains, a stipulated part of the fee paid to the specialist for the services he has rendered to the general practitioner's patient.

Let me give one or two illustrations which have, during the past few months, come to light in various confidential quarters.

A surgeon was called in for a consultation by a West London general practitioner to a woman patient suffering from severe abdominal trouble. The specialist at once decided that an operation was necessary, and the practitioner arranged for the surgeon to receive a fee of seventy-five guineas. "My share," he said, "will be thirty guineas!"

He got it, but said nothing to the patient about this "secret commission." Yet he also charged her his ordinary fees.

In another case, a South London doctor who called in a specialist in nervous disorders to prescribe treatment for a lawyer's wife pocketed over forty per cent. of the total bill; and also received his usual fees for attending the patient in his capacity of family doctor.

Another form of "dichotomy" concerns the unscrupulous practitioner who, winning the confidence of a specialist by the number of good cases he introduces to him, proceeds to rob him and the patients, too!

All reputable medical men will join JOHN BULL in denouncing such gross malpractices in a profession whose honour generally ranks very high indeed.

LORD HORDER

An Explanation

In our issue of February 10 we published an article under the heading "The Noise that Kills," which purported to be a report of a special interview with Lord Horder.

Lord Horder, immediately his attention was drawn to the article and to the posters on the backs of omnibuses and elsewhere announcing the article in the words "Lord Horder's Grave Warning," emphatically repudiated any such interview and stated that he had never at any time been interviewed by a representative of JOHN BULL, and that the article was entirely unauthorised by him.

We accept Lord Horder's statement, and we very much regret any inconvenience or annoyance that the article and the posters may have caused him.

We ask Lord Horder to accept our assurance that we had every reason to believe that the interview was being published with his knowledge and consent.

Hard by Wyfield Manor—a glimpse of "Baylis Country," and three ploughing teams at work

THE Most Wonderful

by
Marvin
SUTTON
author of "This Promised Land"

THIS is the story of the most wonderful farmer, and the most wonderful farm, in Britain.

The farmer is eighty-nine-years-old George Baylis, the Grand Old Man of the Soil, who dwells in the romantic manor house of Wyfield in the picturesque village of Boxford, on the outskirts of Newbury, in Berkshire.

The farm across which his ploughmen drive their furrows embraces an area of more than three hundred square miles. It is, in fact, twenty-three farms rolled into one.

It spreads over the rolling downlands from Hungerford to Abingdon and beyond, and its acres span the boundaries of Hampshire, Oxfordshire and Wiltshire.

So famous it is that experts from all parts of the world have come to study the methods employed by Farmer George, and not long ago Professor Orwin, of Oxford University, compiled a report on what has become known as the "Baylis Country."

And this is the romantic story of the man who tills and rules it. . . .

A farmer's son, George Baylis was articled, at the age of sixteen, to a Newbury solicitor: and the Crimean Wars were raging when he, a ward in Chancery, sought from the Lord Chancellor of England permission to launch out on a farming career.

During times when financial disaster threatened ruin to half the farming community in the British islands, young Baylis thus embarked on his first farming venture, at Bradfield, and it cost him his entire fortune of some six hundred pounds.

The angry butcher

Now, in his ninetieth year, he lives upon a farm he purchased with borrowed money way back in 1875, and controls twenty-two others as well.

Yet, could you meet him, or could chat with him in the library of his home at Wyfield Manor Farm, you might never guess that he is lord of more than 12,000 ploughland acres, master of a hundred ploughing teams, employer of two hundred and fifty stalwart sons of toil.

Twice during his first twelve months at Wyfield, George Baylis met the bailiffs at the door. He recalls, too, how in those early days he was confronted by an angry butcher because a cheque he had given him for five pounds had proved to be worthless.

But well may this wonderful farmer smile at those early troubles when, to-day, he tours his expansive lands—a veritable lord of all he surveys.

And he gets up early to do it, as he has always done. To be on the job—and on it early—has no doubt been one of the keynotes of his success. He never smokes. His favourite drink is cider.

Once Wyfield Farm became his own, the loan repaid, he bought Northheath Farm when it was derelict and abandoned—another five hundred acres added to the land he obtained for £15,000. But what acres they were!

Three hundred horses

Overgrown with weeds, these lands were in "bad heart," but they were ploughed and cultivated. George Baylis scattered them with chemical fertilisers, and thoroughly cleansed the soil.

Whilst some farmers were content with producing four quarters to the acre, he set out to harvest five.

Revitalised with ammonia and phosphate, the downlands were sown with four bushels of seed to the acre; and, after the harvesting, it was allowed to rest.

Landlords and the neighbouring farmers at first viewed his methods of attempting the "impossible" with prejudice and doubt; and it was only after an experiment over a period of six years proved successful that he won their esteem.

Both men and horses on "Baylis" land are kept steadily at work all through the year upon a perfect cycle of cultivation.

Neither motor tractors nor lorries are found on "Baylis" land. The work for the most part is done by three hundred sound shire horses, whilst steam tackle is used for the cultivation of fallow fields.

An autocrat responsible to himself for his own book-keeping, Farmer Baylis controls the entire farming policy of the gigantic enterprise, of which he is even to-day still in sole command. He is very much the Farmer with a Plan.

After the harvest, the ploughing and sowing: and then the threshing of corn: until, in the Spring, comes the late seeding: immediately upon which the fallows are ready for the plough and harrow. Winter barley is sown during August—by when, for the bulk of the crops, it is harvesting time again.

Man and beast are never idle: the land is "nursed" to give of its best.

No haphazard methods are practised: everything is smooth-running and sure.

The various tasks, throughout the calendar of farming events, are planned to fall due at the appointed time.

The Baylis way

Many farmers are content with average results, but Farmer Baylis sets out to secure the best. He maintains the soil in rich and healthy

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GREYHOUND SYNDICATE SPOOF

THE popularity of Greyhound racing is responsible for a crop of system mongers who promise to win fantastic sums with other people's money.

The latest to make a bid for investors' savings is the Excelsior Greyhound Investment Syndicate, of 94, Gray's Inn Road, London.

This organisation began its philanthropic campaign of making money for other people by the insertion of the following advertisement in a well-known financial newspaper:—

"Investments of £25, £50 or £100 offered in syndicate which has paid regular dividends of 5 per cent. monthly during last twelve months. Full particulars, Investment Syndicate, 94, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1."

In reply to an enquiry, Mr. J. Ross, the managing director of the concern, is most enthusiastic about his syndicate.

"We have been able to pay regularly monthly dividends of 5 per cent., making a total of 60 per cent. on the capital employed."

"There is no further liability attached to the investment," adds Mr. Ross. "The capital is well safeguarded, as it is operated on strictly mathematical lines. The interest is guaranteed to be not less than 5 per cent., which is paid on the first of every month." Mr. Ross then regretfully admits that the syndicate has been working only two Greyhound meetings a night, but an increase of capital is necessary to extend operations to all meetings.

"There is no limit to the amount of capital which can be profitably employed."

A JOHN BULL reader who had the temerity to ask Mr. Ross for further proof of his syndicate's genuineness, received instead a very indignant letter.

"We are not begging for people to invest in a thing like this, which has paid 60 per cent. last year, and will keep on doing so," wrote Mr. Ross.

But in spite of his indignation, Mr. Ross failed to produce a word of proof concerning his syndicate's wonderful operations.

Those who receive particulars of the Excelsior Greyhound System find it a weird and wonderful thing, and the results of the workings must overwhelm the average recipient.

No less than fifteen foolscap pages of greyhound winners are given, the assumption being that these have all been found by the system.

Strangely enough, no mention is made of losers, which suggests that the Excelsior avoids all the pitfalls of gambling and backs only winners.

Obviously, if Mr. J. Ross and his colleagues are so sure of their system earning 60 per cent. a year, it would not be necessary for them to share their secret with the world.

All they would need to do would be to go to the "Dogs" and spread ruin among the bookmakers.

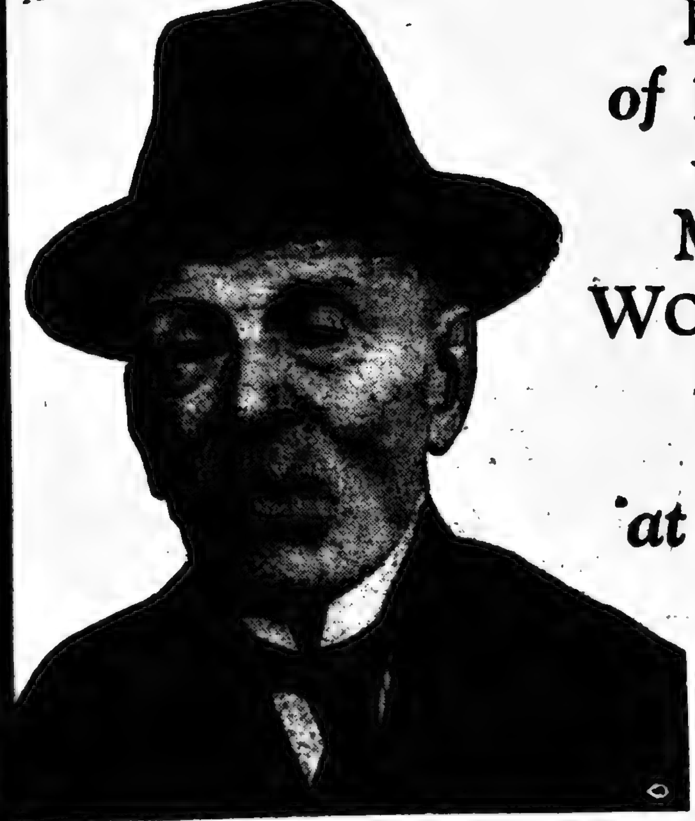
We recall that Mr. Ross was a few years ago operating from an address at Wembley as the Greyhound Investment Syndicate.

At that time he modestly estimated that a capital of £100 would bring home a profit of £22 8s. a week.

Presumably his original syndicate must have sunk in a sea of misfortunes, hence his reappearance in new guise.

The premises of his new syndicate in Gray's Inn Road, London, are not impressive, as they consist of one small office. But this may be due to the fact that Mr. Ross is so busy in his philanthropic efforts to make large profits for investors, that he has no time to provide extensive office accommodation for himself.

Mr. Ross has also failed so far to register his concern under the Business Names Ac



HE is LORD of 12,000 ACRES

* * *

MADE £600 WORTH £100,000

* * *

–and at 89 still holds his own

Farmer George Baylis

FARMER in Britain

condition in order that it may stand the most intensive cultivation.

On the other hand, whilst the average farmer engaged in the production of corn follows a four-year course of production, the Baylis system provides for a six-year course.

Most arable land in England is fallow during one year in every four, but on Baylis farms the land is fallow during one of every three.

Farming on the grand scale he does has enabled George Baylis to do this and at the same time to resist the shocks of breaking markets.

That is why the crops Farmer George Baylis raises are among the finest in Britain.

He bought Henley Farm, in the lovely Lambourn Valley, when it was considered useless for cultivation; but under "Baylis" control its three hundred weed-choked acres were ploughed and made to produce rich harvests of barley and wheat.

He *made* it pay

In the years that followed, Farmer Baylis took over seven big neighbouring farms. Court Farm, at Weston, was one. The owner found himself in difficulties, but George Baylis eventually made it pay.

Winterbourne Farm, five miles north of Newbury, five hundred and sixty acres in extent, he took over twenty-five years ago: and finally purchased during the war for £12,600. The timber alone on this farm fetched more than £2,000.

Thrice in his lifetime the Grand Old Man of Berkshire married, and now his sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters too, are in charge of farms he took over between forty and fifty years ago.

Some of his cornfields are far larger than the average farm. One, near Wyfield, is one hundred and twenty acres in extent. Another great ploughland across the Hampshire border, taken over by Farmer Baylis thirty years ago, is reputed to be the largest in Europe.

Over its four hundred acres steam ploughing tackles drone a song of power to the furrows turned in readiness for ultimate harvesting.

War supplies

As far as the eye can see, the land is the "Baylis Country." In the villages of Winterbourne, Shefford, Eastbury, Lambourn, and in still more, the name "Baylis" stands for grand-scale farming.

To the north, on the Berkshire hills, is Roughdown Farm. five hundred and sixty acres, purchased by George Baylis when a great estate was broken up. And soon afterwards he added Peasemoor, another four hundred acres, to his heritage, at a cost of nearly five thousand pounds.

It is Farmer Baylis' proud boast that transport and artillery drivers from every front upon which battles were fought in the Great War came home and told him of the bales of hay and straw they had used labelled "Baylis."

Farming during those days was more profitable than it is to-day, even for a giant of the soil like Farmer Baylis. And it is a sad reflection that the money he made, instead of going to expand his already mighty domain, is now being utilised to maintain his acreage under the plough.

His gigantic multiple farming requires at least five hundred tons of ammonia and phosphates for cultivation in the course of an average year. And clover seed is bought by the ton.

In the rising field hard by Wyfield Manor, William Gregory can be found. He has been for fourteen years in the employ of Farmer Baylis, and he leads the field of ploughmen.

Following his sturdy team of three comes Harry Waters, who boasts seven years' service, and drives ahead of young Tom Wayling, who has worked on Baylis land for six. It is a grand and inspiring sight to see those steady, toiling teams plodding patiently before the flowing share, hauling the seeding drill, harvesting the grain upon which rich man and beggar alike depend for their daily bread.

Home of the Grand Old Man of Farming —romantic Wyfield Manor

Although George Baylis began without a penny piece—in truth, £15,000 in debt—there is not at the present time a penny due upon the entire estate. And this at a time when in England alone more than 5,000,000 acres of ploughland have gone out of cultivation.

The "Baylis Country" is now valued at close on a hundred thousand pounds; the fruit of labour in lean years when Britain was said to be on the verge of agricultural bankruptcy.

Farmer George Baylis has weathered every storm. Indeed, time and again he has stepped into the breach when mortgagees have seized lands held by less far-seeing farmers.

Derelict farms he has made productive farms: and some he purchased were farms from which the owners merged into obscurity—broke.

His eldest son, bearing his father's Christian name, farms at Eastbury an estate of more than nine hundred acres purchased nearly forty years ago.

Another son, and with him his own sons and daughters, are to be found, farming their share of the "Baylis Country," along lines which for sixty years have proved sound.

In Cromwell's day

In the valley below Wyfield Manor itself is the "Bell Inn," kept by Francis Merritt, famed among the Baylis ploughmen for his beer.

In the Merritt family the "Bell" has prospered for more than three hundred years. The first Merritt was landlord in the days of Oliver Cromwell. Francis Merritt's father saw culprit villagers in the stocks, and watched the saddler hold forth leather for them to chew whilst the thrashings were administered.

Yet, in spite of all his triumphs, the last year or two have cast a cloud over even the "Baylis Country." Even Farmer George has surrendered farms he recently rented with a view to eventual purchase.

The truth is, as he will tell you, that success in arable farming largely depends upon the sale of clover, hay, straw and by-products other than the corn. But the demand for these has lessened.

Yet the story of Farmer George Baylis, of Wyfield, in Berkshire, surely affords an inspiration to someone who will do for England what this Grand Old Man of the soil has done for Berkshire.

When that happens we shall hear a great deal less than we do about the bankruptcy of Britain's countryside.

We shall hear of fewer young men leaving the land and of more of them following the example of John Henry Baylis, a grandson of Farmer George, who, loyal to the land, has now taken pretty Mary Bolter, a farmer's daughter, for his wife.

Meanwhile, back in the library of Wyfield Manor Farm, old Farmer George sits among his books.

"Hard Times," by Dickens, is one of them. "How England was made Prairie," by Sir William Beach Thomas, is another. Shelley's Poetical Works are there, too. And upon the bureau in the corner next the fire, is the gilt-edged family Bible.

Busy man that he has been, he has found time for his books. He has not lived by his farming alone—though he has made so good a living out of it that he must surely be the envy of every farmer in Britain.

But his story is not merely one to make him envied. It is an epic lesson of what is possible of achievement by a man of the stamp of Farmer George Baylis—even in an industry that the pessimists are all too ready to be ever telling us is doomed.

Try this recipe for SHEPHERD'S PIE

A tasty BEEF dish

Small tin Libby's Beef.
3 lbs. potatoes. 2 small onions.
2 ozs. dripping, margarine or vegetable fat.
Salt and pepper to taste.

How to make it

Prepare and slice onions, boil for 20 minutes, drain off. Prepare and cook potatoes, steam off in saucepan until dry. Mash potatoes, add and mix thoroughly the Beef and onions. Place mixture in pie dish and cover with mashed potatoes. Place in oven to heat and brown—then serve.

Libby's
Compressed Cooked Corned Beef

Libby's

COOKED CORNED **BEEF**

All good Grocers sell it

LCB35-100

Relief in 5 minutes!

"COUGH VANISHED

with a rub of your ointment"

"Late one foggy night, just about the time my annual Winter cough had started, I was about to leave a friend's house after a card party, when he gave me a jar of your Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment. When I arrived home, I rubbed some of it on my chest. I could feel its tingling warmth doing me good there and then! Within a day or two my cough had completely vanished, and now, at the slightest sign of a cough, I kill it on the spot with a rub of your ointment." ***S. J., Finchley.***

The tingling, penetrating warmth of Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment will bring you blissful peace and freedom from pain. Deep down it reaches to the pain-racked tissues and draws out the inflammation. Get a jar to-day.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT

MADE IN ENGLAND
THOS. CHRISTY & CO. (Sole Distributors).
4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

"Quality always tells"
OVALTINE

There is nothing like 'OVALTINE' for Quality *and* Value

THE world-wide success of delicious "Ovaltine" is a triumph of quality and value. It offers the highest possible health-giving quality at the lowest possible price. "Ovaltine" is therefore the daily beverage of countless thousands of persons who realise that ***quality is the only true economy.***

There is definitely nothing like "Ovaltine." Imitations are made to ***look*** like "Ovaltine"—but there are vitally important differences.

"Ovaltine" does not contain any Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa.

"Ovaltine" is scientifically prepared, by exclusive processes, from malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs, with a cocoa flavouring. Exceptional measures are taken to secure the finest of these ingredients. The malt extract is specially prepared in the "Ovaltine" Factory from home-grown barley—there is none better. The "Ovaltine" Dairy and Egg Farms were established to ensure the exceptionally high quality of the milk and eggs.

Remember these facts. Remember also that the proprietors of "Ovaltine" have a world-wide reputation as specialists in the science of nutrition. For all these reasons, "Ovaltine" stands in a class by itself. It is without equal for maintaining vigorous health all day and for ensuring sound, natural sleep all night. Reject substitutes.

"Ovaltine" sells on merit alone. No gifts or Coupons—just 100 per cent. Quality and Value.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P 998

Often imitated – never equalled

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to LADY ASTOR

They Can't Keep You Down!

DEAR LADY ASTOR,—Well, I wonder what will be the next jam in which you find yourself?

I hope you won't nag me. . . .

I am not reproving you. I like eople who get into trouble. It shows hat, at least, they don't possess slave inds. Besides, you give us something o talk about—and laugh over.

Your trouble is that, whereas the ublic rather admire men who defy uthority, they don't like women to o it.

Besides, you were born an American, fter all, and therefore your new-found atriotism concerning everything ritish does not seem quite as convincng as if you had been born here.

You are seldom logical.

You want British women who marry oreigners to remain British. Yet it is ecause you did not have to remain an merican when you married that you an sit in our Parliament.

Your millionaire husband, whose ather was born an American, was a ory M.P. And when he became "My ord," you became a Tory M.P. You nd it hard. But you find it easier han being logical.

There was the occasion when, having een to Russia with Bernard Shaw, our great friend, you came back and egan to spill the beans. Then your usband came into the room and topped you. And so the reporter came mpty away. . . .

Someone is always stopping you, xcept that you do it again, in a day or wo. You cannot keep still. They ccuse you, in the House, of bobbing p and down, running in and out, ointing your finger at the "naughty en," waving Order papers at them, s and even following them into the embers' bar and saying: "You want bar of chocolate, not a drink."

Mind you, it is all in good fun. You e always surprised if they get angry.

You are an amazing woman. You y golf with the Prince of Wales, in secret. You go speed-riding with Lawrence of Arabia. You share Sean O'Casey's box, on the first night, when he writes a play attacking a social system which you defend.

Largely, of course, you are misunderstood. Few people know of the good deeds you do, because you do most of them quietly. You have been of great assistance at times to young authors, who have told me.

I like you, for one thing, because you are not afraid of your own Government. When you attacked Dear Bread, the Labour Members shouted "Come over here." But you wouldn't have stayed there for five minutes.

You have attacked the wheat quota. You have defended spinsters, although you yourself have been married twice. You want to nationalise drink.

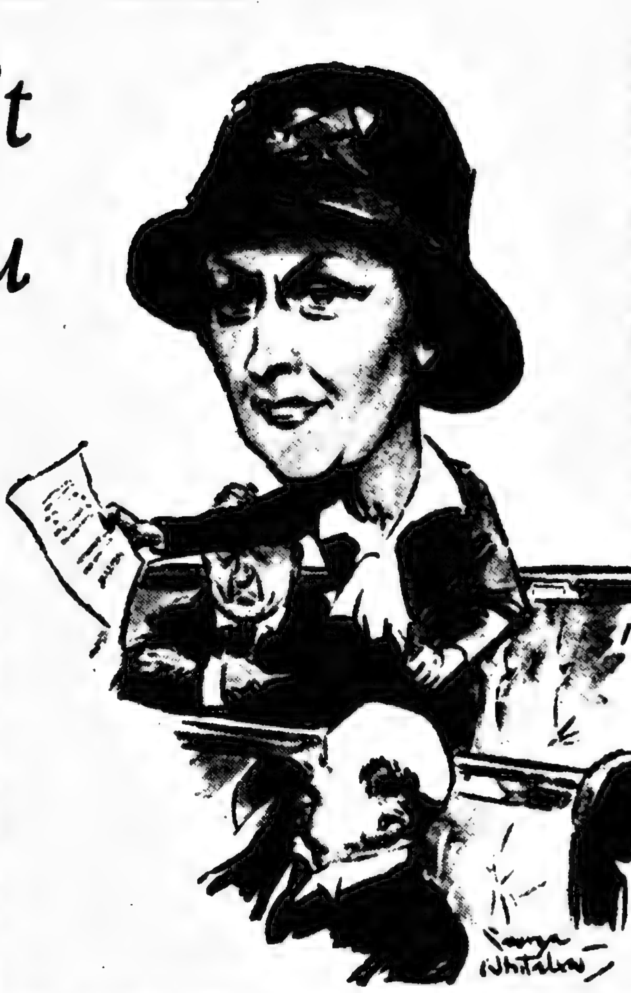
And, oh, the mistakes you make when the mention of Drink rouses you to wrath!

You once suggested that our cricketers drank, whereas the Australians were teetotal. I do not remember your challenging the reply.

Then when, recently, you talked of brewers' graft in the House of Commons, you withdrew your charge when you were questioned.

Dr. Salter, when he attacked drink in the House justified himself. "Decent people," you once said, "are sick to death of these vamping film actresses, who, in private life, would be so boring that you would not talk to them for ten minutes."

I could find many such bits of truth in your many speeches. But they lead nowhere and they do nothing.



Your contribution to the political knowledge of this country has been very small. Yet, although you had done nothing to emancipate your sex, you were the first woman to sit in the House of Commons.

In spite of you, your son David has become a Socialist. . . .

Your Tory democracy takes the form of a desire to be a Lady Bountiful. You fill the rôle well. It is impossible to dislike you.

You are a great hostess, with no narrowness of mind when it comes to giving the invitations out. Still, I am afraid you love housing the lions.

Your husband shares the good wishes extended to you, even by your political foes.

But why don't you take some trouble to find out what is really wrong with England? Why don't you study the subjects about which you are so quick in repartee?

If you did, you would no longer belong where you now find yourself. Then, too, you would not nag so much, and you would help, instead of merely interrupting.

You remind me of a character in "The Chinese Honeymoon." She was called the Official Mother-in-Law. You are the Official Mother-in-Law to the House of Commons.

Heavens, how you nag it! If you had no sense of humour, and if you were not a nice woman, you would be unbearable. As it is, you are "Nancy" to us all.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

derman C. F. SANDERS,

Lord Mayor of Cardiff

DEAR ALDERMAN,—Because some of ur salary as Lord Mayor was unexnded, you offered it back to the rateyers. No doubt you thought it would lp to line empty stomachs.

But you were told you had to spend so it was used to cover the exteriors aldermen with furry robes.

Did you laugh at the folly of it—or ep?

JOHN BULL.

. H. RAMSBOTHAM,

ard of Education

DEAR SIR,—That's a fine idea of yours decorate the walls of schools instead leaving them dull and lifeless, and ope you'll manage to get it adopted. Children would naturally benefit by a ghter atmosphere.

But tens of thousands of them, as I ve often pointed out, would benefit ll more by going to schools that are insanitary hovels.

JOHN BULL.

ILLIAM JAMES SARSON,

w Ferry, Birkenhead

DEAR BILL,—A youth of eighteen, you am out a mile to where a man was nging to a capsized boat and being rried away by a strong tide. You naged to tow the upside-down boat h the man on top to safety before u collapsed from exhaustion.

Your father, who is a landing-stage nd at the near-by ferry, must have proud of you. I know I do.

JOHN BULL.

. W. H. EYRE,

ehead, Somerset

DEAR SIR,—People are stopping away m Minehead. This, you say, is bese heavy taxation has killed the place a centre for stag-hunting. There are empty stables where once hunting ivity reigned.

can sympathise to some extent about the loss of profit to your town, but I regard with pleasure the decay of stag-hunting there. It was never a humane sport.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,

Wimbledon, Surrey

YOUR WORSHIPS,—I am amazed at your soft treatment of a beggar who was said to have frightened a woman and who had 19s. on him when arrested.

He had only just come out of prison and had sixteen previous convictions. "It is no use sending a man like that to jail," you said.

Why on earth did you fine him only five shillings?

JOHN BULL.

The DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH,

Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfriesshire

YOUR GRACE,—Your tenants have been excused 10 per cent. of the rents now due because of "the difficult times through which the agricultural industry is passing." And this is the second time a rebate has been made.

A noble gesture from a great nobleman!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ARTHUR ANNANDALE,

Barnstaple

DEAR SIR,—A pretty tough customer aren't you?

When two tramps stopped you on the road they remarked, "There are two of us and one of you; hand over all you've got. So you hopped out of your car, knocked one of them down, hopped in again and drove off.

Well, you handed over what you'd got all right—and I'm glad you did.

JOHN BULL.

FRED TROOP,

Chesterfield

DEAR TROOP,—It must have been hard going to support yourself and widowed mother on 4d. an hour—a weekly wage of 18s. 6d. Apparently it was too much for you and you succumbed to temptation, taking some of your employer's money.

The magistrate had something to say about an employer who pays such scandalous wages, and added that they were a disgrace to modern industrial conditions.

He mercifully bound you over, and I'm sure he will share my hope that you'll soon get a better job.

JOHN BULL.

JOHN WEBBER,

Heywood, Lancashire

WEBBER,—Drawing 33s. in transitional benefit, you sent three shillings to your wife and five children and then absconded, taking with you the contents of the gas-meter as well.

A few days later your wife gave birth to a sixth child.

There are some men who are unfit for fatherhood. You are one.

JOHN BULL.

ARTHUR WILLIAM RICHINGS,

Cardiff

RICHINGS,—You pleaded guilty to no fewer than 130 charges of fraudulent conversion, but the judge took into consideration your fine war record and sent you to jail for only six months in the second division.

For you rose from private to the rank of colonel and won several decorations; when peace came you joined the police force and rose to be sergeant.

But a police officer who swindles a charitable fund, as you have done, is a common rogue who deserves nobody's sympathy.

JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,

Middlesbrough

GENTLEMEN,—It may seem strange, at first sight, that you should have given a contract for a new gasometer to a local firm, for it is some hundreds of pounds dearer than that of an outside company.

But you have the satisfaction of knowing that nearly £40,000 will be spent in the town and the slight difference in price more than met by the work it will bring for the local unemployed.

Yes, there are times when to live by taking in each other's washing is really necessary.

JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCILLORS,

Paisley

GENTLEMEN,—The unemployed who have had free use of your bathing pond are now to be charged a fee because some of them came from outside districts.

But surely you ought to be proud that you are able to receive these outsiders as guests and provide them with a pleasure they are otherwise unable to obtain.

Rescind that order and stop being parochial.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. ORMEROD,

Chief Constable of Wallasey

DEAR CHIEF,—Your suggestion about the treatment of idle youth is unsound.

Pointing out that there is little crime among the unemployed who are married, you want lawless lads to be drafted into disciplined working parties and receive food and clothes, and a little pocket-money.

And are they to throw law-abiding married men out of work?

JOHN BULL.

Commissioner DAVID LAMB,

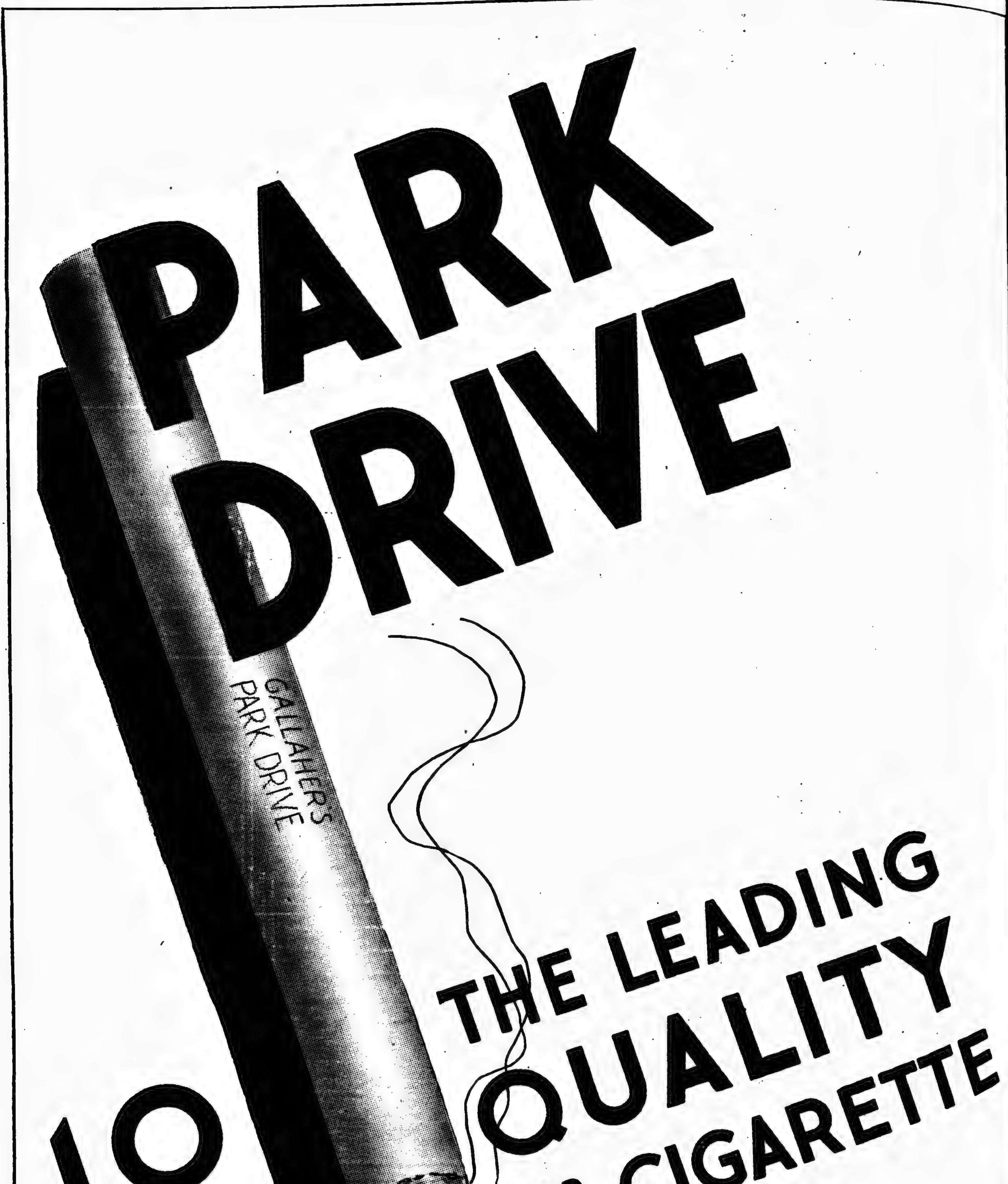
Salvation Army

DEAR COMMISSIONER,—Aberdeen University is conferring an honorary degree on you, and in so doing is honouring not only yourself, but the great organisation you represent.

Well, it is a good thing that the days are past when the Salvation Army suffered under the contumely of the snobbish and the rowdiness of the riff-raff.

And nobody will grudge you this latest distinction.

JOHN BULL.


PARK
DRIVE
GALLAHER'S
PARK DRIVE
THE LEADING
QUALITY
4D CIGARETTE
10
FOR 4D.
PLAIN OR
CORK TIP

No VIENNA *for* Us!

The news comes to London — and brings a warning, too

HUNDREDS
KILLED IN
VIENNA

by A. G. Gardiner

THERE are two lessons of momentous importance for this country in the tragic happenings that have made a shambles of Austria. In order to appreciate those lessons we must understand the events that have led up to the Austrian catastrophe.

When I was in that country last autumn it was clear to me that a crash was imminent, but I must confess I misjudged the quarter from which the bolt would be hurled. So, I think, did most people, even in Austria.

Dollfuss' dilemma

That was natural enough, for the menace to the Dollfuss Government and Austrian independence came from Germany and the Nazi movement. The startling triumph of Hitler and the enormous economic pressure which Nazi Germany was able to bring to bear on its unhappy neighbour seemed to seal the fate of Dollfuss and of Austria.

What I foresaw as probable was that the Nazi movement would overthrow the Government, make Austria, in fact if not in name, a German province, and that the Socialists and Jews would be crushed then as they have been in Germany.

Events have turned out differently, though no less disastrously. It is not the Nazis with German sympathies who have set Austria in a blaze, but the Heimwehr (or Fascists) with Italian sympathies.

There are four main currents that have made a boiling whirlpool of Austrian politics They are (1) Dollfuss and the Catholic Party; (2) the Nazis, who want absorption by Germany; (3) Starhemberg and the Heimwehr, who lean to Italy; and (4) the Socialist Party, who have controlled Vienna since the war and who are dominant also in the manufacturing towns of Linz and Graz.

Dollfuss' chief aim was to prevent Germany and the Nazis from capturing his country. In this he had the whole-hearted support of France and Italy and the sympathy of the British Government.

But if he was to hold the Nazis at bay he must have allies at home. His party (the Christian Socialists) alone were not enough to keep him in power. His obvious course, if he wished to preserve constitutional government, would have been to make terms with the Socialists. They represent 40 per cent. of the electorate, and with their backing he could have dared Hitler on the one side and Starhemberg on the other to do their worst.

But Dollfuss did not make terms with the Socialists. Perhaps he could not carry his Catholic supporters into a Socialist alliance. Perhaps he feared that he would become merely the figurehead of a Socialist Government. The only alternative left was to buy the support of Prince Starhemberg and the Heimwehr. This he did.

And this practically was a declaration of war on the Socialists. For the Austrian Fascists hate the Socialists as much as the Nazis hate them. They only differ from the Nazis in leaning to Italy rather than to Germany. Starhemberg had announced as long ago as 1929 that "Socialist heads shall roll in the sand" and that the Heimwehr would "seize the reins of power from the Socialists in Vienna, proscribe the party and destroy democracy in Austria."

I doubt whether Dollfuss wanted to make the Fascists masters of Austria when he made terms with Starhemberg any more than Von Papen wanted to make the Nazis masters of Germany when he made terms with Hitler. But that is what he did. Parliamentary government was abolished and Dollfuss became a dictator in name, but really the creature of the Heimwehr.

Two private armies

Meanwhile, something was taking place from which this country, and especially the Government, should take warning. Both sides were arming. The Socialists were accumulating arms in fear of an attack on the State from the Nazis or an attack on themselves from the Heimwehr.

And the Heimwehr were accumulating arms, largely with the connivance and help of Italy, in readiness for any emergency that might arise in connection with the Nazis or the Socialists. The Government, especially after Dollfuss had gone over to the Heimwehr, turned what has been termed "a benignantly blind eye" upon the illegal activities of the Heimwehr, but lost no opportunity of confiscating the arms of the Socialists.

The position, in fact, was not unlike that which exists in Ireland to-day, where the arms of the I.R.A. are winked at, while those of their opponents are confiscated. And not only did Dollfuss wink at the arming of the Heimwehr. He induced the Powers to wink at it, too, as a defence against the Nazis.

Thus there were allowed to develop two private armies with weapons of attack, and when the moment came, as it came last week, Major Fey, the Heimwehr leader, launched his campaign to "clean up Austria." By cleaning up Austria he did not mean sweeping out the Nazis, but suppressing the Socialists by force, seizing the Vienna Town Hall where the Socialists had long been in power and destroying the trade unions.

That is, in brief, the story of the origin of the infamous slaughter that has shocked the world.

It is too soon yet to say what the ultimate issues of the tragedy will be. Dollfuss' dictatorship is for the moment established in a welter of blood, and the Socialists, representing 40 per cent. of the electorate, are crushed and the last remnant of democracy is wiped out.

But this is not the end. By the help of the armed ruffians of the Heimwehr Dollfuss has suppressed the Socialists.

But what of the Nazis? They are not suppressed. They have taken no part in the massacre of the Socialists. They have been content to stand by and see the work done by the Heimwehr; but that does not mean that their turn will not come. They command a much more formidable following in Austria than the Heimwehr, and if the latter have Italy at their back, the Nazis have Hitler and Germany behind them. And with that backing they are not likely to be short of artillery and machine-guns if it comes to another stage of civil war.

It is idle to attempt to predict who is going to emerge as dictator from this appalling chaos and convulsion, or what is going to happen to the unhappy country. Nothing that is said here will affect the course of events there.

Preserve our peace

But at least we may take warning to ourselves from the dreadful fate that has overtaken Austria. It is the latest example of the calamities that befall countries which destroy Parliamentary government and constitutional liberty, and are delivered over to tyranny and dictatorship.

With the exception of France—and even there Parliamentary government is rocking perilously—this is the only great country in Europe where freedom survives. It survives because representative institutions survive. If they go, freedom goes. For this reason, the supreme task to-day is to fortify Parliament against every form of open or covert attack.

Above all, the lesson of Austria is that we must not tolerate the least menace of armed force outside that controlled by Parliament. If we permit private armies to be organised to overawe Parliament and the State the fate of Austria will be our fate. The possession of armies, whether by Fascists or Communists, must be ruthlessly punished as a criminal offence.

Not from the B.B.C.—Lord Banbury discourses on—

MISLEADING LADIES

AS I go on my way through the world of to-day
And examine the figures I see,
I am forced to admit, though it hurts me a bit,
There are things that are hidden from me!
Not for many a year has an elderly peer
Offered such a confession as this!
But I blink in amaze ev'ry time that I gaze
At the modern young Mrs. or Miss!

For, wherever I turn, I quite fail to discern
A female whose age I can guess.
While the middle-aged dame by her face will proclaim
That she's thirty (or sev'ral years less!),
The girl who's between seventeen and sixteen
Will contrive to look twenty or so!
But just how it is done is, unhappily, one
Of the things a mere lord does not know!

As I told the House of Lords: "The modern girl of sixteen looks about five-and-twenty, and the modern woman of forty looks about two-and-twenty to me. How they do it, I don't know."

It is humiliating for a peer of the realm to have to admit ignorance of things which are, apparently, known to his secretary and his housemaid; but this distaff theory of relativity is beyond me!

It is a feminine delusion that not only is a woman too old at forty, but she is too young at eighteen. So the sex has adopted a strangely mystifying method of dealing with years, idle years.

I am aware that a woman expects one to remember her birthday and forget her age, and that, according to feminine arithmetic, five added to twenty-five makes twenty-seven. But even this is not the only manner in which the female of to-day juggles with time.

The flapper nowadays devises leap years unknown to the calendar, her contribution to arithmetic being the startling discovery that one added to sixteen makes twenty-one.

One result of all this is that there are now no middle-aged women. Between sixteen and sixty, a female is as young or as slightly older as her fancy dictates and her art can achieve.

The really young girl who, in my young days, looked a perfect picture, is now too often an imperfect painting. Many of her skirted seniors lead an equally colourful existence; for, although the masculine death-rate improves, women are dyeing younger.

I greatly regret the disappearance of the young girl who blushed with pleasure when her uncle bought her a box of chocolates. I would now be as incapable of offering chocolates to a cigarette-smoking Miss as she would be of blushing —at least, visibly.

The disappearance of the middle-aged woman is no less regrettable. Nowadays, as a middle-aged man grows stouter his wife becomes slimmer; while he loses his hair, hers merely changes its colour.

How they do all this is, as I say, beyond me. Perhaps my ignorance is bliss, for a female correspondent suggests that to lighten my darkness would be to rob lovely woman of her "aura of mystery."

"I frankly admit I don't know—
I simply don't know how they do it!"
His lordship confesses. Just so!
And if he found out he might rue it!

Our hair may turn gold overnight,
Since old Father Time we can throttle,
By hiding his symbols from sight—
And pouring out Youth from a bottle!

While man is as old as his years,
A woman is not a bit older
Than what to the eye she appears—
With the aid of the things that are sold her!

When masculine instinct decrees
That we *add* to our pow'r of attraction,
Then feminine logic soon sees
That this implies ruthless *subtraction*!

A GREAT FILM SERIAL

Film-lovers are being thrilled day by day by the serial version of Greta Garbo's great new film, "Queen Christina," now appearing exclusively in the *Daily Herald*. The story has been specially written by Philip Lindsay, the young Australian, whose novel, "Here Comes the King," was selected as the Book of the Month by the Book Society, and who was the technical adviser in the production of that great picture, "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

If you enjoy a story, splendidly told, you must read "Queen Christina" in the *Daily Herald*.

AMAZING PROOF OF THE BENEFIT EFFECTED BY THE WONDERFUL

Dr. SINGHA REMEDIES

FOR ASTHMA AND CATARRH

ASTHMA CAN BE BANISHED

This marvellous remedy of an Indian doctor was discovered by a British missionary, who gave it to his wife, a martyr to Asthma. She was completely cured, and the doctor was thereupon persuaded to disclose the formula for the benefit of sufferers all the world over. Since its introduction into this country thousands have shared the relief of the missionary's wife.

YOU CAN DO SO TOO

Read the letters below and judge for yourself. You can sense the gladness and relief that this great discovery has meant to men and women **like you**. Believing that their asthma might at last be banished, they sent a coupon like the one below, and after complete and lasting relief, wrote us their whole-hearted praise. In fairness to yourself you should learn more about this wonderful remedy WHICH HAS BEEN PRESCRIBED TO THE NOBILITY BY ONE OF THE LEADING SPECIALISTS IN RESPIRATORY DISEASES. What we can tell you in this limited space **cannot be as convincing as what ex-sufferers write** about the treatment. Fill in the coupon below and post it to-day for a FREE TRIAL SUPPLY. With this you will receive a booklet giving extracts from thousands of letters written by those who, thanks to the Dr. SINGHA (Brand) ASTHMA CURE, are now free from the dreaded scourge. A further book will be included which is a complete treatise on the malady.

READ THESE REMARKABLE TRIBUTES:

COMPLETELY CURED OF BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

Mrs. M., of Stratford, E.—"I am writing to tell you I have been completely cured of my bronchial asthma. Mine was a frightfully bad case of many years' standing, having been given up by four doctors. I am most grateful."

A CURE—NOT MERELY A RELIEF

Mr. C. E. P., of Loughborough—"I am pleased to tell you I am entirely free from asthma. The tablets have been wonderful in the way they have worked. I had tried so many so-called 'cures.' I have proved Dr. Singha Tablets to be a **cure and not merely a relief.**"

TOLD HE WAS INCURABLE —NOW CURED

Mr. H., of Monmouth—"At last I am writing to you *re* the Dr. Singha treatment. I have been waiting to see if I had any return of the asthma. It is now over 12 months since I felt anything of it, so I consider **I am cured.** I suffered severely for several years and was told by three different doctors that I was incurable and would never be any better."

YOUR WONDERFUL CURE

Mrs. F. W., of London—"I hardly know how to express my gratitude for your wonderful cure. Believe me, I did not know what it was to wake up in the night without having to fight for my breath, or when getting up in the morning. I can now run upstairs without puffing and panting."

Don't wait until the next attack has you in its grip. Send for the trial supply NOW and be ready for the dreaded paroxysms

TESTED JB

IF YOU ARE A VICTIM OF EITHER OF THESE DIRE COMPLAINTS

SEND FOR FREE TRIAL SUPPLY

YOU CAN GET RID OF CATARRH

The danger of catarrh is, perhaps, not sufficiently well known. It is so common a complaint in this country that people are apt to regard it as an infliction to be endured each winter, little realising that it frequently leads to Bronchitis, Pneumonia and even Consumption. It pollutes the blood and spreads poison throughout the whole body, lowering the vitality and preparing the system for other infectious germs.

DON'T NEGLECT CATARRH

There is no need to suffer any longer from this dangerous and unpleasant complaint. Those dull, heavy headaches, buzzing noises in the ears; that coated tongue, stopped-up nose and lack of appetite can be quickly got rid of by the new DR. SINGHA (Brand) 2-in-1 CATARRH CURE. This treatment, discovered by the Indian Doctor whose Asthma Cure is so universally successful, goes straight to every catarrh centre in the body and clears away the poison. IT HAS BEEN RECOMMENDED BY ONE OF THE FOREMOST HARLEY STREET SPECIALISTS FOR CATARRH. Lose no time in checking the progressive developments of this dreadful disease. A generous FREE Sample of the treatment will be sent to you on receipt of the coupon below, together with an explanatory treatise on the cause and cure of catarrh.

GENUINE LETTERS ON OUR FILES:

MARVELLOUS RESULTS

Mrs. H. L., of Prescot—"I felt a lot better whilst using the sample tube, but never thought it possible to have such remarkable results within such a short time, I feel now quite cured."

CLEARED MY NOSE AND THROAT COMPLETELY

Mrs. Q., of Newbold—"The Dr. Singha Catarrh Cure cleared my nose and throat completely and I feel absolutely a different person altogether. It really is marvellous in such a very short time. I used to cough terribly, but that has also mysteriously disappeared. I shall recommend your wonderful cure to everyone that I come across suffering from this complaint."

CURED AFTER 80 YEARS

Mr. F. H. M., of Teddington—"The name 'Cure' is not nearly good enough for this marvellous preparation. Even the sample worked wonders in my case of over 30 years' standing. I was stone deaf, but now after using the Catarrh Cure for a short time my hearing has wonderfully improved. The preparation is the Best, Cheapest and Easiest to use I have ever known, and has done for me what nothing else could."

A WONDERFUL TREATMENT

Mr. J. H., of Derwenfa—"Dr. Singha Catarrh Cure is a cure in the true sense of the word. It is, indeed, a wonderful treatment, and I am glad to say that my head is now **quite cleared and my hearing better than I can remember it,** as it had been hopelessly bad for many years. I also sleep splendidly now."

Once more read the testimonials (EVERY ONE UNSOLICITED); then post the coupon. We know that it will be a day you will remember always with thanksgiving.

To DR. SINGHA ASTHMA CURE CO.,
Dept. J.B.6, Caernarvon. (A)
Please send me your booklet and Free Trial Supply of Dr. Singha ASTHMA Cure. I enclose 3d. stamps to cover packing and postage.

NAME..
ADDRESS..
AGE ....
How long suffered?..

FILL IN YOUR COUPON AND POST TO-DAY

Please Write in BLOCK LETTERS.

To DR. SINGHA ASTHMA CURE CO.,
Dept. J.B.6, Caernarvon. (C)
Please send me your booklet and Free Trial Supply of Dr. Singha CATARRH Cure. I enclose 3d. stamps to cover packing and postage.

NAME ....
ADDRESS..
AGE ....
How long suffered ?..

GRAVE Health Peril EXPOSED

by SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

At the Royal College of Surgeons . .

. . . Sir Cuthbert Wallace said "Quacks are as flourishing as ever"

MY post-bag is always voluminous, usually interesting and frequently extremely valuable because, thanks to the co-operation of readers, it gives me immediate information regarding enterprises of a dubious nature.

Many letters ask for advice, and here I might mention that I always open my own post personally.

My recent campaign against quack doctoring has produced many enquiries and requests for advice, and I take this opportunity of explaining my standpoint in regard to such matters.

I have not the slightest objection to people advertising and selling remedies for the various troubles which beset us. For example, if anybody professes to be able to make hair grow by the use of a certain remedy—buy it, and try it, if you want to.

If you really believe that wealthy husbands are "captured" merely because ladies use beauty preparations of a particular brand, buy them—more especially if you happen to know of a rich man lurking in the background.

The usurpers

What I object to is people who purport to diagnose by post diseases which affect vital organs.

I dislike so-called health clinics, associations, or societies. I emphatically condemn the type of literature which emanates from such organisations, which is calculated (and intended) to terrify sufferers into parting with their money.

I object to their usurping such titles and words as "consultant," "specialist," "laboratory," "diagnosis," "prescription," etc. etc., and I commend the activities of such organisations to the notice of the General Medical Council.

In this connection I would suggest that the provisions of the Medical Act of 1858 are being contravened in such a manner as to constitute a public scandal.

And I invite the General Medical Council to examine the various letters suggesting degrees which these gentry append to their names.

The intention is clear, and that is, to cause the ordinary man in the street to believe that he is dealing with individuals competent *and qualified* to give treatment for various ailments.

I have been moved to make these remarks by a letter from a reader enclosing the literature of the "Neu-Vita" Health Associates, of Central Buildings, London Bridge, S.E.1, the London manager of which is Mr. L. R. Lacy.

My reader asks for my advice, and he is wise to do so. I cannot find that Mr. Lacy has any qualifications whatever, yet I notice that he professes to cure eye troubles by post.

His literature, which is now before me, is of the usual type. He first refers to the "uselessness of wearing spectacles" to cure eye defects, and mentions that it is "being exposed."

I don't know by whom, but I presume it is by Mr. Lacy!

He then goes on and states that he cannot too strongly impress the "terrible danger of neglecting weak eyes.

"What now seems a trivial defect," he points out, "may in a little time result in permanently impaired vision or even *blindness*.

"This is the *awful penalty ignorance and neglect* enacts in many cases upon the *careless*."

Extraordinary claims

There is an exhortation to those whose "eye-power has not deteriorated much—or at all" to buy his apparatus "as a safeguard."

But "should your eyes be really troubling you," he adds, "let me urge you—delay not—leave nothing to chance, but send me your order this very day and relieve yourself of all anxiety."

The printed matter issued by the "Neu-Vita" Health Associates states that a few minutes' daily use of an apparatus known as the "N.V. Oculizer," will eradicate almost all eye diseases or refractive error, and prevent the loss of function in the optic nerve by preserving its vitality.

It is advocated for use in cases of near-sight, farsight, glaucoma, esophoria and astigmatism.

"Remarkable new science to combat eye diseases" is one slogan used to impress sufferers. "It eradicates the majority of cataracts," is another.

Mr. Lacy ends up with the postscript: "Please write me personally and your letter will have special attention."

The apparatus which he sells appears to me to be a sort of double-barrelled device which causes massage by exhausting the air by means of rubber balls—much in the same way as the motorist sticks his licence on the window screen.

No diagnosis

I don't propose to comment further on the apparatus or give any opinion as to its merits, but I most strongly object to Mr Lacy claiming to cure or to improve eye defects *without any examination whatever*.

It is true, and no doubt convenient to Mr. Lacy, that no diagnosis is even suggested! He merely asks sufferers to buy his apparatus for self-treatment at home, and attempts to terrify them as to the results if they don't.

Now, if Mr. Lacy were selling a hair restorer I should not object, but he is experimenting with a very vital organ—the human eye.

My advice on this subject, broadly, is as follows. There are, in this country, apart from qualified medical men, thousands of opticians who have passed the examinations of the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers, and are qualified as opticians in sight testing and the supplying of spectacles of an appropriate nature.

I should imagine that in every small town in the United Kingdom there would be no difficulty in finding one or more duly qualified opticians.

It is madness and folly to gamble with your eyesight, through the post with a man like Mr. L. R. Lacy, who has no qualifications of any shape, form, or description.

Neu-Vita Health Associates is, I find, nothing more than a business name registration for two partners, the general nature of which business is described as "Toilet Requisites."

Those who read this article will, no doubt, immediately ask themselves why it is that in the columns of JOHN BULL will be found advertisements of many and various patent medicines. The answer is this.

No advertisement of any medicine or drug is accepted for appearance in the columns of JOHN BULL until the product offered has been subjected to a laboratory test and until we are satisfied that it contains no noxious elements.

Behind such advertisements is our guarantee that, if taken or applied, according to the directions, they will have no injurious effects.

Dangerous tampering

We do not vouch for its value as a remedy, as that is for the public to discover, but we do guarantee that it can cause no harm.

There is a vast difference, as I said before, between the perfectly straightforward selling of patent medicines and the damnable practice of tampering with the human constitution by these so-called health clinics, which it has given me great pleasure to expose and which I shall continue to expose with all the energy at my disposal.

A word in conclusion as to what a "clinic" in the proper sense of the term really is. It is derived from a Greek word which means "a bed," and a clinic is defined as a place where instruction is given in medicine and surgery at the bedside of the patient.

Its common meaning, therefore, to the man in the street is "hospital," and everybody knows that hospitals are staffed not only by qualified medical men, but they are visited, and treatment and advice given free by our most distinguished physicians and surgeons.

It is time the General Medical Council took this matter up. If the legislation of 1858 is insufficient, I am satisfied that the Houses of Parliament will give them the legislation they desire.

The object of the Act of 1858 was not to prevent unqualified persons from practising, but to enable the public to distinguish between qualified and unqualified practitioners.

I do not think that it is necessary or desirable to go further than this, but I suggest a simple amendment of the Act of 1858 would put a stop to this scandal for good.

Every institute, association, clinic, society, or individual shall be required to superimpose upon the literature which is distributed—the advertisements which they insert in the Press—and the letters which they write—the following words:—

"UNQUALIFIED PRACTITIONERS."

In the meantime it may be interesting to my readers to be informed that under Section 32 of the Medical Act of 1858, unregistered persons are not entitled to recover any charges for surgical or medical services; but, on the other hand, under Section 55, there is a special provision that it (the Act) shall not prejudice or in any way affect the lawful business of chemists or druggists.

As this article goes to press note that my own views have received striking support in certain public utterances made by Sir Cuthbert Wallace, consulting surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital.

Speaking before the Royal College of Surgeons on February 13, Sir Cuthbert declared that "*quacks are as flourishing as ever,*" and that "*high and low seek their advice.*"

And it is a curious coincidence that he put forward the suggestion that the medical profession should ask to be clearly distinguished from those who have not had its medical training.

What better method can there be than the simple amendment to the Act I have suggested above, which would compel the quack to admit he is one?

GREAT NEW WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

One pages 6 and 7 you will find advance news of a great new weekly newspaper—the *Clarion*.

You are asked to accept the *first four issues of the "Clarion" absolutely FREE*. On your part, there is nothing to pay, nothing to do, and you place yourself under no obligation.

The *Clarion* will be published by Odhams Press Ltd., the proprietors of JOHN BULL.

No. 1 of the great new weekly newspaper will be out on Friday, March 16.

Turn to pages 6 and 7 now. Fill in the Forms and post them to the *Clarion* at once. The thrill and the pleasure of reading the first four issues FREE will be yours.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
ALL ROUND VALUE
A SQUARE GUARANTEE
FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

FURTHER GUARANTEED BARGAINS ON PAGE 3.

THIS WILL KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME

Let your boys play Riley Billiards and they won't want to go out at nights.

8/- down brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid, on 7 days' free trial. Balances monthly. Write to-day for Art List.

Write to-day for free Art List.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Ansen Works, Accrington; or Dept. 25, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

HIKING DAYS ARE HERE

9/6 POST 9D

A smart walking shoe, unsurpassed for durability. Ideal for the hiker, gardener, and all outdoor workers who walk and need real foot comfort. Uppers Tan or Black Grain Leather, studded Rubber Sole, exceptionally strong. Offered at the low price of 9/6 a pair, post 9d. extra. Leather soles same price. All sizes and half sizes from 6 to 11. Absolute Satisfaction Guaranteed.

LUNN'S

Footwear Specialist, Cheriton, Folkestone.

SHEFFIELD MADE JACOBEAN 50-PIECE STAINLESS CANTEEN

CONTENTS:
- 6 Table Knives,
- 6 Dessert Knives, Stainless Steel, Mirror Finish, Grained handles
- 6 Table Forks,
- 2 Table Spoons,
- 6 Dessert Spoons,
- 6 Dessert Forks,
- 6 Fruit Eating Spoons,
- 6 Teaspoons,
- 6 Eggs or Coffee, "Old English" Stainless Nickel.
- —50 Pieces.

30/- POST FREE

Money refunded if not satisfied.

JOHNSON & CO., BRUNSWICK WORKS, ELDON STREET, SHEFFIELD.

THE 'Elite' COMBINED INCUBATOR AND REARER

The MOTHER of MILLIONS

18 egg size **15/6**

30 Egg size 20/-
45 " " 25/-
60 " " 30/-

CATALOGUE FREE.

Full Instructions. Ready for immediate use. Complete with all accessories. Carriage Paid to any address in U.K. and Irish Free State. Beware of inferior imitations. Wonderful Testimonials. *Immediate despatch.*

H. M. BEST
(Dept J.B.),
67, STAINES ROAD,
HOUNSLOW.

GRAVES 'Quality' BALE Beats the World For Fine Value

Two finest British pure White All Wool Blankets of lovely texture, with neat borders, whipped ends. 68 x 88in; 7½lb pair; Two All White luxury Fleecy Blankets with whipped ends, 60x80in, 4lb pr; Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in, One Bolster Case, 20 x 60in, Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in, 4lb pair; One Alhambra Quilt, 73x94in. Complete, Carriage Paid. **42/-** 3/6 Now, 3/6 Monthly. Drapery Catalogue Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

3/6 NOW

SEND for BATH'S NEW LIST Now Ready

MOTOR HOUSES from 67/6 or 5/6 monthly.

INCUBATORS from 12/6.

POULTRY HOUSES from 24/- or 2/- monthly.

HUTS from 22/6 or 1/3 monthly.

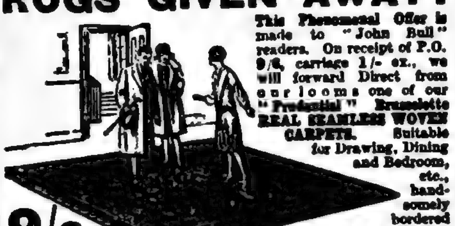
For Garden Frames from 12/6, Heating Apparatus from 22/6, Brooders from 4/3 and Rustic Work, see list.

Free delivery by Lorry or Rail.

GREENHOUSES from 50/- or 4/- monthly.

BATH'S
3-7, Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.2.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!



This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brusselette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

9/6

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

WRITE FOR FREE LISTS
FROM £3-10s
CASH or TERMS

HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. T. Robey, Ltd. CYCLE WAREHOUSE, Dept 24. COVENTRY

Thorn's great OPPORTUNITY SALE

Free! Sale Book Write No 46 To-day

TREMENDOUS BARGAINS

2/3 DOWN — Only 2/6 DOWN

A NOVICE CAN ERECT

DON'T HESITATE to secure one of these Useful Garden Sheds. They are Ideal for Storage, Cycles, Workshops, Potting Sheds, etc. So easy to erect, too! You can screw the sections together in half an hour. Rain-proof and Draught-proof, planed Moulded Weatherboards, roofing felt, glass—all complete—delivered Free or sent carriage paid in England and Wales.

SPAN ROOF TYPE.

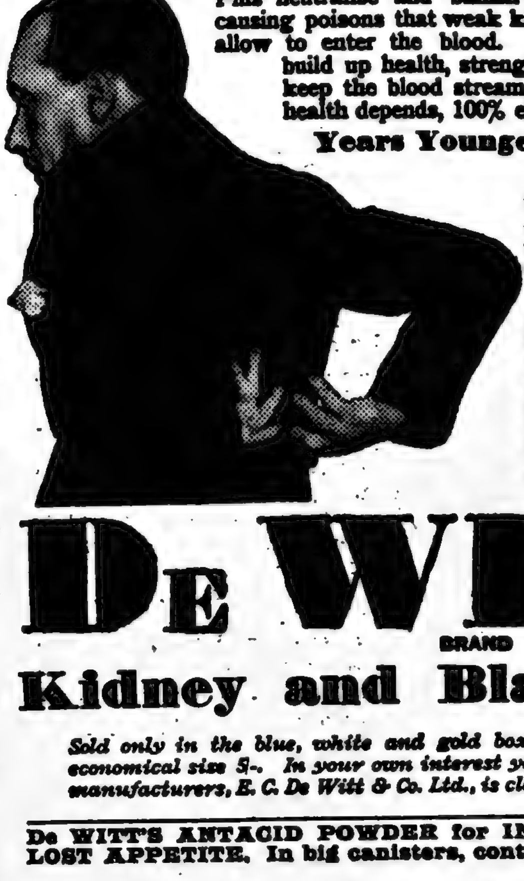
Long.	Wide.	High.	Sale Price.	Deposit.	Monthly
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1.14.0	or 2/6	2/-
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	2. 1.0	or 3/6	3/6
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	2.12.0	or 4/6	5/3
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	4. 4.0	or 6/6	7/7

J. THORN & SONS, LTD. (Dept. 46), Brampton Rd., Bexley Heath, Kent.

WEAK KIDNEYS

Awful Backache, Bad Nights

Weak kidneys—that's what makes life a misery for so many, many people, although they do not know it. Down-dragging weakness, sharp, shooting pains down the legs, bladder trouble, awful rheumatic twinges, just worn-out and weary with constant pain, looking, feeling too-old—yes, Kidney Trouble is the cause.



De Witts Kidney and Bladder Pills neutralise and banish pain-causing poisons that weak kidneys allow to enter the blood. They build up health, strength and vitality, and keep the blood stream, upon which your health depends, 100% efficient.

Years Younger, Brighter and Happier Than Ever— that is how you will feel—the testimony of thousands who have tried and tested this famous remedy tell you so. Do take this honest advice now.

Get a supply of "De Witts" from your chemist to-day. Accept no substitute—ask for, and see you get the real genuine De Witts Kidney and Bladder Pills in the original white, blue and gold box. There is nothing just as good for restoring your weak kidneys to healthy action and making you healthier and happier than you have ever been.

DE WITTS

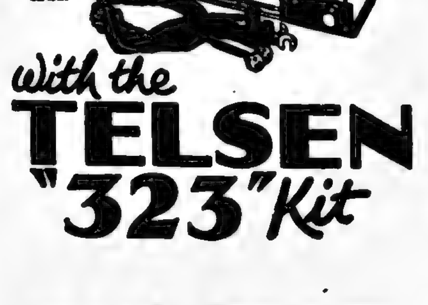
BRAND

Kidney and Bladder PILLS

Sold only in the blue, white and gold boxes, price 3/-, or the larger, more economical size 5/-. In your own interest you should see that the name of the manufacturers, E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd., is clearly printed on the side of the box.

De WITT'S ANTACID POWDER for INDIGESTION, SOUR STOMACH, LOST APPETITE. In big canisters, containing a month's supply, price 1/6

Build your own 3 valve radio set for 29/6



Valves extra.

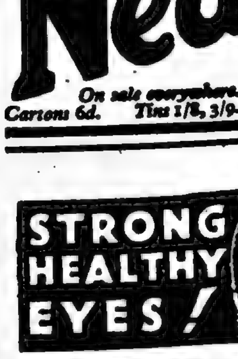
with the TELSEN "323" Kit

Easy to build—Simple to operate—and by far the cheapest set to buy—that's the Telsen "323." It is the most amazing value in radio history. You don't have to know anything about radio to build it. All you do is follow the stage-by-stage instructions inside every Kit—and it's built! Get a Telsen "323" Kit from your radio dealer to-morrow.

GET "THE MODERN RADIO ENGINEER"—3d. ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

TELSEN ELECTRIC CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

BABY'S IDEAL FOOD IN 6D. CARTONS



Notice how contented and happy baby becomes immediately you feed him with Neave's. He will not only put on weight but will get stronger, healthier and free from all infantile complaints.

Neave's Food

On sale everywhere.
Cartons 6d. Tins 1/3, 3/9.

STRONG HEALTHY EYES!

ARE PRECIOUS —DO NOT NEGLECT THEM

At the first sign of redness, irritation, crusts on the eyelids when waking—take immediate action, or serious complications will follow. Singleton's will protect and keep your eyes in perfect condition. For over 300 years THE WORLD'S REMEDY FOR ALL EYE TROUBLES.—Weak, Watery and Bloodshot Eyes, Eye Strain, Styes, Ulcers, etc.

SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT

From all chemists or direct at 2/9 per pot.

FREE BOOK.—To Stephen Green, Ltd., 210, Lambeth Rd., London, S.E.1. Please send booklet "How to Preserve the Eyesight."

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

A Ghastly BABY FARM

—Infants Boarded in an Attic

BEHIND the recently reported death of a ten-week-old infant at a licensed "baby farm" in Tiverton, Devon, lies a scandal of grave national urgency, revealing a lamentable weakness in official rules and regulations.

And but for this innocent babe's death the facts might never have come to light.

An enquiry carried out by our representative has resulted in many disquieting discoveries, not the least of which is that the local authorities at Tiverton were in complete ignorance of the fact that this "baby farm" existed in their midst.

It had been licensed by the Devon County Council, *but no notification had ever reached the Tiverton officials! Even the Medical Officer of Health was kept in ignorance!*

And what an appalling establishment it is!

Will it be believed that a rather dilapidated cottage, with two living rooms and three bedrooms (one of those an attic) could become a recognised "boarding-out" home for no fewer than ten foster-children?

This brief description gives but a faint idea of the unsuitability of the licensed establishment that has now been the scene of tragedy.

For, under official approval, no fewer than fifteen people can live in that small, congested dwelling!

The "nursery"—save the name!—is a room below the ground level, dark, damp and unheated!

Dangerous stair

One of the main sleeping rooms is up a narrow staircase, so steep and rambling as to be unsafe for youngsters. There is not a bathroom in the whole sorry place, and the "home" would have been a death-trap to children in case of a fire.

The approach to the cottage is along a dark alleyway through which it would be impossible to take any fire-escape or engine.

It was only after a child became ill and the Medical Officer of Health and the Chief Constable visited the premises that the deplorable position was realised.

This is the Chief Constable's description of what he found:

"The premises are overshadowed by surrounding buildings. The ground floor is below the level of the street, and one has to step down four or five steps.

"The accommodation on the ground floor consists of a scullery, wash-house and one living-room. There is a dark passage leading to the place, which would get scarcely any sunlight.

"The main downstairs room had a cold and dampish atmosphere and there was no fire. Two perambulators in which children were lying were in that room.

"On the first floor were two fairly large bedrooms. Leading from the first to the upper floor—where there was one room—the staircase was very narrow and steep.

"In my opinion the staircase was obviously dangerous to children who occupied the attic room."

As for the child who died, the Medical Officer found that it was terribly emaciated. Death was due to bronchial-pneumonia brought on by malnutrition, owing most likely to congenital causes which made it difficult for it to consume its food adequately.

No blame can be attached to the foster-mother either for the child's death or for the general condition of the premises. The real responsibility lies with the County Council authorities for granting the licence and failing to notify the officals at Tiverton.

Weak explanations

So much for the official side of this appalling case. Other points of importance are that the woman, licensed by the Devon County Council to be foster-mother to ten babies, had three children of her own, and was expecting another.

Her husband was unemployed, and she made her living by the payments received for the care of the infants.

The payment made to her in respect of the child who died was 12s. 6d. a week.

She carried on the whole of her household duties and the "care" of the children without regular help from outside.

It is only right that the explanation of the Devon County Council for granting a licence to this baby farm should be given.

The Assistant Medical Officer for Devon admits that one could not pretend to say that the place was ideal, but adds that it was difficult to get accommodation for these cases.

He contended that if the authorities drew the line at what was not ideal they would get no accommodation at all.

Comment on such an explanation is unnecessary, for the excuse is its own condemnation.

We have no doubt that the Ministry of Health will take our view now that the full truth of this Tiverton horror is made public for the first time.

The most disconcerting thought that remains after consideration of this scandal is that there may be many other baby farms of equal unsuitability licensed in various parts of the country.

Only a death has now revealed the Tiverton example.

What has happened in Devon may be taking place elsewhere.

Unquestionably the Ministry of Health must make an immediate investigation into the whole problem of these licensed foster-mothers.

Present difficulties have arisen owing to the abolition of the old local boards of guardians.

It was only the passing of the last Local Government Act which cast the duty of licensing baby farms on county councils, and obviously it is impossible for a central authority of a large county to carry out adequately such a duty.

Regulations needed

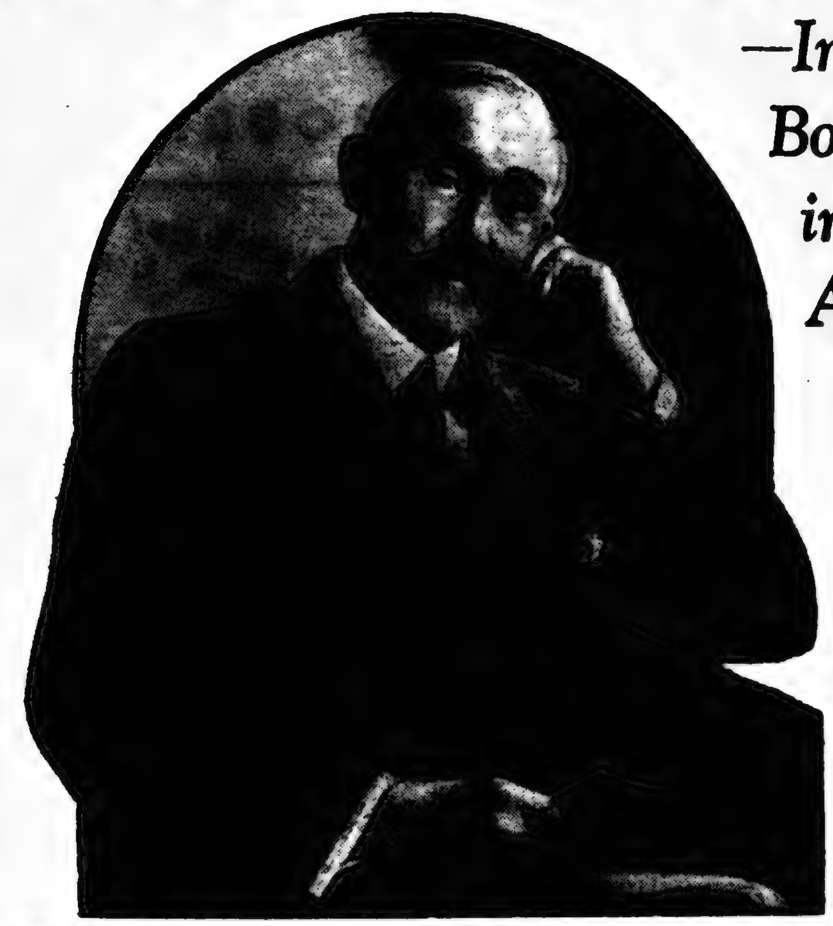
The remedy is easy and obvious. A regulation of the Ministry of Health could make it impossible for a baby farm licence to be given without a first reference to the nearest medical officer of health and the nearest police chief for reports on the suitability of the premises and as to the character of the applicants for the licence.

And where a licence is granted immediate notification should be made to the local medical officer and police chief.

At present there are no such provisions. If there had been, the Tiverton foster-mother would never have been granted the right to take in ten baby boarders in her cottage home.

Only by regulations of the kind we have indicated can adequate safeguards be assured.

And if those regulations are made then that tragic baby of Tiverton may not have died in vain.



Sir Henry Lopes is chairman of the Devon County Council, which issued the licence to the foster-mother. We appeal to him to investigate.

A Queer Charity Scheme

BEWARE "The Charity Collection Fund"

That advice is given to any of our readers who may receive the estering attention of the collectors of his supposed charity.

What the fund pretends to do is to ollect and sell discarded articles of lothing, furniture, books and such-like or the benefit of hospitals.

Actually the fund exists mainly for the dvantage of Mr. J. W. Purchall, the rganiser, and members of his family.

At one time, Purchall, who is a retired reengrocer, living at Stratford, was uthorised to collect waste on a comnission basis for a hospital in East ondon.

But the result of that collection was o meagre that the hospital discontinued he arrangement in the autumn of last ear.

Since then Purchall has been coninuing the same activities on behalf of nspecified hospitals.

His "junk" warehouse in Chapel treet, Stratford, is filled to the ceilings ith all manner of cast-off goods.

Expenses of the collection, according o Purchall, are £16 a week. Among the mployees, paid by the "Fund," are his ife and his son.

"Please beware of bogus collectors"—a message on Purchall's cards.

In every way we endorse that, lthough we would add, "Please beware f Purchall and his Charity Collection und."

Homely Wisdom by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

GUARD YOUR PEACE

THE present is an age of worry. There are more cases of nervous breakdown than in any previous period of human history. Insanity is said to be increasing owing to the strain of modern life, and certainly the number of inmates of asylums for the care of the mentally afflicted does not diminish.

The principal cause of loss of mental balance is inner conflict. There are other causes, but this is the chief.

People get into a depressed condition through feeling themselves unequal to their responsibilities; the struggle to keep going is too much for them; or they are habitually filled with fear that this or that may happen to themselves or those they love.

They never know what it is to be at rest; there is a constant wastage of vital power going on, and at length the overwrought brain can bear no more and snaps.

There are some readers of these words who will never go mad in the strict sense of the term but who often feel like it because of the troubles they have to meet.

I have been rung up this very morning by a comparatively young fellow who is panic-stricken because of some sudden physical seizures which he thinks may be a portent of death. He has been overdoing it for a long time, anxious, fretful, careworn, dreading what may happen next.

He has got into the habit of looking for the worst, is always in a fever about the future, and admits that he can never fully relax and enjoy himself owing to the pressure of his various burdens upon his mind.

Then I hear about a brave good woman who never gives herself a moment's peace because of her foreboding as to the fate of her invalid son in this hard world when she is no longer here to look after him.

And she also lies awake at night going fruitlessly round and round the same sombre succession of thoughts that lead nowhere. She wishes she could stop thinking, but she cannot, although she knows quite well that she will rise in the morning exhausted from her solitary vigil and unfit to begin her heavy day's work.

Millions of parents to-day are worrying and grieving about their young people, vainly wishing they could shield them from danger, vainly hoping that youthful hotheads will be less reckless and silly and more considerate of their elders.

It may seem a strange thing to say, but the very first thing a person ought to do when distracted like this, whatever the cause, is to gain mental poise and calm. Don't do anything else till you have done that.

"What!" someone will say. "You might as well tell a starving man to have a good meal before he begins to look for anything to eat. Poise and calm are the very thing we want, but cannot get. Frayed nerves and incessant strain forbid our getting it."

You are wrong; you can be quiet, let go, be still if only for a short time in order to become master of yourself. You only injure those you love and want to help if you are frantic and storm-tossed instead of at peace. Even if you don't admit being worried, your concealed distress harms and weakens those about you as well as yourself.

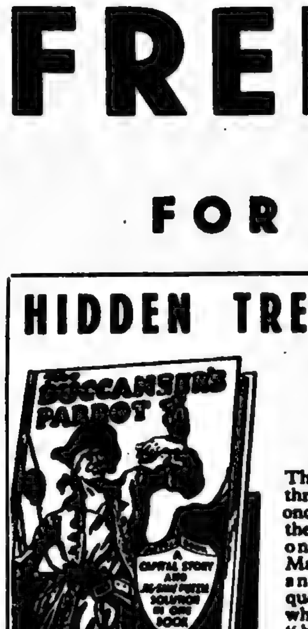
And, when you are still and quiet, divine power begins to rise within you like an ocean tide and you know that you are not alone. Nay more: you will realise that the living God is an ever-present help in trouble and never fails the soul that trusts in Him.

Guard your peace, and it will guard you.

FREE GIFTS for everybody

FOR COUPONS FROM BOURNVILLE COCOA

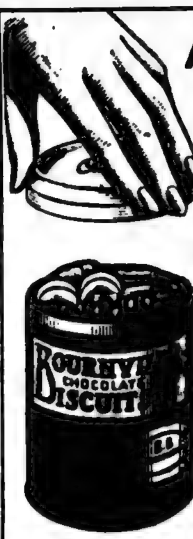
HIDDEN TREASURE


The Buccaneer's Parrot
A Capital Story and Jig-Saw Puzzle Solution in one Book

39 COUPONS

The parrot in this thrilling yarn was once owned by one of the wickedest pirates on the Spanish Main. He told Toby and Peter many queer stories — but what did he mean by "hidden treasure"? Well, the boys found a map—but did they find the treasure? Solve the Jig-Saw Puzzle at the end of this story and you'll see what happened. Only 39 coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Electro-plated Tea Spoons, Table Forks, etc.

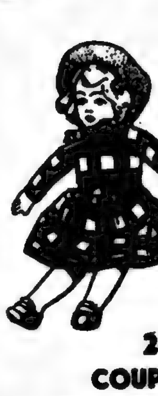
A TREAT FOR TEA



The children will love them —½ lb. of delicious Bournville Chocolate Biscuits. And they keep beautifully fresh and crisp because they are packed in that new, novel-shaped drum which Cadburys recently invented. This is a quick gift—only 11 Bournville Cocoa coupons. Start collecting now! Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Fountain Pens, Household Linen, Toys, Games, etc.

11 COUPONS

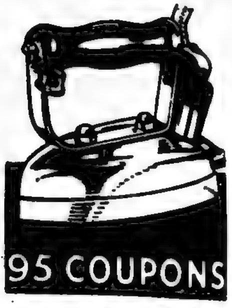
"Gracie's got a Gingham Gown!"



"Gracie" is a great favourite. It was such a good idea to dress her in a pretty gingham gown and to give her a felt trimmed hat. She's one of those unbreakable dolls that are loved and that last for years. You can adopt her for only 20 coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including sets of Farmyard Animals, Clockwork Speedboats, etc.

20 COUPONS

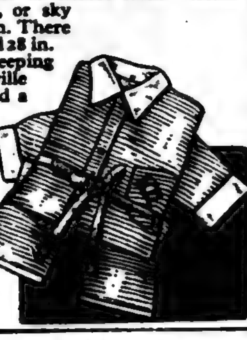
How easy Ironing is!



Of course ironing is easy when you've got a good iron. And this up-to-date electric iron is just what you want. It is guaranteed for two years, and weighs 4½ lbs. You can have it for only 95 coupons. When you're sending your coupons state the voltage required—these irons are supplied in voltages ranging from 200 to 250. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the complete list of over 200 superb gifts, including Dinner Services, Tea Sets, Jumpers, Ironing Boards, etc.

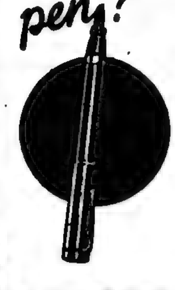
"OFF TO BED YOU GO"

The naughtiest child would look angelic in this sleeping suit. It is made of improved quality Winceyette, with a small embroidered pocket. There are two colours to choose from—cream ground trimmed sky, or sky ground trimmed cream. There are two sizes, 26 in. and 28 in. You can get this sleeping suit for 38 Bournville Cocoa coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Art. Silk Slips, Stockings, Skirts, etc., etc.



38 COUPONS

Have you a fountain pen?

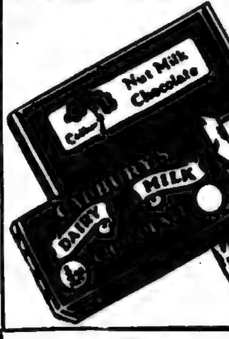


30 COUPONS

If you haven't, here's a handsome pen for only 30 Bournville Cocoa coupons. It has the latest type of filling device, and a fine, medium or broad nib of 14 ct. gold. The men's model is fitted with a pocket clip, and the ladies' with a ring. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Stationery, Tennis Rackets, Photograph Albums, etc., etc.

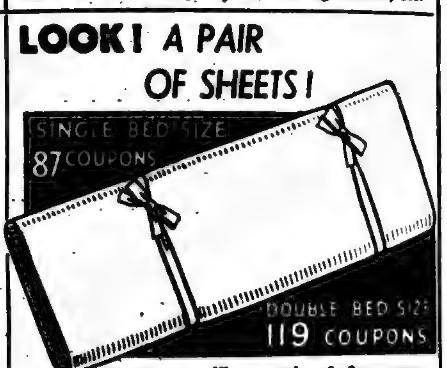
WHAT DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE!

Of course it's delicious chocolate — it's Cadburys! And for only 9 Bournville Cocoa coupons you can have a ¼-lb. block of Bournville Plain, a ¼-lb. block of Milk and a ¼-lb. block of Nut Milk Chocolate. A gift which the whole family will enjoy. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the new Gift Book showing over 200 superb gifts, including Child's Mac and Sou'wester, Art. Silk Stockings, Men's Shoes, etc., etc.

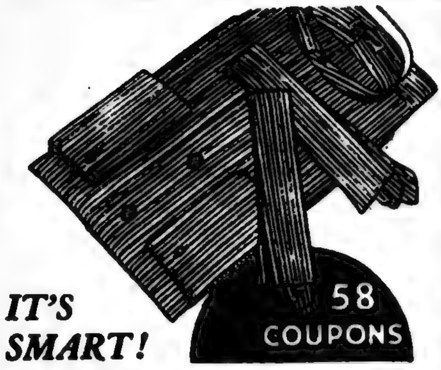


9 COUPONS

LOOK! A PAIR OF SHEETS!



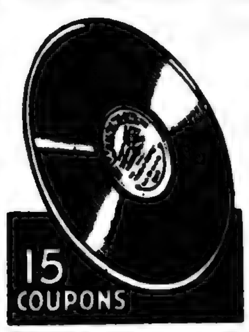
Would you like a pair of fine cotton sheets? Then start saving up your Bournville Cocoa coupons right away! A pair for a single bed, size 62 in. by 90 in., is yours for 87 coupons. Sheets for a double bed, size 80 in. by 99 in., are 119 coupons the pair. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Pillow Cases, Tablecloths, Kitchen Utensils, etc., etc.



IT'S SMART!

A fully-cut and well-fashioned shirt, with two collars to match, for only 58 Bournville Cocoa coupons! This is a fine quality cotton shirt in attractive blue or brown stripes. Collar sizes 13½ to 17. State whether you prefer broad or fine stripe, and give size and colour when sending coupons. A postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, brings the complete list of over 200 gifts, including Art. Silk Stockings, Ladies' and Gent's Pyjamas, etc., etc.

The HIT of the Season!



All the latest song and dance hits on Edison Bell "Winner" Gramophone records! One 10 in. record for 15 Bournville coupons. Ask Cadburys for the latest list of records when you send your postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete booklet showing over 200 Gifts, including Tennis Rackets, Ties, Art. Silk Stockings, etc., etc.

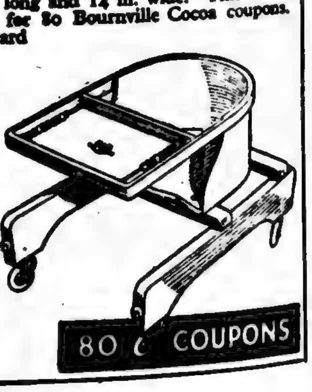
For BEAUTY'S Sake!

Face powder comes to the rescue at the right moments. And here's the powder box — for only 16 Bournville Cocoa coupons. It's the latest tap-tap style — just enough powder and no more. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including Jumpers, Gloves, Art. Silk Stockings, etc.

16 COUPONS

Specially for Baby!

Wouldn't baby love this runabout! It has a tray in front, fitted with two rows of bright beads, and there's plenty of room for toys. It is obtainable in various coloured enamels :—green/red, blue/red or tango. It has rubber-tyred castors. It is 13½ in. high, 18½ in. long and 14 in. wide. This lovely gift is yours for 80 Bournville Cocoa coupons. Send a postcard (postage 1d.) to "New Gifts," Cadbury, Bournville, for the complete list of over 200 Gifts, including toys and games, children's sleeping suits, fountain pens, etc., etc.



BOURNVILLE COCOA

NOW 5½D. PER ¼ LB. TIN

MADE BY CADBURY IN THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

SHAM League of Mercy

"The Rest and Holiday Home" at Granville Marina, Ramsgate

WOMEN canvassers, active in the suburbs of London, and in Margate, Dartford, Beckenham and Brighton, are gathering funds for an organisation called the League of St. David, the headquarters of which are at 38, Craven Terrace, Hyde Park, London.

These canvassers have distributed a printed leaflet announcing that donations are urgently needed to carry on the work of a rest and holiday home, vaguely described as "The Marina," at Ramsgate, in Kent.

A more topical appeal is made in the name of the "Collections Committee." for the provision of free meals for needy children during the winter months.

The League of St. David boldly invites patrons to send parcels of clothing which are "gratefully received for distribution."

It is claimed that the Ramsgate home is in a healthy position, and that women and children in need of rest and nourishment are given an enjoyable holiday.

According to the circular so widely distributed, this holiday consists of a week or two of complete change, accompanied by good food and careful attention.

It is plaintively suggested that many weary mothers and weak children are waiting anxiously for the spell at "The Marina" which will mean for them a fresh lease of life.

The leaflet issued by the League of St. David, is, in fact, a carefully-composed begging effort, calculated to arouse the ready sympathies of well-meaning folk willing to assist the less fortunate in their distress.

In addition to making the door-to-door collections referred to, the League has written to titled ladies and others interested in welfare work, begging for donations and support.

In other words, it is conducting an intensive collecting campaign. The promoters declare that the Ramsgate "home" is an institution in which the careful attention afforded its beneficiaries will very often prevent a serious breakdown in health.

And finally, they boast that the good work done in the past is still being carried on successfully at the seaside establishment indicated.

Brazen Appeal

But at the instance of our readers we have made enquiries into these widespread claims, which reveal the entire organisation in a much less favourable light.

We have scarcely ever dealt with a more brazenly impudent appeal for funds.

The headquarters of the League of St. David, at 38, Craven Terrace, Hyde Park, London, turns out to be a small private house, where there is nothing to betray the existence of this strange organisation. The house in question is, indeed, the residence of W. H. Adamson, the honorary trustee of the League, who with his wife founded the concern; they afford office accommodation in a back room on the ground floor.

The most diligent enquiry has failed to produce evidence supporting the widespread claims made by the League of St. David in its appeals.

"The Marina," Ramsgate, we find, is a popular dance-hall and theatre on the sea-front, and is nothing to do with the League of St. David.

The much-vaunted "Rest and Holiday Home" is actually a house at 9, Granville Marina, occasionally used by W. H. Adamson, of the League of St. David, and is one of a row constructed beneath an inclined road against the face of the cliff.

It was neither intended nor designed for use as either a boarding-house or as a holiday hostel.

The rooms are small, the light and ventilation are inadequate for the purposes in connection with which it is claimed to be used.

The front bedroom is but 12 ft. square, without a fireplace; the back bedroom is 8 ft. by 10 ft., and the light for this is borrowed from the front.

The staircase landing has a recess for a single bed, but the only light and ventilation is obtained through the ports above the bedroom doors.

The accommodation afforded the matron is in the sitting-room behind a wooden partition, not quite 7 ft. high.

The matron, who was found in charge of the house when it was occasionally used during the summer months last year, began her career with the League of St. David in the *rôle* of a collector of funds.

One canvasser was visiting residents of Beckenham, in Kent, and Arundel, in Sussex, not so long ago.

A collecting-box she carried bore the inscription reading: "Free meals, clothing and help for the kiddies—rest and holiday home."

Yet when our investigator called at No. 9, Granville Marina, Ramsgate, the other day, he found the house empty and deserted. He learned that it was last occupied three months ago.

When a representative of the Margate Council of Social Services called at this "home" on one occasion, only an adult woman and a child of ten were found in residence.

At the most, the accommodation afforded at the "Rest and Holiday Home" is limited to eight persons.

And this accommodation, we have clearly shown, is quite unsuited to the vaunted purpose of the League.

Black-listed

In these circumstances, it is not astonishing to learn that the League of St. David has been black-listed in reputable charitable circles.

This official ban is more than justified by facts which emerge when we probe the circumstances in which this concern sprang into being.

We have mentioned that it was founded by W. H. Adamson and his wife.

Adamson is now the trustee of the League's funds.

He was formerly the honorary treasurer of a concern calling itself the St. John's Home, hospital for incurables, and seaside convalescent home, at Tankerton, in Kent, a notorious concern which was closed, following the prosecution of that arch charity rogue, Walter Blackburn.

Both Adamson and his wife were, in fact, prominent figures in the Westminster Charity Committee group of bogus charities, which have so often been the centre of unfavourable publicity.

The League of St. David, therefore, is certainly not a charity that merits public support.

Real-Life Happy Ending

THE audience at a Manchester theatre applauded vigorously as the final curtain fell.

It had been a good play—and now for home.

But follow one family as it moves homeward chatting delightedly about events of the evening. Their happiness died at the shock of seeing a crowd seething and pressing in *their* street—round *their* door.

In an agony of mind they rushed forward to investigate.

Their worst fears were realised. They soon discovered that.

Out of a fire which had been banked up to ensure them a warm and cheery return had shot a live ember. The living-room in which they had hoped to sit for a bedtime hour discussing the play was burnt out.

Worse. So badly damaged were the living quarters generally that they were dependent, temporarily, on the generosity of their neighbours for their accommodation. Away from their own home they had to plan the refurnishing of their house without knowing where the money was to come from.

But Life—like the theatre—often supplies happy endings. It did in this particular case.

Within a very little time the family was sitting round while father wrote out a letter thanking JOHN BULL for what he described as a "timely and generous cheque," a ready help that completely changed their future outlook.

All because he had taken the precaution of signing such a form as we reproduce to-day on page 46, which you should sign now as a duty to your family and yourself if you have not already done so.

The Human Machine

A Star's Wisdom

SAYS Marie Dressler, the famous film star: "It is not how old we are that matters, but how we are old."

Marie is entitled to be heard, for she is a living example of the truth that mere age shouldn't prevent a person from being both useful and graceful. And it is indeed a profound truth that while how old we are is a matter of sheer circumstance, how we are old is something entirely within our own control.

For how old we are is only a matter of physical age, while how we are old is a mental question.

There are people who are mentally old at twenty, just as there are people who at eighty are still mentally young.

It all depends on ourselves and how we look at life.

If we allow our minds to age, step by step with our bodies, we have only ourselves to blame; for they can only do so if we cease to be interested in people and things, if we give up thinking things out for ourselves, if we begin to look back instead of forward, and if we cease to have purpose and determination and hope.

The one golden secret of growing old in the right way is to keep on Doing. To do something, to create, is an instinct that is born in us. From the first moment a child can think rationally it wants to Do—it hates idleness; and, if we are honest with ourselves, so do we.

And, however old we are, there is still something to be done.

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

How we are old depends on just this—that we remain true to our real natures and, in such fashion as we can, create.

MYTHICAL M

DOWN in Southwold, the pleasant little township in Suffolk, a handful of residents are watching the road that leads from the station with a vigilance that is unusual.

They are watching for the return of Major Leonard Crane, with whom they invested £5,000 of their hard-earned savings to enable him—according to the story he told them—to get the rightful inheritance of £147,000,000 wrongly withheld from him by a big bank!

One may think it strange that a man can get intelligent people to believe in such a wild story, and particularly to get them to invest the savings of years on the strength of it.

They want billions

Yet some of the people who have advanced money to Major Leonard Crane still have complete confidence in him, and look with a certain amount of disgust on Scotland Yard for hindering the gentleman at a critical moment by raising a hue and cry for him.

"Mythical Millions!" It is a subject offering a wonderful study of human credulity.

There have been hundreds of stories of "mythical millions," and every one has found its victims.

In fact, officials of the Law Courts in London, who have to deal with a daily crop of claims for non-existent "fortunes in Chancery," can tell you of hundreds of thousands of people who have become the victims of an "I-am-a-millionaire-if-I-get-my-rights" obsession, without even the spur of a golden tongue such as Major Crane's.

There is no official record kept of these credulous applicants, because the claims of most of them are too absurd for official cognisance. Yet one Crown official who had the difficult job of handling these super-optimists over many years kept his own private tally of them.

And his record shows there were at least 7,000 of them who believed themselves entitled, in all, to no less a sum than £1,970,000,000! He realised, as his list of them grew, that if all their claims were well-founded there wouldn't be a penny left in the country for the people who haven't got an "I-am-a-millionaire-if-I-get-my-rights" obsession.

If all the people who believe the Crown is locking up money that is due to them could see their rosy expectations realised the Chancery Court would find itself with a demand for a gigantic sum.

In fact, it would have to pay out an amount of money not merely in excess of the total cost of the Great War but of every war in which this country has ever been engaged—a sum so big that the Empire would have to be sold up, lock, stock and barrel, to pay them a composition that would still leave these claimants as dissatisfied and disgruntled as ever.

Paying what is known as the "Fazackerley Millions" would give the courts a nasty enough shock.

Eighty optimists

These have been estimated as totalling anything between £5,000,000 and £100,000,000, and the number of people who believe they are entitled to the full amount has passed well into the thousands.

Quite recently eighty optimistic Fazackerleys met in a tavern in the Midlands and subscribed £50 each by way of "preliminary expenses," fondly hoping that the full sum would be in their hands within six months.

They were rather annoyed to know that it would not reach them in so much cash. They felt somebody had been playing fast and loose with their money in turning it into property. But they reconciled themselves to the thought that it should be easy enough to sell the docks, racecourses, whole townships and railways comprised in the property that was "theirs by rights."

They were next faced with a new demand for money by way of "preliminary expenses." But, so credulous and innocent can fortune-hunters be when faced with a story of mythical millions that they paid that as readily as they paid the other.

Many of them were ruined by the time they had finished paying. Some had to beg their bread. Yet although not a brass farthing of the Fazackerley millions has come their

Rich man, poor man, matron, maid—there are thousands of them. They are the Jasons of the twentieth century. And, generally, it is a Golden "Fleece"

ILLIONS . .

The PARADISE of FOOLS—and the Foreign Crooks who Batten on them

way as yet, a number of them still pursue the millions that exist only in their imagination.

Yes, that exist only in their imagination, for there are no "Fazackerley millions," no Fazackerley estate of any kind awaiting claim. If the claimants had cared to enquire at the Law Courts they would have found out that fact at the cost of a three-halfpenny stamp.

The Richard Fazackerley who was supposed to have amassed this untold wealth saved so little out of his earnings as Recorder of Preston two hundred years ago that why his name should ever have become associated with a public myth of this kind will always be a mystery.

The Fazackerleys' claim sounds fantastic, but what about that of the Pages, who have made a cool claim for an estate, said to include 40,000 acres in Middlesex, worth anything up to £60,000,000? North Country people with the name of Page raised £35,000 to establish their right to that "estate in Chancery."

And what could Chancery do about the £53,000,000 of "Jennings millions" claimed by a Miss Elizabeth Jennings, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who has actually said that the one piece of evidence necessary to complete her claim has been revealed to her in a dream?

Or about the £12,000,000 of the Mallinders, which has been pursued almost as sedulously as that of the Fazackerleys?

The family nose

Only last year one hundred poor people living in villages round Sheffield met—again it was a meeting in a tavern—to agree on that degree of co-operation necessary to get the £12,000,000 that was rightly due to one of them !

How pathetic that meeting—with pictures of the different Mallinders on the wall so that those present would know, although they had never met together before, that "family likeness" established them as all members of one family; all Mallinders.

How they studied the Mallinder nose, and then, rubbing their own noses reflectively, decided that they were Mallinders without doubt.

And then the noble air of self-sacrifice with which each agreed that, even if he or she was the one who was entitled to the whole lot, they would all share and share alike, so that the claim should not be weakened in any degree by family dissension.

The money was supposed to have been left 200 years ago by a family named Clarke. It was inherited by the Hodgsons. Then it went on to the Mallinders. Now all that the Mallinders require are two pieces of paper to complete their claim.

Who would give any one of them fourpence for his or her chance—knowing to what an extent a belief of this kind is just a weakness of human nature? Who would give even twopence, knowing that there is another crowd, the Clarkes, after the same money?

Enter the crook

No; the real reason for it all is that at least one person in every ten wants to believe that he has been cheated out of the sacks of money or rolling estates that are his dues. And it isn't a far cry from that to believing it.

In other cases people have deliberately encouraged the credulous to seek non-existent fortunes.

Time and again the Foreign Office has had to issue warnings against people who raise false hopes, and who usually address their appeals from overseas because they find it safer to have the wide ocean between themselves and the laws of England.

The number of swindlers who have exploited the family names of Drake, Blake, Metcalfe and Townley in this way from safe addresses in the United States and Canada number hundreds.

Perhaps those addresses are not always going to be "safe," seeing that an American solicitor has just been struck off the rolls of his profession for trying to convince, through the post, English people bearing the name of Edwards that they have a title to the Bogardus Estate, which actually doesn't exist.

Half-crown millionaire!

The Mr. or Mrs. Edwards addressed is not given time to think. If he or she hesitates the time limit will be up, and the chance of getting the millions that are "theirs by right" will have disappeared for ever.

One of the stories of these overseas crooks is of the Crawford millions. It is just a story.

Andrew Crawford was supposed to be an Irishman who emigrated to Canada and made £5,000,000 which is now lying dormant. This, according to the story advanced through the post, is just on the verge of being forfeited to the State.

There are no Crawford millions, of course. There was an Andrew Crawford, but he died worth 2s. 7d. !

Then there was Benjamin Webber. He died worth very little more. Yet here is the story the Webbs, Webbers and others are told through the post, in letters proclaiming the recipients the rightful heirs.

Benjamin Webber went to live in Canada with the girl of his choice, a radiant creature who inspired him to so much success that he died leaving £10,000,000 !

But there was a shock for her when his will was read. For this loving husband was jealous, it appeared, and named her as the person to inherit the whole of his fortune only if she agreed never to marry again.

She tossed her beautiful head at the thought of it. Give up her right to please herself? Faugh !—it was nonsense.

And within a year she was happily married again, quite content to live in poverty while the vast fortune that might have been hers went unclaimed.

Looking, they lost

That is the story that has set numberless Webbs and Webbers spending hard-earned money that they could ill-afford to lose—as they did lose it.

And here is the truth as far as it can be ascertained.

There was a Benjamin Webber and there was a young wife. But far from being happy, they led a cat-and-dog life, and lived apart. At the end, when he died, the wife probably made her own enquiries as to whether there was a little money to come to her.

But if she did, she was merely told the hard truth that all he had left was debts.

And those debts are outstanding to-day—if any Webb or Webber likes to saddle himself with them.

These fortune-hungry people who imagine they have been tricked by a cruel Fate do not belong to one particular class.

There are wealthy people in England who spend a lot of the money they have on the little more they think they are entitled to. And, conversely, there is an 86-year-old woman in a London workhouse who painstakingly pursues the £2,000,000 "in Chancery" which she thinks will come to her before it is too late.

What a strange world it is, when you think that there actually is a small fortune for one man who was last heard of in a workhouse, and that no trace of him can be found.

There are very few fortunes waiting to be claimed, in actual fact.

One of the biggest, indeed, is the £3,000 that is waiting for a Mr. George Gillard if ever he can be traced.

Not *any* Mr. George Gillard, let it be borne in mind.

This one with his wife and two children completely disappeared from the sight of everybody who knew them about the time the *Titanic* went down.

An effort was made to show that they might have been lost in the ill-fated liner, but their names were not included in the passenger list nor was any family included that might have been then travelling under a different name.

A shilling each

But that, in any case, merely concerns £3,000.

Yet if one comes to earth from the realms of fancy in which dwell the minds of the people who regard themselves as cheated millionaires, £3,000 is a big sum.

For what do all these fatuous claims as to money in Chancery amount to in the end?

The total amount of money in Chancery that is not being held for a known person or purpose is less than £470,000, which would hardly provide a shilling a head for the people who regard themselves as rightful heirs.

This sum of less than half a million pounds is distributed over no fewer than 1,200 accounts, more than half of which do not exceed £150 each, and barely fifty of those claims exceed £1,000 each.

Some of the biggest have remained in court for more than a century, and lawyers who have examined them have expressed the opinion that no title could now be established to many of them.

More sheep . . .

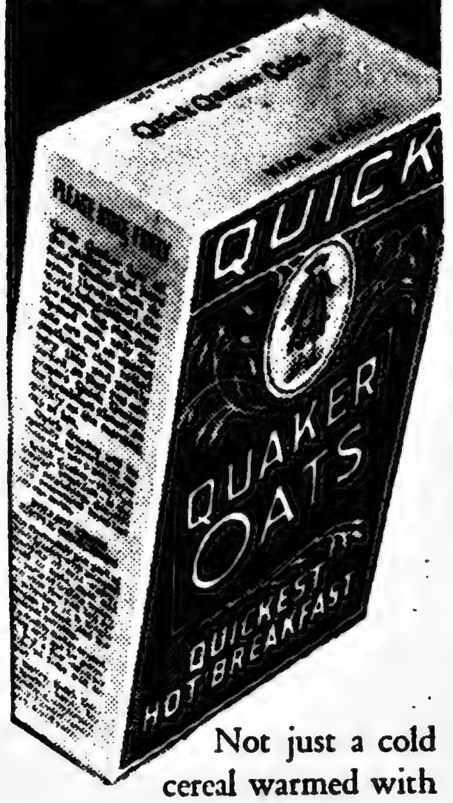
Moreover, in almost every case the cost of establishing proof would more than exhaust the money available, and would probably leave the claimant heavily in debt.

These are the true facts, and very hard facts they are.

And yet—curious as it may seem—before many more moons have passed there will be another syndicate of "cheated heirs" putting their heads together to claim something in the neighbourhood of £100,000,000 "held in Chancery."

The reason? Human nature, that side of human nature that ensures that there will always be sheep for the fleecing.

Cold mornings call for *real* hot breakfasts



Not just a cold cereal warmed with hot milk, but Quaker Oats freshly cooked and served hot—that's what you need to keep out the cold, to put warmth and energy in.

Lack of time need not make your family go without a hot breakfast.

Quick Quaker, as the flakes are rolled very thin and partially cooked, is the world's quickest hot breakfast—ready in three or four minutes.

Most economical too — housewives everywhere know there's nothing so cheap, so good—nothing so good, so cheap as a Quaker Oats breakfast.

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Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick Quaker

MADE IN CANADA
Quaker Oats Ltd., London 155

In an Elephants' Graveyard

"HELLO!"

The ejaculation came involuntarily as the engines of my BE.2C 'plane spluttered again and were silent. I turned on the petrol reserve. Nothing happened.

The feed seemed to be functioning. My oil appeared to be in order. Yet the plane's altitude was speedily lessening: the tangled wool of the jungle vegetation below lurching and growing larger and more distinct as it drew nearer.

One thinks quickly at such moments, particularly when one is reconnoitring enemy country with a load of bombs. Before you could say "Jack Robinson!" I had the machine under control, setting her into an even glide as I looked about for a suitable landing spot.

The lighter green of a clearing showed slightly to my right—the 'plane slewed round. The ground might jerk us to pieces, but it was too late for a parachute jump. I had to grit my teeth and trust for a happy landing.

My luck held. It wasn't exactly delightful, for we slithered and skidded. Water leapt up and mud splashed my goggles, blinding me as if with a curtain. I thought, "If there are trees ahead, I'm done for!"

Then, with the most painful of jolts, we were still—and only my straps had prevented me from being flung headlong into the air

But good enough! I had landed in a marsh, my machine had tilted and was now buried nose down, yet the machine might so easily have encountered something far harder. There was still the possibility that the 'plane could be righted. . . .

ONLY when I carefully examined the engines did my doubts turn to dead certainty. So far as I was concerned, the defect was irreparable. And the more I took stock of my position, the less it seemed enviable.

I was in the Ukhutu territory, somewhere east of the Rufuta Mountains, in what was then German East Africa. Some 150 miles away, over another mountain range and beyond several rivers, lay the safety of Kenya Colony.

Presumably a reconnaisance party would not be sent all that distance in search of me. It would be taken for granted that I had been captured by the enemy.

Indeed, unless I succeeded in making Kenya, this probably would be my fate — and I knew that death itself would not be considered too severe a penalty for the pilot of a bomber.

I had a small pocket compass, some large-scale pocket maps, a regulation Webley, with ammunition, some chocolate, and some biscuits.

Could I manage to trek thirty or forty miles a day for four or five days in an attempt to reach the security of British territory? This was war, remember! The slim chance was the only one proffered. Briefly, I determined to try.

I had a mind to set fire to the 'plane in order to prevent it from falling into alien hands, but the thought that the inevitable explosion might attract undesirable attention to the spot was deterring. There was no other reason for loitering.

And I had hardly cast a final glance at the machine, hardly turned my face to the north and resolutely started off, when the difficulties of my self-imposed task vividly presented themselves.

A few steps from the "old 'bus," and my boots quelched in the quagmire. I sank in up to the knees. I floundered towards the distant rushes, lifting one foot after the other with the greatest difficulty, slipping and falling continually.

BY the time I gained firmer ground all semblance of smartness had departed from my flying kit. Sweating, plastered with mud from head to foot, I quickly decided—from motives of comfort—to cast off my top leather jacket.

The jungle in some parts consists of nothing more than scrub bush. One may actually trudge for miles without seeing anything worthy the name of tree. Even some of the forests are no thicker or denser than their homely English counterparts.

But in other places—imagine weeds that have grown into vines and brought great trees crashing to doom; imagine moss upon which it is not safe for man to tread; imagine monstrous spiders which weave webs larger than any blanket, webs upon which rabbits and other animals may become ensnared!

Long before evening I found myself in the midst of this primeval jungle. There were times when necessity compelled me to strike out of my course, purely because the way was impassable, and other times when I wandered unwittingly in a wrong direction and had subsequently to circle round again.

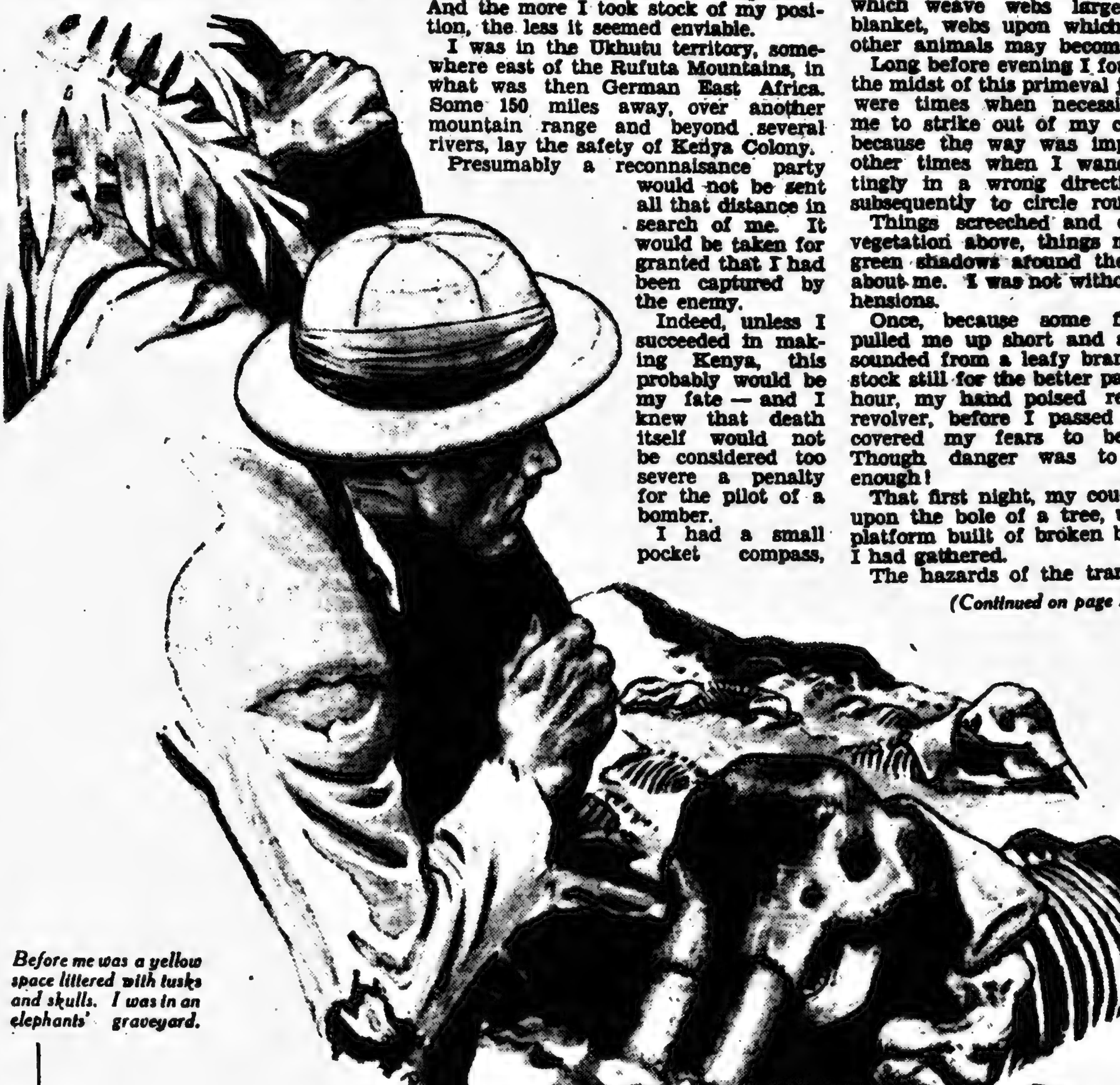
Things screeched and cried in the vegetation above, things moved in the green shadows around the tree trunks about me. I was not without my apprehensions.

Once, because some fifth instinct pulled me up short and a soft slither sounded from a leafy branch, I paused stock still for the better part of half an hour, my hand poised ready on my revolver, before I passed on and discovered my fears to be groundless. Though danger was to come soon enough!

That first night, my couch was made upon the bole of a tree, upon a crude platform built of broken branches that I had gathered.

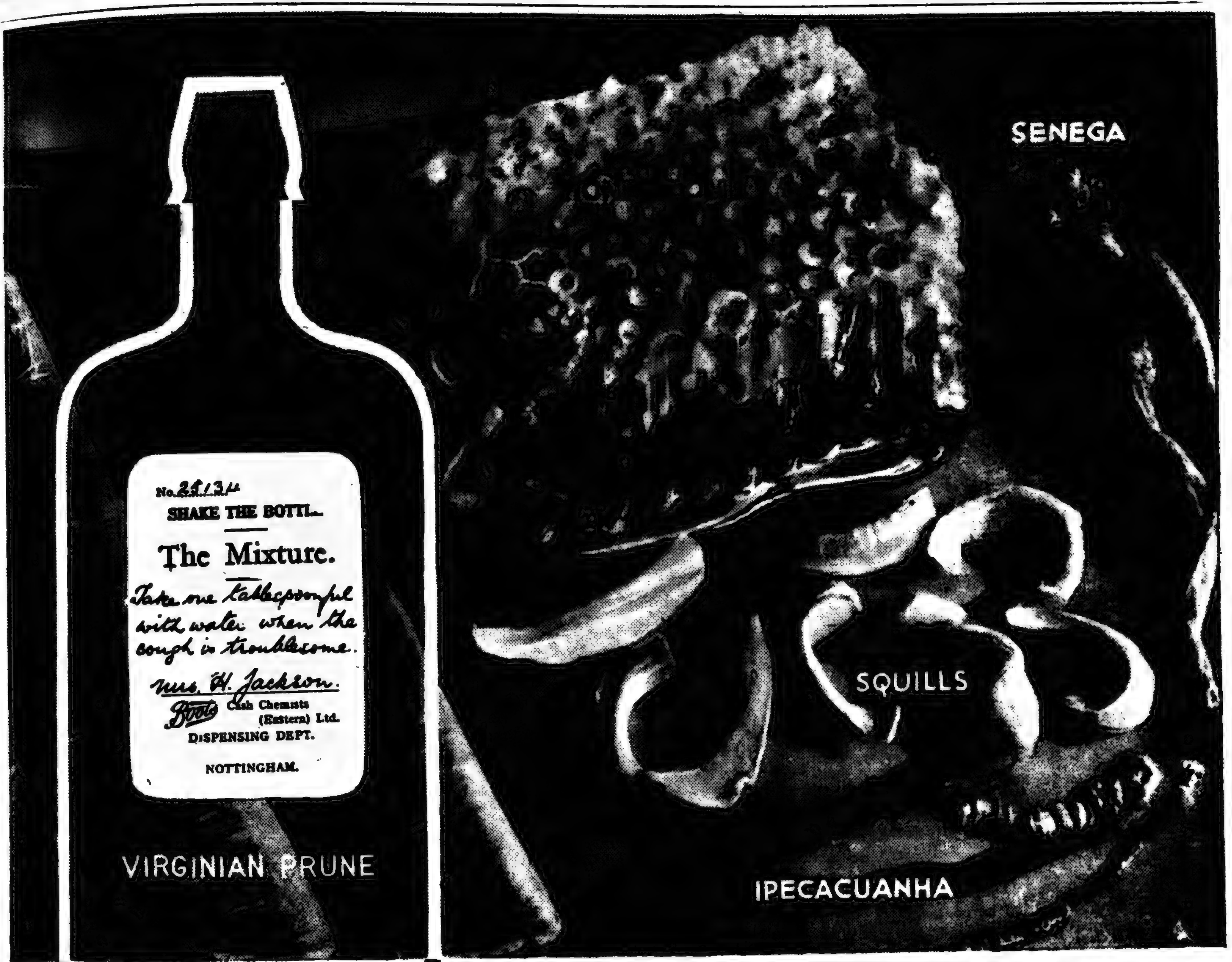
The hazards of the tramp had tired

(*Continued on page 28*)



Before me was a yellow space littered with tusks and skulls. I was in an elephants' graveyard.

"JOHN BULL"
Readers' Stories—73



No. 25/1/34
SHAKE THE BOTTLE

The Mixture.

Take one tablespoonful with water when the cough is troublesome.

Mrs. H. Jackson.

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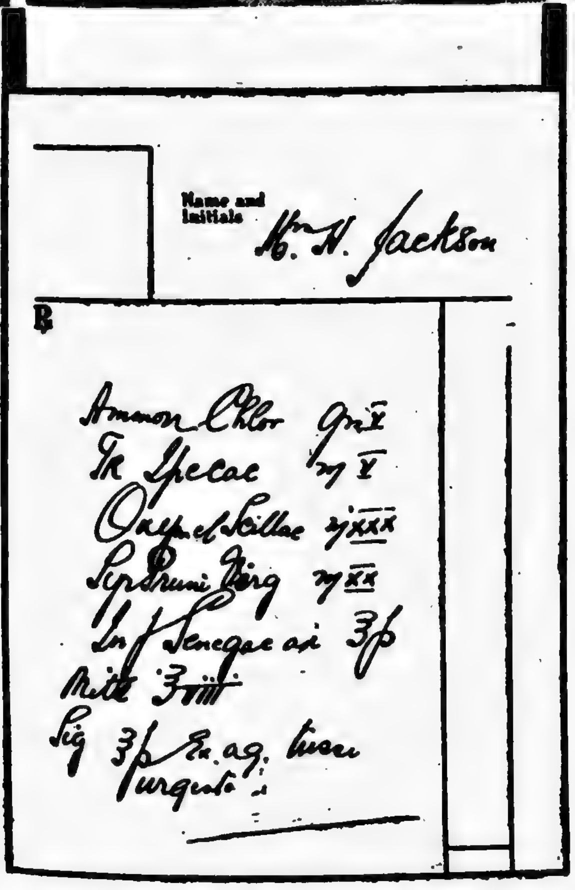
DISPENSING DEPT.
NOTTINGHAM.



Name and Initials Mrs. H. Jackson

℞

Ammon Chlor gr x
Tr Ipecac m x
Oxymel Scillae m xxx
Syr Pruni Virg m xx
Inf Senegae ad ʒss
Mitte ℥viii
Sig ʒss Ex aq. tussi urgente

LOOK at your bottle of cough mixture and you will see a common remedy for a common ailment. Study the raw materials which go to its making and you will read a saga of discovery and conquest . . . of ipecacuanha from the heart of Brazil, prune bark stripped from a tree in Virginia, gnarled senega root dug up from the Canadian prairie, onion-like squills from the Riviera, sweet honey from our English countryside. There is romance, too, in the laboratories and dispensaries of Boots the Chemists, in the organised protection of the people's life and health. And at any one of Boots 1000 branches your prescription meets with the same speed and accuracy that a Harley Street specialist would expect. Next time your doctor gives you a prescription—

GET IT MADE UP AT The Boots Chemists

THERE ARE OVER 1,000 BOOTS BRANCHES THROUGHOUT GREAT BRITAIN

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FOR DOCTORS ONLY

Hydrochloric acid — a menace to digestion

Indigestion is caused, in nine cases out of ten, by too much acidity in the stomach. Yet few people know that some of the common everyday beverages start an excessive flow of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. This excess acid plays havoc with the natural process of digestion.

Now — scientific tests carried out recently at a London hospital have proved Rowntree's Cocoa to be *beneficial* to digestion. This cocoa counteracts the danger of over-acidity and, by assisting digestion, enables you to extract more good — extra nourishment — from all your meals.

DORIS NEVER LOOKED BACK AFTER SHE CHANGED OVER TO ROWNTREE'S

"A treat to see a child so healthy"

says Mrs. BERRY, 36 Daisy Avenue, Harper Green, Farnworth. *"Yes, it's a treat to see a child as healthy as Doris. But I was worried about her last winter . . . I knew that what children* drink *is very important, so I changed her to Rowntree's and since that day she's never looked back."*

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Now 5½d. per ¼-lb. tin

ROWNTREE'S
ELECT
COCOA

actually helps digestion

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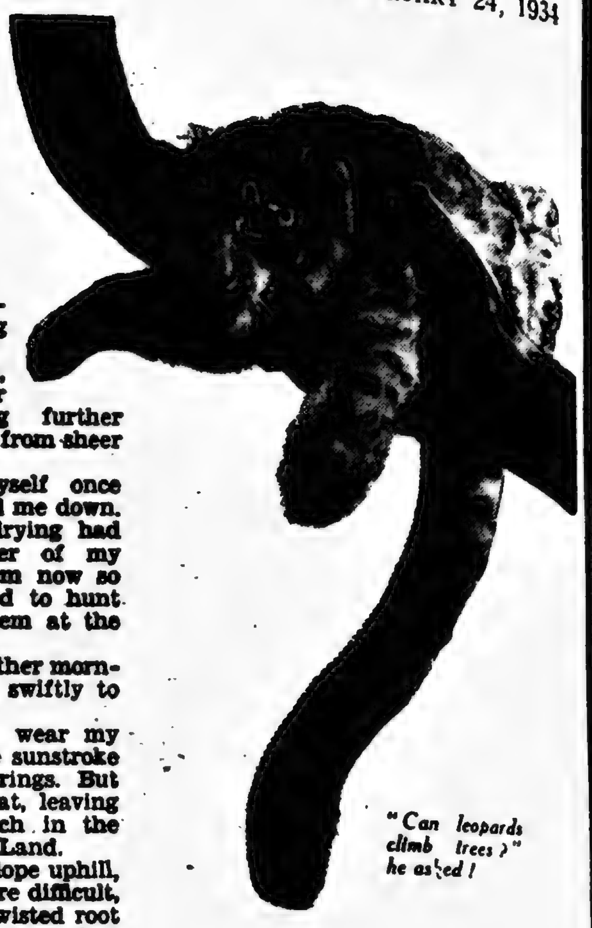
In an ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD

Continued from page 26

My Jungle Nightmare



"Can leopards climb trees?" he asked!

every fibre of my being, and I was quickly asleep. I awoke with equal suddenness. It was as if the very breath of the jungle pronounced warning. Somewhere, close at hand, was peril!

Strange things flew past me, bats brushing their foul wings against my eyes The primeval African forest of the night can be alive with sound.

Monkeys chattered close at hand, and somewhere not far away was a fierce trumpeting clamour. And then I looked down—to see a pair of yellow eyes steadfastly regarding me in the darkness.

I COULD make out a black shape behind those eyes. An acrid odour met my nostrils. One half of my mind confronted the other with the question: Could leopards climb trees?

It may be that they can—but this one didn't seem inclined to want to do so, for all through that night we played a waiting game, both of us crouching motionless till the dawning sun sent its first rays through the foliage and the animal crept away.

Onwards on the second day, on, on, on. I pushed and scrambled my way through thickets. I frightened wild deer away from water-pools and drank in their stead.

I came to a vast swamplike lake, where crocodiles sunned themselves, and I had, of course, to go out of my way and trace my path around the banks, a journey that sometimes necessitated wading through the water, dangerously close to those sharp-toothed snouts.

My small store of food soon gave out and I was forced to rely upon wild fruit.

Bananas and mango fruit were safe enough. But it is not always amusing to devour berries without knowing what effect they will have. More than once I was seized with severe cramps through injudicious selection.

On, on, on. Across sun-baked plains, swimming turgid rivers, struggling forward through the heat of the day, taking care to be in the safety of the trees well before sundown.

BY the third day I had been stung by so many insects that every square inch of my skin burned and irritated intensely. I found myself staggering forward, aching in every limb and dripping with moisture.

Another river crossed my path, broad and fast-flowing and yellow. Little did I anticipate, as I undressed, the battle I was to have in its waters.

Rolling my clothes around the revolver to protect so far as possible, I plunged in, pushing my parcel before me. It was good to feel the coolness of the stream, to enjoy freedom from the giant midges, the mosquitoes and the flies.

Alas, there were currents and cross-currents. Either my parcel had not been sufficiently carefully packed, or else the tug-of-war of the racing torrent would have defeated Houdini himself.

My clothes slowly became unwrapped. It was all that I could do to prevent them from floating away. My luck passed from bad to worse. Suddenly, cramp seized me.

I flung myself over on my back, and floated with the stream. I went under and came up again, still clutching my precious possessions. I tried in vain to reach the further bank. In the midst of this struggle, the revolver sank into the yellow stream and was lost!

SOMEHOW I managed to reach land and there lay exhausted, chafing my numbed limbs and crouching over my garments as they dried in the sun, lest baboons should sweep down from the tree-tops and carry them off.

I was so deeply depressed by the seemingly disastrous loss of the Webley that I had a mind to give up the whole attempt of the journey. From my water-sodden maps I could not make out how far I had gone.

Though my compass was apparently pointing to the Pole, I fancied that the damping it had received was perhaps wreaking mischief.

Sitting in the burning sun, with horse flies and other notorious insects wreaking further vengeance upon me, I sobbed from sheer weakness and exhaustion.

When I had dressed myself once more, further worries weighed me down. The water and the rapid drying had together caused the leather of my boots to shrink, making them now so painful that I was compelled to hunt for a sharp stone to slit them at the sides.

Another night in a tree, another morning of new hope turning so swiftly to aching pain. . . .

I had the good sense to wear my helmet as a shield, otherwise sunstroke might have added to my sufferings. But I soon discarded my waistcoat, leaving it hanging on a tree branch in the depths of Africa's No Man's Land.

The ground had begun to slope uphill, the action of walking was more difficult, and when I tripped over a twisted root I lay resting for several minutes before rising again.

Continuing, I shouted and sang to myself in an attempt to relieve the loneliness, all thoughts of danger absent from my head, despite the animal cries I sometimes heard in reply.

PERHAPS my mind was fuddled by the privations I had experienced. Yet it was on this fourth day that there occurred the adventure remaining clearest in my mind of all those that crowded upon me during that awful trek.

I was making my way along a hard elephant track, the leaves above forming a dank blackness in the forest, when, with a breath-taking swiftness, a long trunk reached out and clutched me by the waist.

The thought of pythons was in my mind, and I struggled desperately till the beast swung me high in the air and dashed me to the ground. It was the great grey sentinel of an elephant camp.

I saw the wicked red eyes regarding me remorselessly. I heard the trumpeting howl of conquest. The great foot was raised to stamp me into perdition.

Desperately, I twisted myself away. The earth seemed to fall away and I went rolling, tumbling. Dazed and breathless, presently I was still. I sat up and looked about me. And I almost rubbed my eyes.

Gone was the green gloom of the forest. Behind me a precipitous slope stretched up to where the forest stood upon a sort of plateau.

Before me, open beneath the sky and brilliant in the sun, was a rocky space, littered with yellow tusks and skulls. I was in the elephants' graveyard.

BY a miracle, I had slipped down a ravine, where the sentinel beast could not reach me. Even as I sat up I heard its tempestuous cries of frustrated rage and the thud of its feet as it rampaged in search of me.

Nevertheless, all thought of danger passed away as I realised the manner of place into which I had fallen.

For ages past, scientists and explorers have tried to find the common burial ground of the elephants, to which all dying elephants are supposed to stagger.

Countless treasure expeditions have tried to trace this supposed graveyard, for the wealth of ivory would swiftly place the finder in the millionaire class.

Big-game hunters, seekers by aeroplanes, natives—all have sought in vain for the elephant cemetery. And now I was actually within it!

There were rotting carcases and whole skeletons, stretched mournfully out. There were flies beyond the numbering. I know that I went from skull to skull, joyously stroking the long tusks, joyfully picturing the luxury and ease that would in future be mine.

For an hour or more, I was demented. Then the quality of the light changed. The sun was beginning to sink in the sky, and I realised once more the true gravity of my position.

All this richness was useless to a man without food, with little strength, without contact with humanity. Plainly, no good could result from remaining.

I endeavoured to carry off seven tusks as trophy, but before long their weight forced me to be content with one.

Going forward, I found a scaleable exit from that mysterious pit, and the strength of my enthusiasm had lessened my journey by four or five miles before nightfall.

THE next morning I endeavoured to keep careful note of the way I was passing. All that day I struggled on, filled with renewed hope when I topped a slight rise and sighted the distant hills. But on the sixth day, fever, shock and exhaustion fulfilled their inevitable effects.

Strive though I would against weakness, there were spells during which I knew nothing, and from these I emerged like a man in a dream, still plodding desperately.

My powers were waning, for I lost the tusk without noticing its absence.

What did it matter? I could return and pick up a thousand more! Over the plain into the hills. Through the strange cactus forests, always with the one thought, "I must keep on. I must keep on!"

Dazed and stupid, I fell in with a party of natives, and tried to escape from them. The fight I put up could not by any stretch of imagination be called a struggle. Moaning, I gave in . . . and they presently carried me to the nearest outpost.

Without knowing it, I had crossed the border into Kenya.

Subsequently, I was down on my back for weeks. They told me afterwards that in my delirium I had raved of an elephants' graveyard. Surely that struck some responsive chord in my memory, I felt?

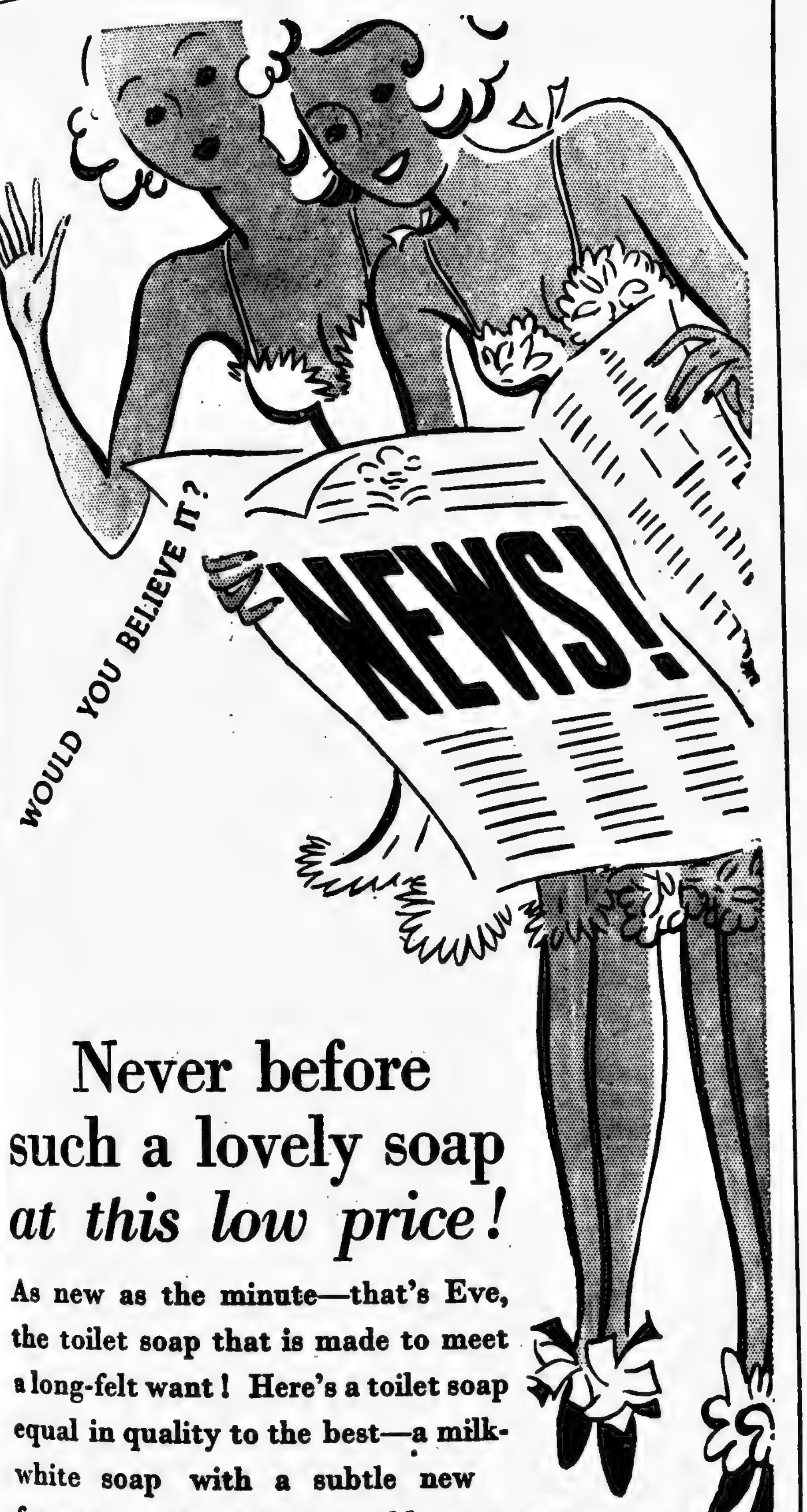
YES—I had seen the cemetery, I had been there, I had stolen ivory from it.

My superior officers laughed. Delirium! Hallucination! At some time or other I had heard of the native legend of an elephant cemetery to the South, and this titbit of information had lodged in my mind.

Were they right or wrong? Were those rotting bones solidity or mirage?

I have searched Tanganyika, seeking by 'plane up and down its length. Another jungle expedition has reported the discovery of my waistcoat. Working from that as a base, they explored one after another of the elephant tracks.

But the jungle still guards its secret.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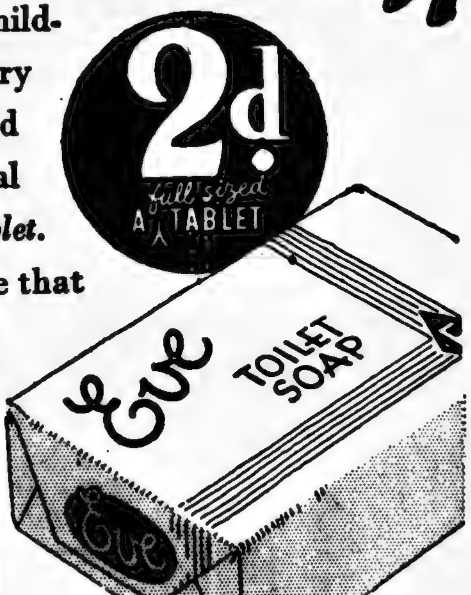
As new as the minute—that's Eve, the toilet soap that is made to meet a long-felt want! Here's a toilet soap equal in quality to the best—a milk-white soap with a subtle new fragrance and a delicious mildness. Made from the very purest oils, Eve is offered at a price which is a real event—2d *for a full-sized tablet.* There's no other soap made that can touch Eve for value!



EVE

A SOAP YOU'LL LOVE
AT A PRICE YOU'LL LIKE

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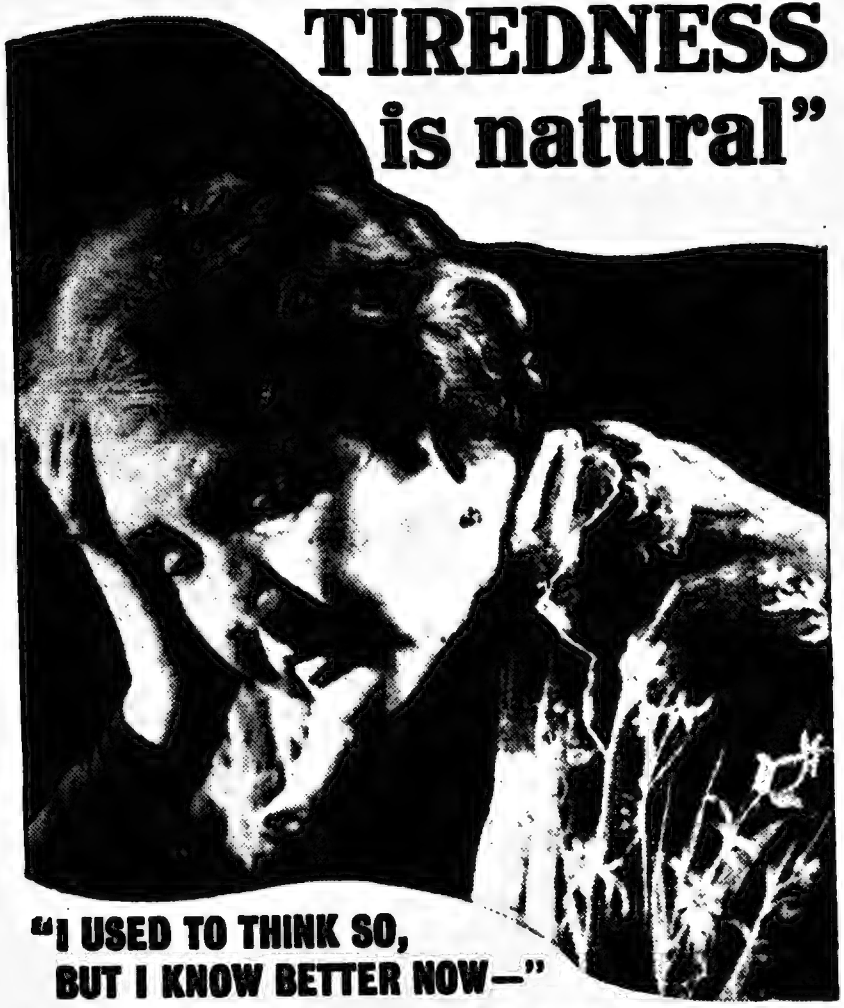
EVE 2A-364A

"AT MY AGE *most people think* TIREDNESS is natural"



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"The first bottle of Hall's Wine got my nerves right. I ate better than for years. Three wineglassfuls a day, for 2 months—now I feel as strong as a woman of thirty.

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he used to come home dog-tired

and often cross — he was a perfect misery

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MM415.14234

HUMAN DOCUMENTS *probed by* PHILIP INMAN

A THIEF *in the* OFFICE

IN a recent article I dealt with the question of conflicting loyalties between relations. Who should come first, I asked, a man's wife or his mother, a husband or child?

That article has brought forth a crop of counter-problems. They raise questions of absorbing interest, and so this week I propose to deal with some of them.

Here is number one. In the case of a clash, should a man be loyal to his employer or to his fellow-workers?

That problem is not so simple as it may sound. A man likes to feel that he is on friendly terms with those with whom he is employed. But that is impossible if he is known to be a tale-bearer to his boss. On the other hand, is it not his duty to inform his employer if he sees anything radically wrong? Take a case of this kind.

"I passed the matriculation examination two years ago," writes a young man, "and my parents hoped to make me a solicitor. Unfortunately, my father died unexpectedly, leaving my mother badly provided for. This meant that I had to give up my ambition and take up any job that I could find.

"After trying desperately hard, I obtained a situation as a clerk in a shipping company, where I am still employed. Everything has gone well until this week, when something very worrying happened. A sum of ten guineas was stolen from a drawer in the manager's desk.

"I had my suspicions as to who had taken it—a fellow-clerk—and when I taxed him with the theft he confessed, but pleaded with me not to give him away. Rather foolishly, perhaps, I agreed to keep silent, for he has had a hard time lately and is not altogether to blame.

"Two days later the manager discovered the money was missing. He called all of us in his office together and said that such a thing had never happened before during the whole time he had been manager. And then he flung down this bombshell. He warned us that unless the thief owned up he would sack us all and replace us with a new staff. He gave us a week to decide, and in my dilemma I am writing to ask your advice."

The clerk steals—should he be shielded?

Unfair burden

This young man is in an awkward position. He agreed, rather foolishly, as he now admits, not to betray his fellow worker, and a promise should, of course, always be kept unless there are overwhelming reasons against doing so.

But there are no such reasons in this case. No matter what the circumstances, that thief had no right to place such a burden upon my correspondent, for in so doing he really makes him an aider and abettor, even if an innocent one, of the crime. I think he would be justified, therefore, in regarding the problem as if that promise had never been given.

The obvious solution, of course, would be for him to go to the manager and tell him the truth. But there are definite drawbacks in adopting this course. It might label my correspondent as a tale-bearer, and even the manager himself might feel a certain amount of contempt for a man who acted in that way. Ingrained in most of us is a dislike of a sneak. And so we must look for another alternative.

If I were in this man's shoes I would give the thief an opportunity of telling the manager himself. If he refuses to do so, I would warn him that I proposed to call together all the members of the staff who had been threatened with dismissal. They would thus be able to collaborate, and a deputation would be appointed to wait upon the manager to tell him the truth.

I think if this course were adopted the thief would realise that the game was up.

It needs courage

My own feeling is that he must be rather a worthless sort of fellow not to have confessed before. To allow others to be threatened with dismissal and yet keep silent is not the attitude of a man. And if he hasn't the courage to do the right thing he must be made to do it.

And now for problem number two. A young woman writes to tell me that recently she received a letter from her sister asking her advice, which, however, she does not feel in a position to give.

"In my trouble," she goes on, "I am passing the letter on to you. My sister is a nurse doing private work, and she has been looking after a patient who was very ill and obviously had something on her mind which made her restless and unhappy. The patient eventually said she would confide in my sister if she would promise to keep it secret. To this my sister agreed, thinking it would ease her patient's mind and give her a better chance of recovery.

"The patient has since died, and my sister now hears someone else being blamed for what she definitely knows was the act of the dead. What should she do? Ought she to keep her knowledge secret, or is she justified in disregarding her vow in order to clear the name of an innocent person?"

Foreman's dilemma

I have a good deal of sympathy with the sister of my correspondent. She acted with the best possible intentions, for she believed that by relieving the mind of her patient she would make her more peaceful and happy. Anything that achieves that end is well worth while. And if the consequences of that deathbed promise had been buried with the patient there would be nothing more to be said.

But it is a very different matter if innocent people are suffering because of it. Is there anybody else who knows the secret besides this nurse? If so, and they were not pledged to silence, they should be prepared to tell the truth.

But if she is the only one who can clear that innocent person, then it is only right that she should say what she knows.

I am absolutely convinced on one point. No promise to the dead should be considered binding which involves suffering to the living. And I believe that those who have passed on would be the first to recognise this fact. "To know all," the poet tells us, "is to forgive all."

Nor would this nurse herself feel very happy in her own mind, knowing that her silence was causing grief and pain to somebody who did not deserve to suffer in that way.

And here is the problem of a third correspondent, who writes:

"A friend of mine is the foreman of an estate, and the other day he made a discovery that one of the lads employed there was practically blind. He spoke to the boy about his disability and the poor chap broke down completely and begged my friend to keep him on.

"I told my friend I would like to ask your advice on this problem, and both he and I would be grateful if you could suggest a solution.

"My friend can't follow the lad round and do his work for him, especially as his staff has already been reduced and they are now short-handed.

"But he hasn't the heart to sack the lad. And yet by keeping him on he is running the risk of being hauled over the coals himself for employing inefficient people."

This is another version of the old conflict between the head and the heart Cold logic says that if a man can't do his work he ought to be dismissed and the place given to somebody who is capable of undertaking it. But the heart in this man sympathises with the lad in his affliction and, if it is possible, I am sure he would like to keep him on.

Is there no means of reconciling these two aspects?

Well, let us examine the facts together. This foreman has only just discovered that the lad is practically blind. Has he had advice or is he receiving treatment for his disability?

The only way

No effort is too great to preserve one of the most precious gifts we possess, and arrangements should be made immediately for this lad to see an oculist at the local hospital. By that means it would be discovered whether the trouble is only temporary or likely to be permanent. If the former, then the boy might be assisted until his recovery is complete.

If, however, this is one of those rare cases of a young fellow whose condition is not likely to improve, his foreman will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he has done everything possible to smooth his path.

He might also himself see the employer and put the case sympathetically before him.

It may be that although the lad will have to give up his present job, other work might be found for him where good sight is not a necessity.

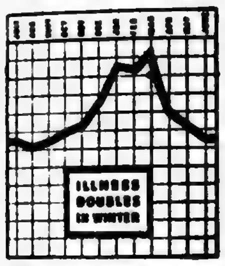
SHARE your troubles with Philip Inman, JOHN BULL'S "Humanist." You may write to him with every assurance that your case will be dealt with thoroughly and confidentially. Address your letters to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope.

£1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

SUN-STARVED!

"Ill winter after winter —till I stumbled on the reason"

TWICE AS MANY CHILDREN ILL IN WINTER



This chart shows that now is the most dangerous time of all for children. For 4 months they have been sun-starved. Keep your child safe from illness. Start with Scott's now. Don't miss a single day, a single dose.

"Every winter Minnie got pale and seedy. She never seemed to enjoy herself like her big sisters. Such a trial she was to her father and me," writes *Mrs. Bastenie, 64, Umberston Street, E.1.*

"Then she got diphtheria and was bad 5 months. It left her with a nasty cough and 'wasting'—no appetite at all. She was sun-starved, but I never guessed. Luckily I hit on Scott's Emulsion, not knowing it took the place of sunshine. In a few weeks Minnie was eating well and putting on such weight! Her cough quite went. Now she laughs at winter illness and is fine at swimming and net-ball."

HOW SCOTT'S KEEPS CHILDREN WELL

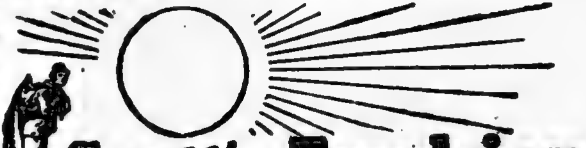
Doctors say each tablespoonful of Scott's has the health value of 2 hours summer sunshine. Builds bone. Puts on flesh. Gives children *amazing* stamina to resist winter illness. Start your child on Scott's *to-morrow!*

★

"NEAR THE TOP OF HIS CLASS NOW"

says Mrs. WALL, 22, Aylesbury Road, S.E.17

"My boy Reggie used to be so slow at school—he hadn't a chance being ill so much. Since the doctor put him on Scott's Emulsion we're ever so proud of him, he's so healthy and strong and near the top of his class now."



Scott's Emulsion

Does what the Sun does

CUT IT OUT?

NO—NO—NO—

Here's a better idea—Science has discovered a harmless substance that combines with Nicotine and changes it into something quite different. "Neutralizes" it in other words. This substance is contained in a small pastille called Nic-o-cin. Eat one at night and the after-effects of a day's smoking vanishes as completely as a snowflake in the Sahara. Even the most moderate smoker needs Nic-o-cin because he retains some Nicotine.

GUARANTEE Buy a 2/6 tin of Nic-o-cin. Eat one pastille a night for 3 weeks. If not satisfied take half empty tin to shop where you made the purchase. Your 2/6 will be immediately refunded without question.

6d. and 2/6
From all Chemists, Tobacconists and Stores.

Nic-o-cin

★*neutralizes nicotine*

—AND LETS YOU GO ON SMOKING

FOX'S FRAMES
are better frames

THIS UMBRELLA IS MADE ON FOX'S FRAME
TRADE MARKS
S.FOX & Co LIMITED
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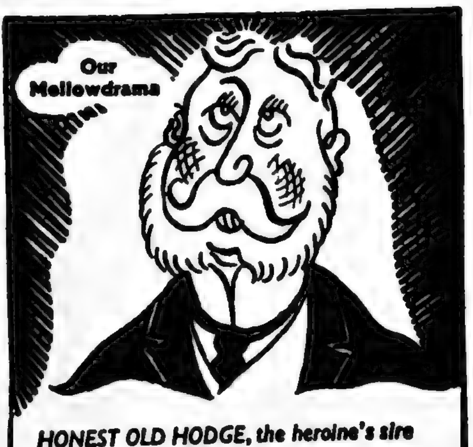
Better because they are made from British Steel; better because they never lose their shape or resiliency; better value for money because they make the most of the cover.
A bad cover will spoil any frame, but a Fox's Frame will improve any cover.
LOOK FOR THIS TICKET WHEN YOU BUY.

FF6



HONEST OLD HODGE, the heroine's sire
Leads in song, the village choir
And tells them, when their voices tire—

"Go—suck a ZUBE"

ZUBES

2½D. Per ounce

In flat tins 3d. & 6d.

ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

GOOD COFFEE
ready in a moment

"CAMP"
COFFEE

GOING TO POST A LETTER

"I can't give my dog much exercise now but she's FIT," writes Mr. W. Foster

". . . . I'm not as young or active as I was, and these dark nights prevent me from giving my old dog as much exercise as she deserves. She take me to the pillar box most nights, and that's all she gets. But I still keep her fit and young in manner, and I do it with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which she gets regularly every week, and has done for the last seven years. She is in lovely condition and a credit to her master."

—Mr. W. FOSTER.

Don't let **your** dog become a victim of **winter sluggishness,** due to loss of exercise, and the rich, fatty food you are tempted to give in cold weather. Provide him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which **keep** dogs fit by keeping the blood pure.

The correct way to condition your dog is to give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders three times a day on **two successive days** in every week. Begin **now** to give your dog perfect health.

1/- boxes of 21 powders; 6d. packets of 9—everywhere. L.W.8

BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS

Keep dogs fit ALWAYS

The HORSE *that* WON'T *be* BEATEN

THE Shire horse, the most truly British of all horses, has chosen this crowning year of the petrol engine era to stage a sensational come-back.

Over three hundred of them, their gallant manes plaited in gay ribbons, their bodies currycombed and brushed to shining splendour, have spent the past few days thundering past the judges at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

It has been the fifty-fifth annual show of the Shire Horse Society, and the most bumper year the Society has had for some time.

The Shire is the farmer's horse, and the fact that the farmer has money to burn for these champion stallions and mares is the surest augury that the land is looking up again.

To say that the Shire is the most truly British of all horses is not to say enough. You could almost call him ancient British.

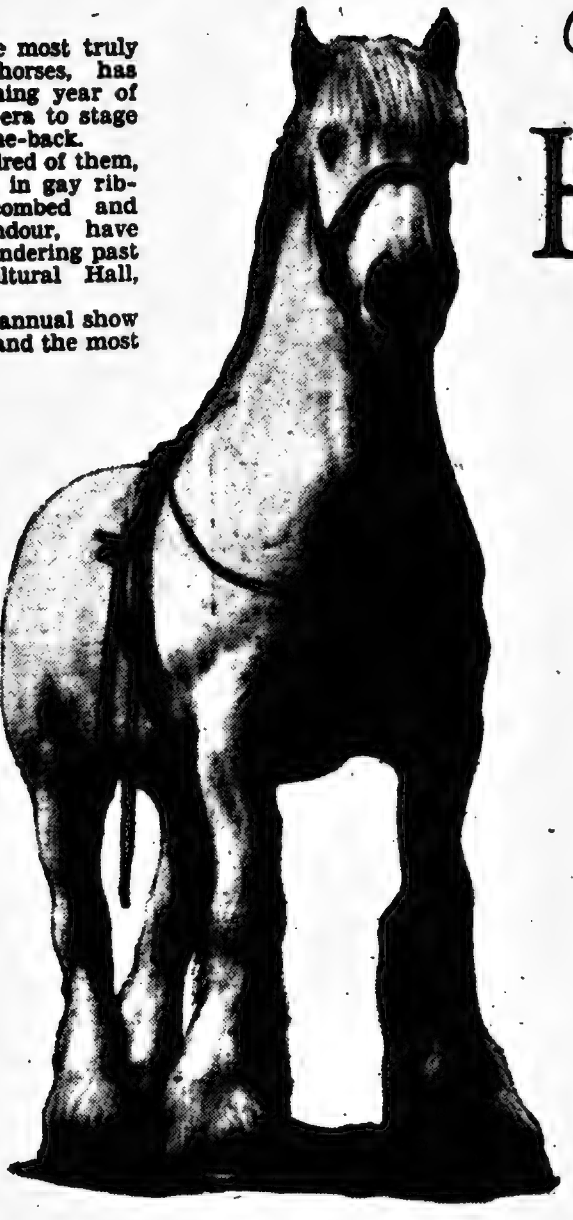
His other name is the "great horse of England." Historians say that the Shire was the horse that drew the heavy chariots of Boadicea, which played such havoc with the Roman legions.

Romantic artists have depicted the snorting chargers of the age of chivalry. But the simple truth is that the humble Shire did the job. He was the only horse which could amble into battle with the five hundredweight or so of a knight in full armour on his back.

Armour went out at about the same time that England stopped ploughing with oxen, so the Shire horse went on to the land, and there he has stayed.

And there, it seems, he will stay. The petrol engine, the tractor and other upstarts of this mechanical age cannot beat him at the job he has been doing for centuries.

Recent official investigations show that a ploughing team of Shires will do for 1s. 7d. a piece of work which costs 3s. with a tractor. Again, a tractor's purchase price is money spent, and it deteriorates eventually to nothing. Shire mares and stallions, on the other hand, produce foals, which these days fetch their 25, 50 and 100 guineas in the markets.



"The Great Horse of England . . . a four-legged gold mine"

Splendid economy

To-day the demand is greater than the supply. There was a slump in breeding a few years ago, when depression hit the land. Now Shires are scarce. Geldings particularly are a booming market.

Big transport companies and brewing firms buy readily and pay handsomely for a good animal. Their wearing qualities can be gathered by observing the splendid appearance of some of these animals in the annual cart-horse parades, when, after twelve years' service in fume-filled city streets, they seem as good as ever.

Brewers buy them as much for advertisement as economy. Most people will turn to watch a team of splendid Shires go thundering past, harnessed to a laden dray, where a motor lorry would never get a glance.

All breeders of Shire horses are usually farmers first and breeders last—and they are usually tenant farmers, the backbone of agriculture. There is no such thing as breeders exclusively, as there is, for instance, with hunters and other thoroughbreds.

And very often, in these last dark years, the farmers' Shires have done more than earned their keep. They have kept the farm fires burning.

Grazing foals, costing nothing to keep, turned out with the mares, have been fetching 25 guineas in the market, far more than beef cattle, which have cost a lot to keep.

And then there is always the "little extra" that a good animal will fetch. Sometimes that is a *big* extra.

Shires in the championship class at the Agricultural Hall, or at any of the 120 shows which are held up and down the country, fetch auction figures which will surprise many people.

Even in these hard-up days 1,000 guineas is not an exceptional price for a champion stallion or mare. A few years ago, when some of the big landed proprietors were buyers, and there was plenty of money about, prices were higher still.

One stallion, "Gladthorpe Seclusion," brought 4,600 guineas, a price that aristocrats of horseflesh like future Derby winners would not be ashamed of. An average price at an Agricultural Hall sale is £400.

Indeed, a farmer with a champion stallion Shire on his farm has a steady source of income. He can "let" it for as much as £2,000 for its three months' season.

It is such attractive profits as this—and the prevailing scarcity also of good Shires—which have brought farmers, with their sons and grooms, in their thousands to the Society's show this year.

They come for education, too.

There may be many a poor farmer in England who has sheltered a four-legged gold-mine—working it between the shafts or at the plough—without knowing it.

Because, although the Shire is the farmer's horse, bred by farmers—it is not every farmer who knows the points.

Not so long ago two sons of a farmer, who is also a famous breeder, were driving in their car past a Sussex field. In the field a pair of Shires were drawing a plough.

The men glanced idly as they drove past, and then their attention was suddenly held by one of the team, a mare. They stopped the car and crossed the field to the halted plough.

After a closer inspection, they asked the ploughman: "Is that a pedigree mare? Where did she come from? Do you know anything about her?" The ploughman knew nothing, but told the name of his master, to whom they drove off at once.

After some bargaining they bought the mare for 80 guineas and took it home with them. At home they told their father what they had paid for a horse they had taken from the plough. "You've stolen it," he accused them in jocular amazement.

"Stolen" champion

As "Stolen Duchess" that unknown mare appeared at the Agricultural Hall a few years ago. It was an immediate champion and one of the sensations of the Shire Society's Show. And a gold-mine she proved.

The sensation of this year's show is also a mare, a black five-year-old called "Quenby Empress," which must be almost the biggest horse in the world. She stands over 19 hands high, an unheard of figure for even "the great horse of England."

It is, perhaps, appropriate that she should appear this year, when lovers of the Shire have got together the biggest and the best of all exhibitions of this noble, gallant and ancient breed.

Race with "Silver Ring"

HOPE *of* FRANCE

NO doubt having in mind the French Lincoln successes of Ob, Sir Galahad III. and Tapin, a number of readers have asked for news of M. Pierre Wertheimer's four-year-old colt, Quarts II. The best compliment I can pay Quarts II. is to say that he is a son of the flying Epinard.

Epinard was given 10 st. to carry in the Lincoln of 1924, and it was not surprising he failed to accept.

Quarts II. has 8 st. 6 lb. in next month's race on the Carholme, and in view of his Spring form in France last year—he won five of his first seven races—he is not harshly treated.

Some time ago M. Pierre Wertheimer intimated that the colt would be sent for the "Lincoln" if he gave satisfaction in his work, and, as he figures among the acceptors, all is apparently well.

Quarts II. will probably be ridden by W. Johnstone, who has been engaged as first jockey for Lord Glanely's stable for 1934 and will pilot Colombo in the Classics. Johnstone, an Australian, has a splendid record in France.

Two excellent programmes will be presented at Lingfield this week-end. Heartbreak Hill should be noted for the Troytown 'Chase and Drill Book for the Jerry M. 'Chase. I like Spurtle best for the Penshurst Hurdle.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

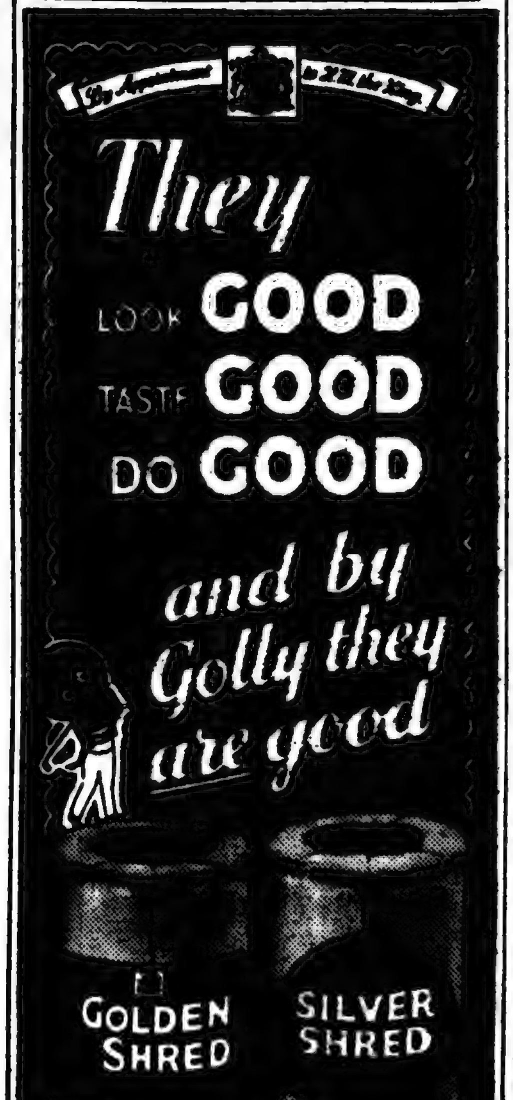
The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 22, to Wednesday, February 28.

A	Q	C	93	B	94	M	P	U	X	Z	R	98	T	F	O
K	H	J	I	95	E	D	V	Y	97	L	W	N	96	G	S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

GSW95WK would read FORBRA.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.



METABOLISM

It makes your food do you good!

WHAT'S the cause of half the ill-health from which we suffer? The fact that our food isn't doing us good . . . we eat it, but it passes into the system without nourishing our bodies . . . without playing its part in building up flesh, blood and bodily vigour. In other words we're suffering from *faulty Metabolism*, and if the Metabolic process is out of order we cannot enjoy good health. It is this that makes us run-down, out of sorts, that puts our nerves out of order, ruins our digestion and makes our skin break out in pimples and spots.

There's one safe and simple way to correct faulty Metabolism, and banish all the troubles that spring from this condition, and that is by taking *live* yeast . . . *Phillips* Yeast. This is the new kind of yeast that, because it is *live*, supplies the system with *all the much needed Vitamins B* in their most active form, and so helps our food to nourish our bodies . . . the vital factor in the proper functioning of the Metabolic process.

Get the Phillips Yeast habit, it's great for making you fit and, keeping you healthy.

With every meal take

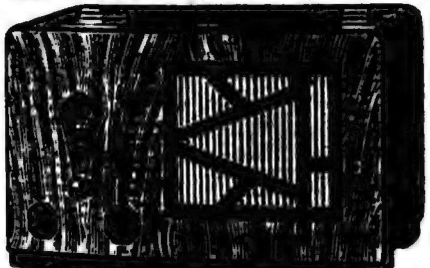
Phillips Pure Live YEAST

IT CORRECTS FAULTY METABOLISM AND IS A WONDERFUL TONIC

From all Chemists 1/3 and 3/- per bottle either in *granules* or *tablets*.

Write for free Booklet to Phillips Yeast Products Ltd., (Dept. 83) 150 Regent Street, London, W.1.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Make sure of having the best by installing GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN.

8/- NOW

H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £6.16.0 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

Mr. R. J. H. of Deptford, 30.1.34, writes:—'No wonder the name of Graves is popular and famous throughout England. For efficiency and service you have no equal. Fussiness and long waiting periods must be quite unknown to you. I can truthfully say the National Set is the finest 3-valver ever brought out. The glorious reproduction and volume leave nothing to be desired. You richly deserve to break all sales records with this Set because of its low price and the fine performance it puts up.'

GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS fitted with finest components, including Iron-cored Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects, Carriage Paid £9 : 0 : 0 or 12/- monthly. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of these and other self-contained Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

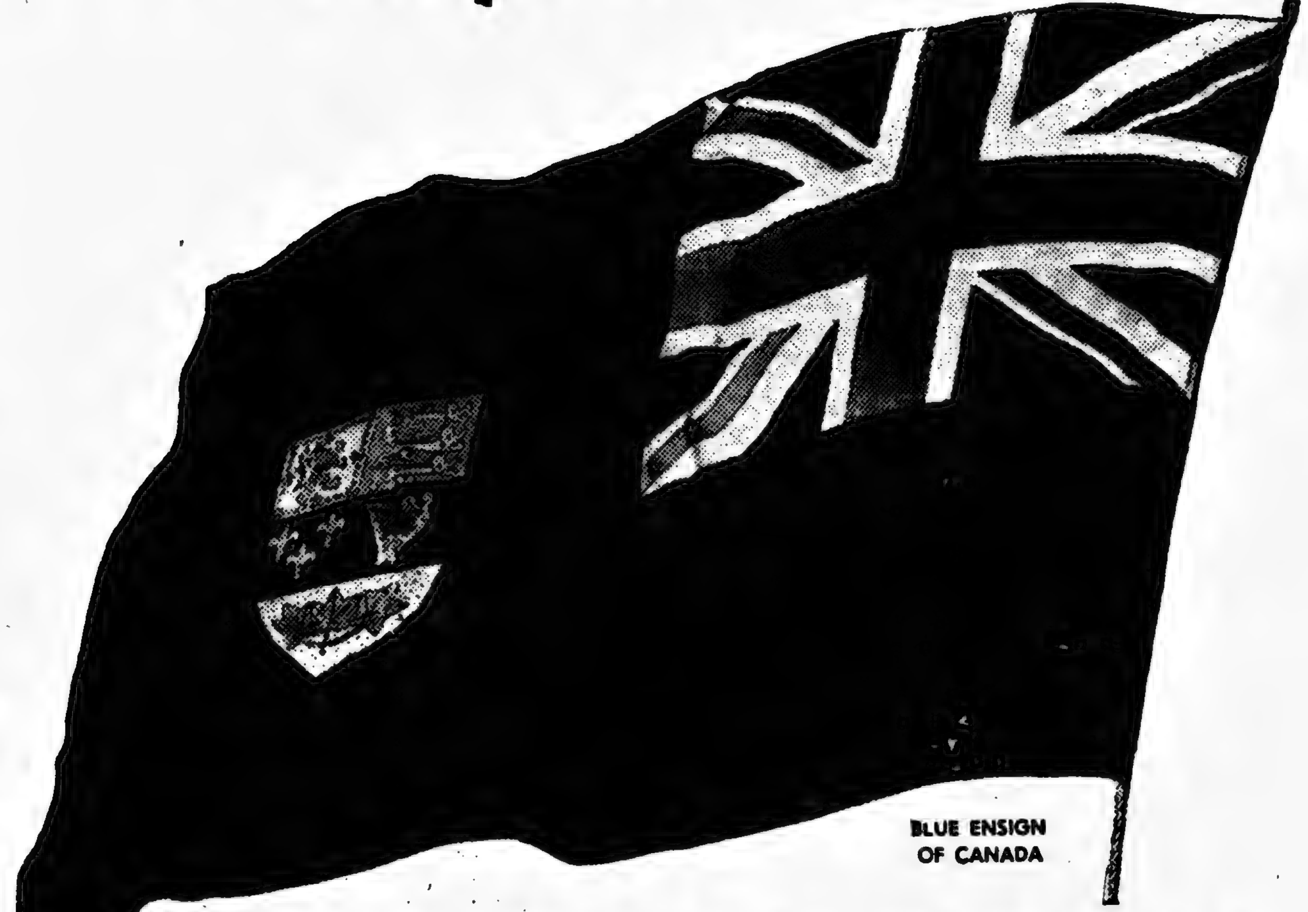
OUT WITH CATARRH

"Nostroline" banishes Catarrh swiftly. It acts in 30 seconds. Soothing, pleasant, safe for youngest child. There is nothing like "Nostroline." Clears head, opens breathing tubes. Stops Colds, Flu, Head Noises. 1/3 all Chemists.

IT MUST BE 'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J. 64. Clifton, Bristol.

Our Empire's Banners



BLUE ENSIGN OF CANADA

FLAGS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE

now in every packet of Kensitas . . .

Kensitas Cigarettes
Kensitas

Start at once this new and instructive hobby! In each packet of Kensitas you will now find beautifully coloured reproductions on silk of the flags of the British Empire. A series of 48 historic banners make up the full collection . . . lending themselves splendidly to decorative and embroidery schemes on cushion covers, tea cosies, table centres, nightdress cases. And you will enjoy Kensitas—so mild—so satisfying. Kensitas are made only from the highest grade Virginia tobaccos, and only from the choice centre leaves of each plant . . . Kensitas have the benefit of the Kensitas Private Process which removes certain impurities present in even the finest tobaccos. That's why Kensitas are so mild and so satisfying!

Kensitas

THEY'RE MILD . . . AND HOW THEY SATISFY

CORNS

THE QUICK, SURE, SAFE WAY
1/3 Per Packet.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

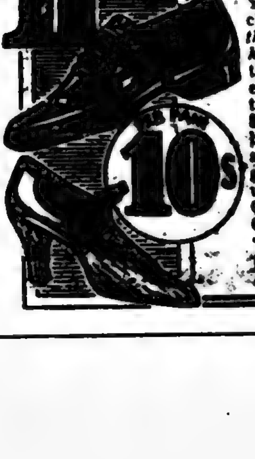
Throat Sore?

You need

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

**Your Chemist stocks them
4d. per oz.
In Tins
2-ozs. 8d. 4-ozs. 1/3**

1/- weekly



You can obtain this high-class Footwear *and everything else you need for the home* at factory prices on the Easiest Payment Terms ever offered. Write for details NOW and save pounds. SEND NO MONEY till you have seen the wonderful array of astounding bargains offered in our sumptuously illustrated 460 page Catalogue. Write for FREE Copy *TO-DAY*.

The Great Universal Stores Ltd. (Department 1383), Ardwick, Manchester, 12.

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GROWN & CANNED IN ENGLAND.

Sweet, tender and most tempting.

COOKED and Ready to Serve

They only require heating for a few minutes in a saucepan.

Batchelor's Peas
ENGLISH GROWN CANNED

Batchelor's Peas have the most delicious flavour and are very nourishing.

Obtainable from all good Grocers and Fruiterers. A small tin costs 3½d.

This does not apply to the Gold Label Brand (National Mark) nor to the Irish Free State.

A MOST ECONOMICAL GREEN VEGETABLE

WAITING *for an* AIR CRASH

—*that never happened!*

"I have never experienced greater anxiety"—Captain Lawford at his control tower

A GREATEST HOUR

by Captain E. H. LAWFORD

A Control Tower Officer at Croydon Air Port

IT may seem curious, but it is the truth, that in the hour that was the most memorable in my life—*nothing happened.*

All the more curious since I have had an eventful life, and have spent a considerable part of it working to make aviation safe, so that to-day the public can travel by air with less risk than by road.

The occasion to which I refer occurred a good many years ago.

Even then, owing to the superb skill of the pilot concerned and the way in which he kept his head when the odds were against him, I can look back and say, "Nothing happened, thank heaven!"

I say "Thank heaven" because in those days, even a few years ago, something might have happened, and if anything went wrong things were not so safe as they are now.

During the ten years I have been at the control tower at Croydon Air Port I have watched the tower grow from a four-legged ironwork structure with a wooden hut perched on top into what it is now—the brain of the airways.

My "ship" is a glass-enclosed room some thirty feet square, built fifty-five feet above ground on top of the air station terminal building and is a landmark familiar to hundreds of thousands of people.

A look-out man is posted on the balcony of the tower.

As duty officer I occupy the navigating room, which is equipped with maps and charts, switches for operating the aerodrome lights and beacons, and is in direct telephonic communication with the Meteorological Office and other technical departments.

In the wireless room two experts keep in touch with aircraft by a code of wireless signals and pass on the messages to me by a loudspeaker. . . .

"Let her go"

At the time of my greatest hour we kept in touch with aircraft by wireless telephony. Machines were piping in on the special wavelength of 900 metres and, below me, with her engine ticking over, a 20-seater liner was preparing to depart for Paris according to timetable.

"Machine ready to depart, all clear?" hailed the look-out man.

I satisfied myself that it was all clear, and replied, "Let her go."

A disc signal bearing the initials of the company owning the machine was shown and the liner taxied out on to the aerodrome and took up her position into the wind.

"Ready to take off—all clear?" called the look-out man.

I again satisfied myself that it was all clear, gave the word and away she went.

I had sent off thousands of machines—but this one was different. As she rose into the air I saw that her undercarriage was awry. On her way she sped, with nobody aboard suspecting any danger. I called up the pilot:

"Hullo! Hullo! Your undercarriage is detached on the left side!"

"I had a feeling that something was wrong," came the cool reply. "So it's that."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'll go to the ditch (the Channel) to use up some juice and lighten her a bit and to give you a chance to get ready for me. Then I'll come back and fly round the control tower while you see the extent of the damage and tell me what it is."

"O.K."

Crisis

It was a time of crisis, but not of panic. Things had to be done swiftly and efficiently—and the work of the air port had to go on. I had to prepare for the worst and to take every precaution possible to safeguard the twenty passengers who, of course, were unaware that anything unusual was happening.

Even in those times there were as many as twenty-five little flags, each denoting a machine, on my map, and these had to be moved along about every five minutes. These other machines, in common with the "lame duck," had to be shepherded on their "lawful occasions" along the airways.

I warned every man in the air port with a first-aid certificate to stand by and then warned the ground organisation and the transport. Fire tenders were drawn up and the whole of the air port mobilised for the emergency.

It was done quietly and without fuss, and no outsider would have suspected the anxiety that tortured our minds.

"Hullo, Croydon! I'm coming back. Are you ready for me?" the returning pilot signalled.

"Yes. Come on and we'll have a look at you."

Out of the blue came the liner and then it circled the control tower. The port was cleared of all outgoing and incoming machines. From the control we focused field-glasses on the undercarriage and told the pilot everything we could see.

It was for him, the captain of the ship, to decide. He could not see the damage; he depended upon us to tell him what we saw.

"I'm going to land on my sound wheel," came his cool voice. "Are you ready?"

"Yes—and good luck!"

"Here goes, then!"

Happy landing

I have never experienced greater anxiety than in those few seconds when the liner headed up-wind. I had done all I could, and, for a moment or two, nothing remained but to watch.

As the liner descended an army of men moved forward to the landing ground ready to dash in.

I saw the sound right wheel touch ground. My heart thumped. Now was the vital split second. The liner wobbled, and then came to rest. . . .

Nothing happened! . . .

The pilot had made a perfect, one-wheel landing.

His clear brain, his superb skill and his cool courage had conquered the risk to which he was exposed. He computed the damage from the reports telephoned to him from the control tower, summed up every factor in his mind, acted on his accurate judgment and made his decision.

Swiftly the twenty passengers were transferred to another machine. A few minutes later came the voice of the look-out man:

"Ready to take off—all clear?"

I gave the word and the liner took off and headed for Paris—all clear.

With the relief from suspense came the realisation that the whole organisation for safety had been tested in an emergency and had proved efficient.

Nothing happened! That was why it was my greatest hour!

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"The PLACE was piloted by Capt. S——."

WESTON MERCURY:—"Huge WAGES swept over the promenade."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"A piece of GAS was attached to a gas-bracket."

THE EVENING NEWS:—"—— was summoned for serving INTOXICATED liquor during non-permitted hours."

HAMPSHIRE CHRONICLE AND GENERAL ADVERTISER:—". . . having elicited from the boys a promise to behave better in future, they were dismissed with a WARMING."

WATFORD OBSERVER:—"The water at the bottom of the VILLAGE was dry, and you could walk across it."

THE RED LETTER:—". . . who walked along with the COAT of his COLLAR turned up."

EVENING EXPRESS:—"To prevent them going soft keep them in a string bag and hang from the handle of the pantry FLOOR or from a hook in the ceiling."

THE TIMES:—"Two young Germans committed suicide this morning, apparently by shooting EACH OTHER."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"A black sou'wester was over her FROCK."

SOUTH WALES EVENING POST:—"It seemed almost possible to discern a dark STEAK along the horizon to indicate the shores."

ORMSKIRK ADVERTISER:—"—— and —— wish to sincerely thank all kind friends for their good wishes and CONGREGATIONS on the birth of their daughter."

DAILY DESPATCH:—"He was found at 1.45 this morning WONDERING about Stoke."

"Unable to work or go out"

because her Blood was IRON-STARVED

Thousands of women never know what it is to feel really well and strong. Nine times in ten, the cause of their frequent ailing is that *their blood is IRON-STARVED.*

Exhaustion, depression, headaches, sleeplessness, poor appetite, indigestion, a susceptibility to colds, influenza and chilblains are all symptoms of IRON STARVATION.

To treat the *symptoms* is useless. You must correct the *cause.* Give your blood MORE IRON by taking IRON 'JELLOIDS.'

Now, thanks to Iron 'Jelloids' she can 'work like a nigger'

IRON 'JELLOIDS' rapidly enrich your blood with more IRON—make it rich, red and strong. Every bodily organ is invigorated. Soon you are healthy and strong, full of energy for work and fun.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' *do not blacken the teeth or upset the digestion.* For over forty years "the world's best and most honest blood enricher and tonic." Everyone can afford them. The 3/- box lasts 36 days, the 1/3d box 10 days. Get a 3/- box to-day.

Her letter says:

"I am writing to say how wonderfully your Iron 'Jelloids' make a new woman out of an old one. I have been delicate all my married life, and have spent pounds on different medicines. I have been unable to do my work for twelve months, or to go out. BUT NOW I CAN WORK LIKE A NIGGER, THANKS TO IRON 'JELLOIDS.' I am sorry I have not tried them before."

Mrs. P.

Iron Jelloids

Rapidly Restore Rich Red Blood

Of all Chemists: 3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

FOR WOMEN: No. 2

The best blood enricher and tonic for anæmic women and girls. *Cannot blacken the teeth* or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

FOR MEN: No. 2a

Run-down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two 3/- boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

FOR CHILDREN: No. 1

Every growing child should take a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red, and nutritious.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade-mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

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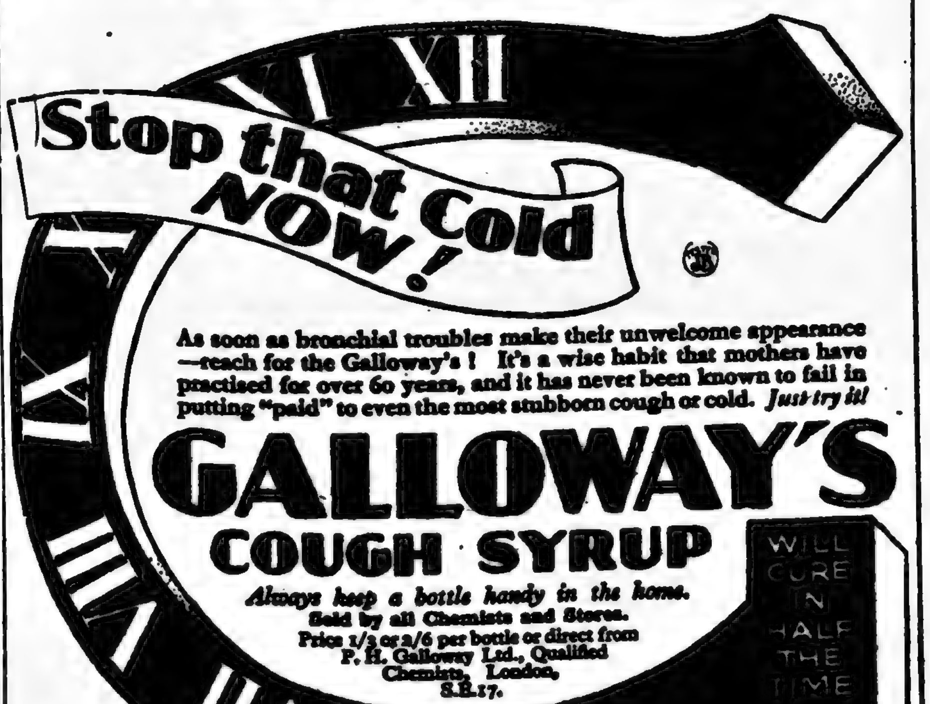

XII
Stop that Cold NOW!
WILL CURE IN HALF THE TIME

As soon as bronchial troubles make their unwelcome appearance—reach for the Galloway's! It's a wise habit that mothers have practised for over 60 years, and it has never been known to fail in putting "paid" to even the most stubborn cough or cold. *Just try it!*

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Always keep a bottle handy in the home.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Price 1/3 or 2/6 per bottle or direct from P. H. Galloway Ltd., Qualified Chemists, London, S.E.17.

They both bought expensive wool jumpers..

BUT *Oh,* THE DIFFERENCE IN THEIR WASHING...

OFTEN *and often* her jumper went into Persil's mild oxygen suds, and months later people were still saying "I like your *new* jumper!"

ONE *wash* pretty well ended the useful life of her friend's jumper: it ran a tiny bit, it lost shape a tiny bit. Had she only used Persil it would have kept like new.

ALL your garments will look and last better if all the dirt is *really* got out each washing. Persil's mild soapsuds, made active with oxygen, make certain of that. Ordinary washing sometimes leaves dirt behind which gets hard and stubborn. But Persil alone—without the addition of soap or anything else—ensures that every wash leaves your linen absolutely pure and white. And for silks and woollens Persil is just as good.

Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 461-71-65

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

DISTRESSING COUGHS RELIEVED by 2 or 3 doses

FAMEL SYRUP

SO miraculous are FAMEL'S curative powers that often two or three doses are enough to bring relief to the most stubborn and distressing cough; while frequently before one bottle is finished the cough is completely gone. And FAMEL brings relief to Chronic Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and other throat and chest troubles as well.

FAMEL'S wonderful record is unequalled, it contains Nature's vital curative agent in safe, soluble, assimilable form. Previously this could only be inhaled, but in FAMEL SYRUP it is absorbed direct into the bloodstream, where it drives out the infection from the very roots. At the same time the valuable tonics also in FAMEL SYRUP allay the inflammation caused by incessant coughing and build up the entire system.

FAMEL SYRUP is the approved remedy for coughs and similar ailments in hospitals, clinics, surgeries, and nursing homes as well as in millions of households throughout the world. A few of the hosts of grateful letters received daily which are printed below. Read them then get a bottle yourself.

READ THESE REPORTS
typical of Thousands

A necessity for chronic catarrh

"I have taken for two winters your Famel Syrup and as a public officer I have found that it is necessary for chronic catarrh. It is the only medicine that has had a good effect."— T. F. Birmingham

Relieves nurse's bronchial cough

"I have found Famel Syrup a great relief to my cough, and I am very glad with its results. It has done me more good already than a great many other medicines previously taken. I shall certainly recommend it to anyone suffering from bronchitis, catarrh and for all coughs."— Nurse, Sevenoaks.

Got ease straight away.

"For the last four years I have suffered from Bronchitis. After the first dose of Famel, I got ease straight away, and when I went to bed I never coughed once, which is something I have not done this last four years."—Mrs. J., Nr. Leeds.

FAMEL Brand SYRUP
[1/6 & 3/- (triple quantity)]

Sold by all Chemists.

Distributors: Wilcox Jozeau & Co., Ltd., 15, Gt. St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2, and 19, Temple Bar, Dublin.

Where England is WILD WEST!

There's no place like this in England you would say. But you haven't been to Nine Mile Ride

IF you want to see the "Wild West" as Bret Harte used to know it, you can find it within forty miles of London!

Down at Nine Mile Ride—the place where men are men, homes are timber shacks, traffic consists of nothing but saddled horses, and women fell trees and think nothing of it.

Nine Mile Ride! Hollywood might well steal that name for one of its Wild West films.

All England has just been thrilled by a piece of news from this back-o'-beyond. "The strongest boy in the world," who lives there, is said to have been offered £20 a week to appear in a circus.

But Reading and Wokingham, the two nearest towns, read the news without moving an eyelid.

"Boy Samson holds two ponies in check with his hands?" Why, what's remarkable about that? they ask. They can all hold ponies in check unaided—way out at Nine Mile Ride.

Let us have a look at the place. It means a train journey to Wokingham, a long 'bus ride to a fork in the road; a turn right and a second's thought to take your bearings where there is a post office letter-box on an old tree.

Standing by this tree you see a deep rutted road leading away to the left. That *is* Nine Mile Ride.

Rows of hitching posts cross it at regular intervals, thus keeping out all except bridle horses and pedestrians. And as it pursues its dusty, pot-holed, rutted, winding path for mile after mile you'll prefer the horse to walking.

Twenty years ago, when the Great War began, Nine Mile Ride was just a ride through dense pine forest. But much has happened since then.

Because the 3,400 acres that bordered it to a depth of several miles were going cheap in small plots, this black forest became an Arizona on London's own doorstep.

De-civilisation

To-day those acres have become the home of men who suffered in the trenches and said that if four years' of hell represented the benefits of civilisation, the sooner they became de-civilised the better. The home of once-prosperous business men, no longer able to pay their way under that civilisation. The retreat of a few invalids, or men with sick wives.

These pioneers cleared spaces in the forest for their own homes to begin with, and then, with the hands that had wielded the axes, built the rough timber shacks in which they now live.

By night they sat round blazing pine logs that have the effect, they have discovered, of inducing sleep for even the most chronic insomnia victims. By day, for year after year, they hewed their way through the forest.

The result? The *State* of Nine Mile Ride—they themselves use the word—as you see it to-day.

Young Tarzans

To-day their children swing in trees like little Tarzans, more strong of limb and tanned of skin than any children you ever saw.

Many of them have never tasted meat. They live chiefly on vegetable soups, cooked and consumed outside the wooden homes in which they live. Half of them have never seen a kinematograph film. Some have never heard the wireless.

Much has been done at Nine Mile Ride—but much more remains to be done.

A man will point to a mere half-acre of soft, well-dug soil, and tell you that bringing it to its present state of perfection has taken two years. And perhaps there is another four and a half acres to do!

Some of them have tried blasting out roots with explosives, but the general experience is that it doesn't pay. While you are digging down to insert the charges, they say, you may as well go on and dig out the whole lot.

Then they show you what appears to be a saucer of lead, black and heavy.

"The plate of a tree," they explain. "It's under the root. It is where the seed once was. If you leave that in, the roots will always grow again."

They have built their little church in the forest. Huge roots, freshly dug up from its grounds, stand at its doors.

There is their photographer's shop made of galvanised iron.

They have put up boards giving the names of their holdings, very Wild Westernish in sound. "S. and A. Ranch" is one. They have put up their own letter-boxes by the main road, hundreds of yards away from the shacks, to save the postman long trudges through the mazes of tree trunks.

Ovals of bark have been scraped off trees and on the white wood exposed instructions have been painted to guide visitors.

They have even found their own water with the aid of hazel twigs, and have then dug the deep wells themselves. And how proud they are of their water-divining powers. How bitterly they assail the talk that water-divining is nonsense, telling you, in proof of their own powers, that the effect of underground water on the twig is often such that strong men have been flung over by the power from below.

Maybe they know!

It is a wonderful life—for those who like to live so close to Nature.

Bestrew pine cones on the floor and their natural bleaching action will have turned the planks clean and white by when you sweep them out in the morning.

Make a pillow of fresh pine and you will sleep such sleep as no town-dweller ever knew.

Some people may curl a lip contemptuously at the idea of living at Nine Mile Ride. But, then, at Nine Mile Ride they curl a lip contemptuously at the idea of living in town. Well, they've tried both—so perhaps they know!

Hush-Hush Mission Minister

IFORD is a quiet little village on the outskirts of Bournemouth, but its quietude has been enlivened by the activities of the "Reverend" J. W. Smith, who describes himself as Minister-in-Charge of the Iford Evangelistic Mission Church.

About three years ago, J. W. Smith, who had not at that time acquired the title of "Rev.," was a gardener. At that time he decided to forsake horticulture for the culture of souls.

So he descended upon the village of Iford and started his evangelical career.

To impress the villagers he used the title of "Reverend," in spite of the fact that he had never been ordained or inducted as a minister of religion.

His chief claim to this title was the fact that he once took a correspondence course in theology at the rate of a shilling a week, and was awarded a certificate.

Then he began to collect money for the building of a mission hall at Iford, which was to be erected at a cost of £1,250.

After a period of intensive collecting, the mission hall, a small structure of corrugated iron, was eventually erected on a piece of waste ground at Stour Side, Iford.

Recently Smith decided to organise a sale of work to benefit the funds of the mission.

In this connection the editor of the local newspaper was surprised to receive the following letter:

"Dear Sir,—I have been given to understand that you are sending a reporter of your paper to the Evangelistic Mission Church, Iford, were [*sic*] we are holding a sale of work for the same. I do not wish anything put in the local papers about anything in connection with the above place of worship, and it must not be done without my permission as minister of the same, as when we opened the church on July 26, 1933, last, it was not correct in any of the local papers.

"Yours faithfully,
"(Signed) J. W. SMITH.
"Minister-in-Charge"

Strange that an evangelist organising a sale of work for the purpose of raising funds should desire to cover his activities with a veil of secrecy.

When a reporter was sent to this exclusive and secret function he was refused admission.

Yet this appears to have been a very ordinary sale of work, which resulted in a return of slightly over £12.

Why should the "Reverend" J. W. Smith indulge in a policy of "Hush-Hush," and bar the Press from attending such a harmless and modest function?

Those who have subscribed to his mission scheme would welcome his answer.

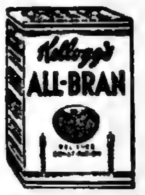
COME OVER TO THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Bring back your husband's sunny disposition

There are quite enough troubles these days to sap a man's vitality and dull his sunny disposition. But the most depressing trouble of all is common constipation. When a man is entirely free of its jading effects his *other* troubles don't worry him so much.

The pleasantest and simplest way of restoring *natural* regularity is—just two tablespoonfuls of a delicious cereal daily. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN *exercises* the intestines, tones them up and purifies the blood. It is so effective that it corrects most types of constipation.

Serve ALL-BRAN alone or with other cereals, adding cold milk or cream. Ask your Grocer for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.



Made in Canada
9d. per packet (Not I.F.S.)

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

the gentle, natural way to relieve

CONSTIPATION

416

Jack Buchanan

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

Sparkling successes from the new musical show

"MR. WHITTINGTON"

A personal triumph for Jack Buchanan! He has a flair for recording, and manages in some subtle manner to "put over" the same delightful personality on the microphone that he shows on the stage. These bright numbers have the true Jack Buchanan sparkle. They'll set you humming.

Jack Buchanan and Elsie Randolph *with Orchestral accompaniment — Oceans of time ; Who do you think you are?* B8109 2/6. Jack Buchanan *with Orchestral accompaniment — Weep no more, my baby.* Elsie Randolph *with Orchestral accompaniment—The sun is round the corner.* B8110 2/6

The Record of the Month

GIGLI. *Mamma mia, che vò sapè (Nutile) (If my mother only knew). Musica Proibita (Gastaldon) (Forbidden Music).* DB1585 6/-

Famous Singers in Lovely Songs

JOHN McCORMACK. *Vespers (Howard Fisher); South Winds (Percy Kahn) (with pianoforte accompaniment by Percy Kahn).* DA1343 4/-,

PAUL ROBESON. *Water Boy (arr. A. Robinson); Steal Away (arr. L. Brown).* B8103 2/6

PETER DAWSON. *England (N. Besly); Glory of the Motherland (McCall).* B8105 2/6

Fine Orchestral Music

JOHN BARBIROLLI AND HIS ORCHESTRA. *Marche Militaire, Op. 51 (Schubert); Ballet Music Rosamunde, Op. 26 (Schubert).* C2637 4/-

MAREK WEBER AND HIS ORCHESTRA. *Songs without Words ; Potpourri (Mendelssohn, arr. F. White).* C2615 4/-

LONDON PALLADIUM ORCHESTRA, *conducted by Richard Crean, The Whistler and his Dog (Pryor); The Warbler's Serenade (Perry).* B8004 2/6

"His Master's Voice"

The Gramophone Co. Ltd., 98-108 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1. (Prices do not apply in I.F.S.

Like father—like son: the preference for Player's is handed down from one generation to another. Though times may change, Player's still maintain that sterling quality which has made them the most popular 10 for 6d. cigarette of our time.

PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

PLAIN AND CORK TIPPED

It's the Tobacco that Counts

RCC 200J

Approved Treatment for

BRONCHITIS and CHEST COLDS

When a cold goes "down deep," vigorous treatment is needed to avoid serious danger.

Take a laxative and a hot foot-bath and go to bed. Redden the skin of throat and chest with hot, wet towels. Then massage briskly with Vick brand Vapour-Rub, spread on a thick layer, and cover with hot flannel.

This external treatment is especially good for children's cold-troubles because it does not disturb the stomach, as too much "dosing" so often does.

VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

Attacks colds in 2 ways at once

COUPONS ENDED

—now for a real smoke and a cash saving.

Everybody wants better cigarettes and better value now. You get both by rolling your own with A.G. Papers—all the flavour and freshness of your tobacco wrapped in A.G., the *thinner* paper that *is* pure. And, what a saving! —more than you ever gained in coupons.

Start now! *A.G. fits all machines and gives the best results.*

AG *The paper of 50 years' reputation for quality.*

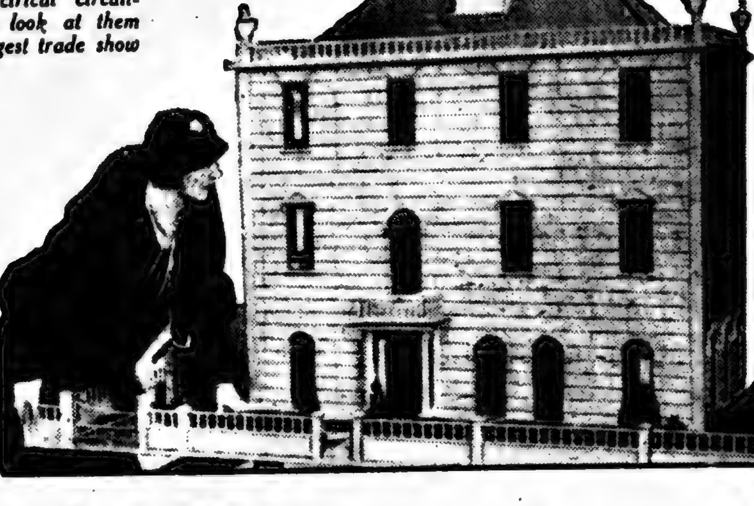
CHILDREN'S STOMACH PAINS ARE A WARNING.

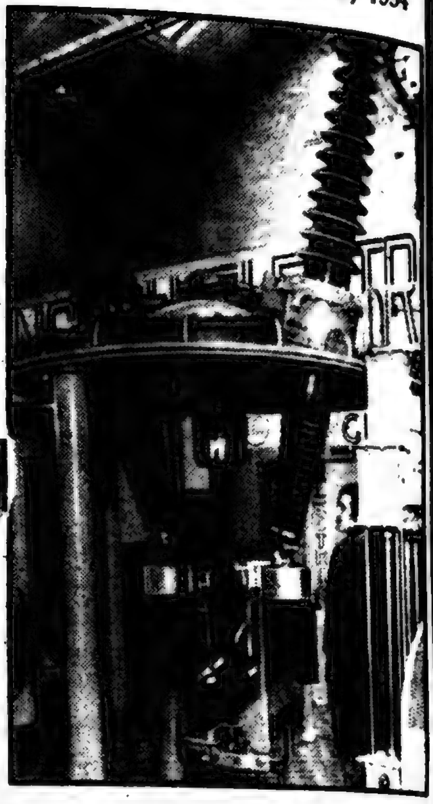
If your kiddie has "tummy ache" and pain after eating, take heed. Childish indigestion gives rise to acidity, the root cause of so many gastric troubles, even of terrible gastric and duodenal ulcers.

That's why doctors advise mothers to keep the wonderful Maclean Brand Stomach Powder always in the house—the remedy made from the formula of the famous doctor which ends indigestion pain at once, counteracts the harmful acid and coats the poor, tortured, inflamed lining of the stomach with a soothing coating of curative powder.

This formula is being used in famous hospitals and clinics to cure practically every form of stomach trouble, and you can get it from your own chemist, simply by asking for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. But be sure to see the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton before you buy. It is not sold loose but only in bottles in cartons, of Powder or tablets, at 1/3, 2/- and 5/- per bottle.

FROM dolls'-houses for giant dolls to electrical circuit-breakers—take a look at them in the world's biggest trade show





Look In at the Nation's Shop-window!

BRITAIN'S annual trade gesture to the world—the British Industries Fair in London and at Birmingham—is now in full swing.

This year it has come into being in a world full of riots and revolutions, bank runs and breadlines. But Britain's answer to that is to produce the biggest trade show the world has ever seen, a Show which is nine times bigger than when it was first held in 1915.

There are tens of thousands of articles on view, from lighthouses to lollipops, from baby carriages to giant power plants. And this year they are all bargains; as cheap and mostly cheaper than any other nation can produce them; as good and mostly better.

Besides the foreign buyers who are flocking to England by special trains from all parts of the world, everybody who can should see this Show, because they will see in it the facts of Britain's trade revival, better than columns of figures can tell them.

They will see rank after rank, aisle after aisle of new products, of new industries once the monopoly of foreigners, and unknown in England a few years ago.

FOR instance, who would expect to find that the biggest single exhibitor at Olympia is the toy trade? That trade used to mean millions in Germany's annual export balance against England. There is one firm of exhibitors which employs over 2,000 workers. *There are others which are now selling toys to Germany!*

Another firm has captured the tin-toy trade, which used to be the monopoly of the German city of Nurnberg. They sell for a few pence. Alongside of it is a firm which makes dolls'-houses—for museums, presumably, or millionaires' children—costing £1,000 each.

Other new products captured from the foreigner who is coming now to *buy*, not to sell, are visible in the jewellery sections of the Fair. British jewellery, by some queer paradox, has become a "boom" trade in this hard-up world.

Here is marcasite jewellery, formerly a German monopoly, and luxurious ornamented fancy goods and leather goods which we once bought from the French, the Austrians, and the Swiss.

THERE are certain goods which Britain always made better than anybody else. Sports goods, for instance. Now we are making them cheaper to suit light pockets and watered currencies.

There are found new products here also. Tennis racquets which refuse to warp, even if you leave them in a puddle overnight and pop them in the oven to dry.

And there is the complete equipment for a new game which is beginning to sweep Europe and America—"real" tennis. It is claimed to be more scientific and more strenuous than lawn tennis. A British firm is making the equipment, felt-covered cloth balls and queer lop-sided racquets.

But everywhere Olympia is packed with novelties and new victories for British industry.

One firm has beaten America and Germany with a camera which takes three-colour pictures with one exposure. Another has produced a miniature "Talkie" outfit stated to be the most perfect of its kind in the world, and which has created a new industry for England.

For the scientist, the chemical engineer, and the doctor there is a new mercury-less thermometer. For the scientist, too, a Perth firm is exhibiting chemical glass apparatus which formerly had to be bought from France and Germany at exorbitant cost.

For the world's wife there are a host of new and marvellous things, both at the London and Birmingham shows.

There is a new stone glass, for instance, from the Potteries. From it are being made kitchen utensils, pots and sinks, cleaner than any other material and almost unbreakable. There is a cooker from a Scottish firm with a continuous burner and a robot heat control which will cook for twenty-two people at a cost of 4d. a day! And a new grate which will burn for eighteen hours on one charge of fuel.

For baby there are better baby carriages which cannot tip up and cannot run away when mother goes into a shop, because they are fitted with internal expanding brakes actuated by a flick of a lever.

AMONG the very special exhibits are lighthouses, in the making of which Britain has always led the world. One firm is now showing a new lighting system, many times smaller but much more powerful than existing apparatus, which is to be used for beacons along the air routes.

Equally up to date is another exhibit of electrical heating apparatus and heated clothing for explorers and navigators of the stratosphere, along which the air routes of the future will run.

In the food section a Canadian firm is showing a new food substance, made from soya beans—which is supposed to provide more endurance and more concentrated nourishment than any other.

The big changes the foreigner will find at this year's Fair are not only in the novelties and improved products. A great change has also taken place in the attitude of the British manufacturers both towards each other and towards the prospective buyer.

The 1934 British manufacturer now tells the foreign buyer: "If I haven't got exactly what you want, tell me what you want and I'll make it."

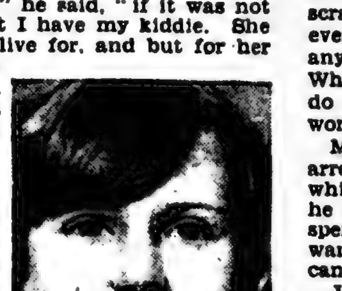
How the foreigner is responding is apparent already in the flood of enquiries which have poured in from over sixty countries.

Some of them are obvious demands considering the present fancies of the countries concerned, such as brewing equipment for America and bombs for the Balkans But who would have expected orders for toys from Germany or fashion goods from France?

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

Little Sweetheart

SIX-YEAR-OLD Joan is her ex-Service and ex-sailor dad's little sweetheart and pal. "I should be absolutely in despair," he said, "if it was not for knowing that I have my kiddie. She is all I have to live for, and but for her I should have gone back to sea, and perhaps made a fool of myself somehow."



Joan

Joan's father enlisted when seventeen years of age, and served four years in the Army. "Since then," he said, "I have been at sea until seven years ago, when I sort of wanted to settle down and have a home round me. It appears I have made a mistake in my choice. My wife left me eighteen months ago.

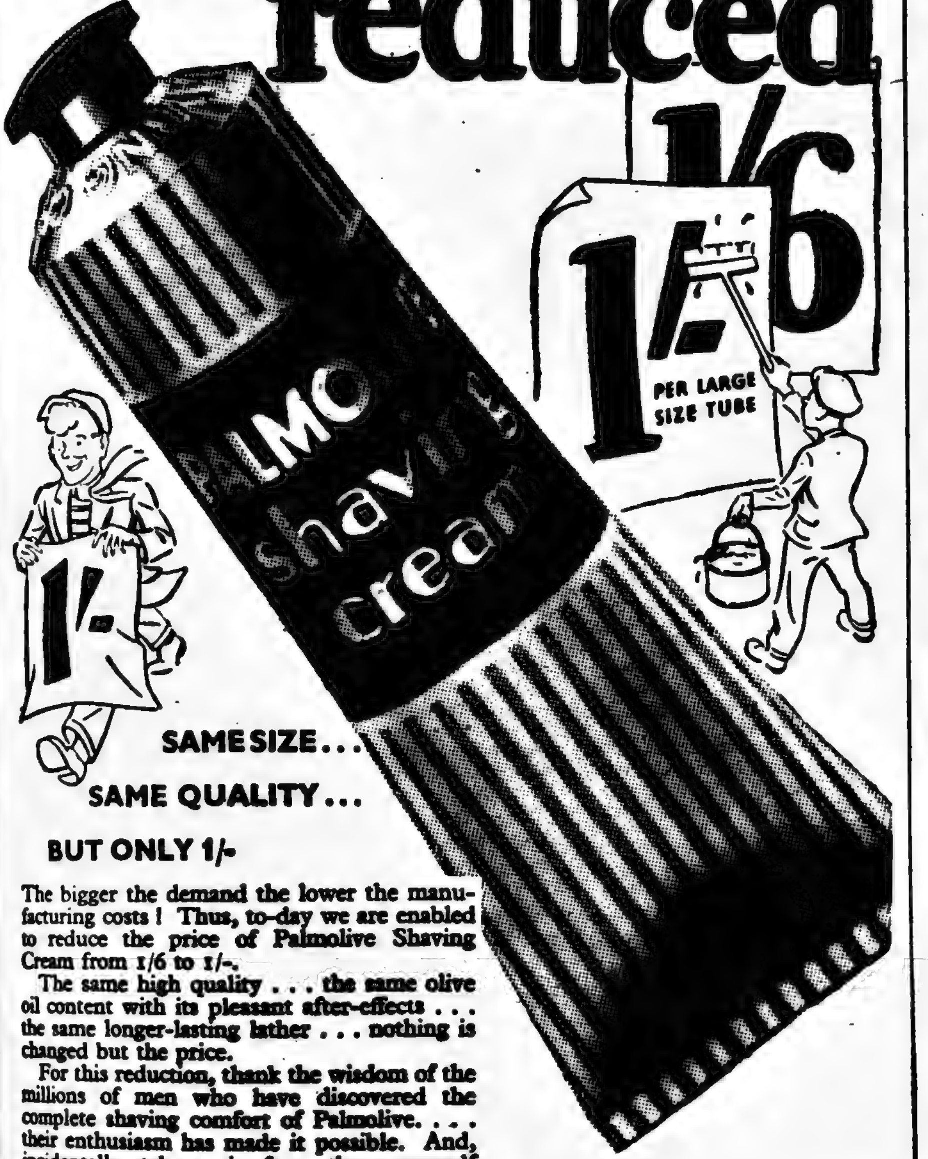
"I was unemployed. I had just left my situation and was struggling along on the dole. Then I started on odd jobs on my own. I thought with encouragement I might start a business, as a good firm promised me enough work to keep me going. But by the end of October that finished entirely, and I have been scraping along on a few shillings a week ever since. Now I should be thankful for anything in the shape of a regular job. What I really want is plenty of work. I do not mind long hours so long as I work."

Meantime, his rent of 10s. a week is in arrears; as is his rent for a workshop, while Joan must be fed. "Some weeks," he said, "when I can make a pound, it is spent on Joanie's clothes and food. I want help through this bad time, until I can get on my feet again."

Joan is all smiles when her dad's arm is round her. Their happiness in each other is a lovely thing. "He is worthy of any help you can give him," said his guarantor.

Donations earmarked "Joan," to help her father over the present bad patch he has struck, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, as well as subscriptions for the Fund generally, which will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Price reduced



SAME SIZE...

SAME QUALITY...

BUT ONLY 1/-

The bigger the demand the lower the manufacturing costs! Thus, to-day we are enabled to reduce the price of Palmolive Shaving Cream from 1/6 to 1/-.

The same high quality . . . the same olive oil content with its pleasant after-effects . . . the same longer-lasting lather . . . nothing is changed but the price.

For this reduction, thank the wisdom of the millions of men who have discovered the complete shaving comfort of Palmolive. . . . their enthusiasm has made it possible. And, incidentally, take a tip from them yourself . . . start Palmolive shaves to-day and see how completely satisfactory they are!

Palmolive Shaving Cream

FRESH as the first day out

LLOYDS'
BONDMAN
EMPIRE BLEND
RICHARD LLOYD & SONS

... that's the joy of Bondman it's always fresh

Open a tin of Bondman to-day, to-morrow, next month—it makes no difference for *every* ounce is Vacuum Sealed. This scientific packing prevents the loss of smoothness, fragrance and full flavour due to damp and heat. When you buy Bondman you buy a tobacco that is as mellow as when it left the factory...no crumbs!... no waste!... just pleasure!

10d PER OZ.
A BLEND OF COLONIAL & VIRGINIAN TOBACCOS

11½d PER OZ.
RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA

LLOYDS
BONDMAN TOBACCO
PACKED IN VACUUM SEALED TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.) 83, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1

HOT BATHS FOR LUMBAGO

SIMPLE HOME TREATMENT GIVES QUICK, SURE RELIEF

Also stop the pain of Sciatica, Neuritis, Rheumatism, or other stiffness and swellings.

For immediate and lasting relief from agonising pains in the back, there is nothing so effective nor so convenient as resting the body for twenty minutes in hot medicated and oxygenated water. This rapidly eliminates through the 7.000.000 pores of the skin the uric acid and other deposits which form the direct cause of all rheumatic torture. By stimulating the blood circulation and promoting absorption of oxygen through the pores the oxygenated water gets rid of those impurities, and your pains, aches, swellings, stiffness, disappear. A medicated and oxygenated bath is easily prepared at home by dissolving a handful of 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' in a bath of hot water. Any chemist can supply a large packet for 1s. 6d. (sufficient for several baths), and this simple home treatment gives complete relief and produces results obtainable in no other way.

IT'S RISKY

Don't take risks with your throat and nose—take GRIPS First-aid Pastilles and breathe easy. A clear voice means good health; GRIPS will keep your voice clear and strong.

Try them to-day.
Sold Everywhere.

GRIPS FIRST AID PASTILLES
3d 6d & 1/- Boxes. 2½d per ounce

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

2/2 per month (which is less than 3½d. a day) buys this magnificent cycle. You pay more than that in 'bus & tram fares alone. The Graves 'FLIGHT' Model is the finest value the world can offer:—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Set of Accessories. Lady's or Gent's, Carriage Paid £2:17:6 or 2/2 now, and 14 monthly payments of 2/2. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue of Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', & Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Razors, &c. Post free.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Agonising
HÆMORRHOIDS
FOLLOW CONFINEMENT

"FOR a year and ten months I suffered martyrdom from piles," says Mrs. D. Smith, of 27, Plantation Road, Ford Estate, Sunderland. "My complaint started after childbirth, and the nurse said it was one of the worst cases she had seen. The continual burning irritation and knife-like pains were maddening. The doctor said I ought to go into hospital for operation.

"Then my mother-in-law brought me a box of Zam-Buk. The relief this herbal ointment brought within 10 minutes made me happier than I had been for a long time. With a thankful heart I continued the Zam-Buk treatment, and gradually all swelling was overcome and the piles completely disappeared."

Mrs D Smith

Keep a Box Always Handy

Zam-Buk is also splendid for chapped hands, cold sores, eczema, foot troubles, bad legs, scalp disease, cuts, burns, scalds, etc. Rub it in for rheumatism and colds. 1/3 or 3/- box, all chemists and stores.

ZAM-BUK
OINTMENT

after SMOKING
Soothe tickling throats. Freshen the mouth.
VICK BRAND LOZENGES 6d
DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

WRITE DIRECT THE BIG TWO NO AGENTS
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Long odds quoted for every horse.

LETTER COMMISSIONS FROM 1/-
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Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

Best Prices for the
ENGLISH CUP
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The "Big Two" Writing Set consists of a high-grade Fountain Pen, and Propelling Pencil to match, in elegant Presentation Case, and is offered FREE to clients who use the
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6 LEAGUES-Nothing Barred Nothing Starred

Please send particulars of Free Writing Set.
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POST NOW TO
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227 BATH STREET GLASGOW.C2

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

TRUEST WORDS Ever Spoken to Me

YEARS ago my mother told me I was too tender-hearted to be a member of the police force, yet I gave up a good job, passed my examinations and became a Metropolitan policeman.

Later I made my first arrest, and was quite proud when my prisoner was sentenced to three months. The trouble started when I saw his wife and two kiddies crying, and after laying awake at nights thinking of the hardship and suffering I had caused, I decided to keep anonymously his wife and children whilst he was away.

I lived in dread of my next arrest and did my utmost to avoid it, and after twelve months resigned my position. My mother's words had come true.—*Ex-P.C., Luton.*

Jilted

When twenty years of age I visited an old family friend, and during my stay I met, and became infatuated with, a beautiful mannequin.

I laughed my oldish friend to scorn when he remarked after meeting her, "She is heartless, my boy; far better for you if you could forget her."

I spent money recklessly to make her happy, and when my holiday ended, returned home dreaming of my future wife. A fortnight later I learned with a shock that she had become engaged to a noted musician.

My friend's words had proved only too true.—*J. E., Surrey.*

Fight Trouble

My father once said to me, "Don't meet trouble half-way, my boy; meet it as it leaves its corner, and the fight's yours."

A life of ups and downs has proved the truth of those words. Every time things have seemed to be going wrong, remembering my dad's words, I have tackled them at once beating trouble as it were before it got properly going.

This practice has taught me that trouble will not meet a fighter; it is a cowardly impostor, terrible only to those who try to dodge it.

Those words were not only the truest, but the most helpful ever spoken to me.—*L. J., Purley.*

Honesty

"Honesty yields dividends in business." My old employer told me that, many years back, when I told him that I was about to start on my own account. I kept his words in mind, and built up a reputation locally for honest dealing.

Large multiple stores have opened their branches almost on my own doorstep, but my business continues to prosper. Dozens of opportunities have occurred for me to stoop to dishonest practices in recent years, but I have played straight.

Now, with cut-price dealers and other competitors struggling to pay their way, I am collecting my dividends on honesty.—*"Grocer," Birmingham.*

Safety Last

The truest words ever spoken to me, alas! had a fatal significance. I was a window-cleaner, and, with the fatal impetuosity of youth, disdained one day to affix a safety-belt while engaged on a particularly dangerous job.

My mate said to me, half-jokingly, before we climbed the ladders, "Maybe you'll regret it."

I did. I slipped, rolled over, screamed for help, but I was doomed. . . . I remember nothing more until waking up in hospital with a smashed body, and the knowledge that I would be on my back for the rest of my days.—*"Still Regretting," Bradford.*

There was a window-cleaner who disdained to use a safety-belt . . .

Quick Retort

A youth of nineteen years of age, I was on draft leave, prior to departure for service in India.

One evening, in conversation with an aged acquaintance, I remarked that I was eagerly looking forward to my stay in the Far East. Smartly came the retort: "My lad, you will often wish you could see the old village church!"

During my four years' sojourn amidst Oriental grandeur and squalor, many were the times I reflected upon the truest words ever spoken to me.—*F. H., Grantham.*

Others' Views

"No, young man, argument isn't the same thing as discussion," rebuked a teacher.

From boyhood I'd argued with everybody about everything, thinking in my conceit that I was proving my mettle.

Now I know that quiet discussion, with patience to hear the other fellow's views, is a certain way to collect intellectual dividends, whereas hot-headed argument brings more often than not intolerance and animosity.—*R. H., Seaham.*

Spoken in Jest

When I was a boy I displayed a promising ability at drawing and painting. Once a schoolmate jocularly suggested that later in life I would be a pavement artist.

At fourteen years of age I left school filled with youthful ambition and determination for a successful career. But trade depression curbed my progress and destroyed the hopes of the future; adversity has dragged me down.

To-day my bread and butter depends upon favourable weather, pictorial representations on the paved surfaces of the Metropolis, and the sympathetic appreciation of charitable passers-by.—*"All My Own Work," London, E.2.*

Robbed

At Marseilles, after the war, I was the proud possessor of a Crown and Anchor board, with which I made a small fortune. One day, when I was counting a pile of coins and notes, the Chaplain caught me and said: "Devil's wages always go back to him."

I laughed, but rather timidly, for he spoke with such earnestness that I felt uneasy. Within a month his words came true, for thieves broke into the tent and took not only my ill-gotten gains, but the board as well.—*"Jim," Midlands.*

"Play Fair"

Not only was dad a good father, but he'd an extensive knowledge of worthwhile history, too.

I won't forget him telling me of the Tolpuddle labourers who were sentenced to seven years' transportation because they'd dared to combine to resist an iniquitous reduction in wages just a century ago this February.

Then he added: "I'm getting on. Soon you'll be in my shoes—play the game with the men, and they'll never let you down."

Truer words were never spoken—as I've proved.—*"Employer," Notts.*

Living Hell

I applied to a moneylender for a loan and he gave me a complicated form to sign. My brother told me it was "the beginning of Hell."

For twelve months I lived under a shadow of exposure and disgrace, forced to yield to insulting letters and ruthless extortion.

I paid the loan twice, and was at last free from the usurer's clutches, though not before my brother's words had been proved the truest I ever heard.—*T. R., Brighton.*

* * *

"Life is not all milk and honey." Those are the truest words ever spoken to me.—*"Unemployed Miner," Yorks.*

"The slower you go the quicker you'll get there," said my father as I started on my first motor-cycle run. Six weeks in hospital taught me the truth of those words.—*"Road Hog," London, E.*

When on our honeymoon I began to suggest ways of keeping our first wedding anniversary, my bride laughingly said, "You won't even remember the date."

I protested vehemently. What nonsense! But yesterday I was reminded that those were the truest words ever spoken to me.—*"Forgetful," Abergele.*

"Never tell your friend and your enemy won't get to know." No truer words were ever spoken.—*"Lucy," Stockport.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post *Tuesday, February 27.*

When I Made a Fool of Myself

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on February 24

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) Newcastle v. Arsenal.
(2) W.B. ALBION v. Birmingham.
(3) DERBY COUNTY v. Wednesday.
**(4) ASTON VILLA v. Stoke.
(5) Blackburn v. Everton.
(6) Leeds v. Manchester City.
(7) LEICESTER v. Huddersfield.
(8) LIVERPOOL v. Sunderland.
*(9) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Chelsea.
(10) Sheffield U. v. Wolverhampton.
(11) HOTSPUR v Portsmouth.

SECOND DIVISION.

**(1) BRENTFORD v. Oldham.
(2) NOTTS COUNTY v. Swansea.
(3) PORT VALE v. Millwall.
(4) WEST HAM v. Forest.
(5) Blackpool v. Bury.
(6) BOLTON v. Preston.
**(7) BRADFORD CITY v. Lincoln.
*(8) FULHAM v. Burnley.
(9) Manchester U. v. BRADFORD.
(10) Plymouth v. Grimsby.
(11) SOUTHAMPTON v. Hull City.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) CHARLTON v. Coventry.
(2) NORWICH v. Q.P. Rangers.
(3) Newport v. Gillingham.
(4) Watford v. Reading.
*(5) BOSCOMBE v. Southend.
(6) BRIGHTON v. Aldershot.
(7) BRISTOL CITY v. Torquay.
(8) Cardiff v. BRISTOL ROVERS.
(9) ORIENT v. Northampton.
(10) EXETER v. Crystal Palace.
*(11) SWINDON v. Luton.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) Hartlepools v. CHESTERFIELD.
(2) SOUTHPORT v. Gateshead.
(3) WREXHAM v. Accrington.
*(4) BARNSLEY v. Tranmere.
(5) BARROW v. Darlington.
(6) Carlisle v. Doncaster.
(7) CREWE v. Walsall.
(8) HALIFAX v. York.
**(9) MANSFIELD v. Rochdale.
(10) N. BRIGHTON v. Rotherham.
**(11) STOCKPORT v. Chester.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

**(1) MOTHERWELL v. Kilmarnock.
(2) DUNDEE v. Hamilton.
(3) Third Lanark v. ST. JOHNSTONE.
(4) Airdrie v. Clyde.
*(5) AYR UNITED v. Queen's Park.
(6) CELTIC v Aberdeen.
(7) Cowdenbeath v. FALKIRK.
(8) HIBERNIAN v. Queen of South.
(9) Partick v. HEARTS.
(10) St. Mirren v. RANGERS.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—4 (*H*); Div. II.—1 (*H*); Southern Section—8 (*A*); Northern Section—9 (*H*); Scottish League—1 (*H*) would indicate Aston Villa, Brentford, Bristol Rovers, Mansfield and Motherwell

---

For the benefit of Football Pool enthusiasts the *Sporting Life* every Monday publishes a list of dividends declared by the leading Pool firms, together with forecasts for the week; and every Thursday a Pool Chart of matches played, results, points, form and forecasts.

A specimen copy of this way-to-win chart will reach you on receipt of a card to: *Sporting Life* (Dept. J.B.), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving! You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness, and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage.

These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

SHAVEX

is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

***FRIEND:** Good lord, not dressed yet! I have been shaved and dressed this five minutes, and that Conference can never wait. Heavens above, what are all these compounds doing on your face? You surely don't use soap and brush now! Why, every sensible fellow uses Shavex to-day. Even Kings and Princes use Shavex.*

***JIM:** Have you got some Shavex? My face is quite sore.*

***FRIEND:** Wait a tick, old chap, I will get you my tube, and in less than five minutes you will have had the finest shave you have ever had; and when you have shaved, rub Shavex in the skin, it's a skin food. It keeps you young, Old Boy. My wife says all my wrinkles have disappeared since I used Shavex.*

***JIM:** Well, you certainly look young, and your skin looks fine, and you look as fresh as a daisy.*

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. R 11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion. **Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.**

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb. and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL
costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and stores, or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd.
(Dept. S14)
40, Blenheim Road,
Upper Holloway, N.19.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap.

It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

LUCRETIA BORGIA.

"Glorious Lucretia, I could sing of your charms and beauty all day—your skin is like a rose, with its heart of pink and petals of palest hue."

"Don't flatter musician—play your music, which is sweeter than all your flattery. All the complexion I have is made beautiful not by my subtle poisons but by the finding of the Almond Blossom, which produces Almond Oil, giving me my cherished complexion. This alone is the secret, for Almond Oil gives youth, life and beauty to the skin. So in my laboratory my beauty is made."

I want LEADERS

says John Moores

I OFFER YOU A REGULAR, EASY SPARE-TIME INCOME, ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

In every community, in every workshop, in every office, there's a man or woman a little more respected, a little more looked up to, than the others. That is the man or woman I want with us as a spare-time Organiser of Littlewood 20-week, 1/- a week Clubs.

Many thousands are already running Littlewood Clubs—and enjoying it. They are making a regular, sure, easy spare-time income. You also can make extra money for holidays; for things to wear; for things to add to the comfort of your family as well as yourself.

But, there will be much more for you than "just the money in it." You will meet fresh people, make new friends. You will get known as a man or woman who can run things. You will become widely respected and trusted as a "LEADER."

Shall I send you a copy, Free, of the Littlewood 290-page Wonder Catalogue, value 2/-? It is packed from end to end with bargains at REAL WHOLESALE PRICES. I want you to satisfy yourself that I am not exaggerating a mite when I say:—

Inside this Catalogue there are articles to delight EVERY housewife, EVERY girl, and EVERY family man you know. The Values are Unbeatable.

The prices are factory prices. People are amazed at what we give for the money.

When we accept you as an Organiser, this 290-page Catalogue, finely illustrated in colours, will be like YOUR VERY OWN STORE. A Store you can run without capital, make money without risk. You don't have to buy goods; nor pay a deposit; nor pay out for rent, fixtures, advertising. We supply all literature, stationery, and everything you need to run successful Littlewood Clubs.

This is a real spare-time OPPORTUNITY for the man or woman a little above the others in energy, initiative, and the ability to make friends. IF YOU WANT THAT OPPORTUNITY, join with us now—and I will make it worth your while. Use the Coupon below.

John Moores
Managing Director.

Coupon brings you the Littlewood Wonder Catalogue Value 2/-, and Complete Outfit FREE

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Send me, FREE, your 2/- Catalogue, Complete Outfit, and full particulars of Cash Remuneration.

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100-110, OLD HALL STREET, LIVERPOOL, 3. DIRECTORS: JOHN MOORES, CECIL MOORES. J.B./4A M.R.

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False teeth held firmly with confidence if sprinkled daily with

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A boon to singers, speakers, clergy and business people. Sold by all chemists in patent sprinkler convenient for pocket or handbag.

FREE TRIAL: Send name and address for sample to Kolynos (Dept. F 22), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

" Every Picture tells a story."

Weak Kidneys disturb your sleep

YOU CAN'T GO ON day after day handicapped by backache, urinary disorders, getting up at night, rheumatic twinges or nerve pains. Probably the trouble lies with the kidneys. Get them working actively with the help of Doans Backache Kidney Pills, and you will cease to be a martyr to rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, renal dropsy, and bladder weakness.

" Laid up for Weeks every Summer "

On 7th January, 1902, Mr. J. Goode, Ansley, Nuneaton, Warwicks, said :—" I used to have to lie up regularly every summer for weeks with kidney complaint. This spring I struggled home with fearful pains across my back and loins. I was in bed a fortnight, getting little rest night or day. The kidney excretions caused burning pain and were scanty.

" Medicine did not seem to touch the trouble, but Doans Backache Kidney Pills brought about an astonishing change. They made me quite well and I am deeply grateful."

On 28th August, 1933, Mr. Goode said :—" Doans Pills have kept me well and free from kidney trouble for nearly thirty-one years.

(*Signed*) J. Goode."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon **Doans** BRAND **Backache Kidney Pills**

WHEN ANÆMIA SAPS VITALITY.

Doctors say we are breeding a generation of anæmics. And with anæmia comes a whole host of troubles. Proneness to illness; lessened powers of resistance, listlessness, apathy, dullness, loss of looks.

Is it surprising that so many doctors are advising women, young and old, to turn to that famous tonic wine, Wincarnis? They know that Wincarnis is so delicious that it will tempt the most fastidious appetite, and that it positively creates rich, new blood.

As you drink the very first glass you will feel fresh life steal through your veins. You will find you sleep better, grow brighter and stronger, find your looks and complexion improve until soon you have perfect health.

For 50 years Wincarnis has proved invaluable for all who are run-down, nervy or exhausted, for men and women of all ages. Over 20,000 recommendations have been received from medical men for cases of neurasthenia, debility, sleeplessness, neuralgia and run-down conditions generally. Try it yourself to-day.

THE EDITOR Laughs Last

MURIEL (Holt Heath).—" How many men propose at fifty? " Years, or m.p.h.?

JOCK (Clydebank).—" How can armaments be curtailed?" Employ plumbers to build battleships.

H. K. (Hornsey).—" My twin brother and I are exactly alike." So you are able to see yourself as others see you?

T. B. (Oxford).—" Anglers who come here to fish in the river leave a lot of litter behind." Bank deposits?

B. K. (Portsmouth).—" The British climate doesn't agree with me." Are you a weather expert?

CONTENTED (Alloa).—" I just jog along and let the rest of the world go by." We have seen that type of second-hand car.

F. L. (Reading).—" Men don't keep diaries for long." Our overstocked stationer wishes he were one of them.

ETHEL (Epping).—" If there is a storm at night, I hide under the bedclothes." Aren't you afraid of sheet lightning?

T. R. (Liverpool).—" I had a cold shower-bath yesterday morning before starting work." It rained in London on that day too.

N. B. (Fulbourn).—" Who first said all drinking water ought to be boiled for at least an hour? " Probably a coal merchant.

ECONOMIST (King's College).—" The Chancellor, after all his efforts, is coming out on top." And so is many a poor taxpayer.

T. G. (Bristol).—" What could be more hair-raising than being 3,000 feet up in the air with an aeroplane? " Being 3,000 feet up in the air without it.

ZOOLOGIST (Regent's Park).—" Unless a giraffe's head is at least 10 feet above its shoulders the animal is valueless." A case of neck or nothing.

TOM (Chichester).—" A Hollywood film actor confesses that he has a haircut every other day." Personally, we have all our hairs cut at the one time.

C. C. (Chester).—" We have bought a charming place in the country with a garden running round the house." How out of breath you must get planting seeds.

R. N. (Newmarket).—" One trainer tells me that his Grand National candidate improves every day." Is he making it fast during Lent?

S L. (Tring).—" The scene of a new novel is laid in the oilfields of America." We suppose some cruel critic won't be able to resist calling it a boring story.

S. M. (Bedford).—" What is the most important thing to grasp when learning to drive a car? " Either the brake or the steering wheel.

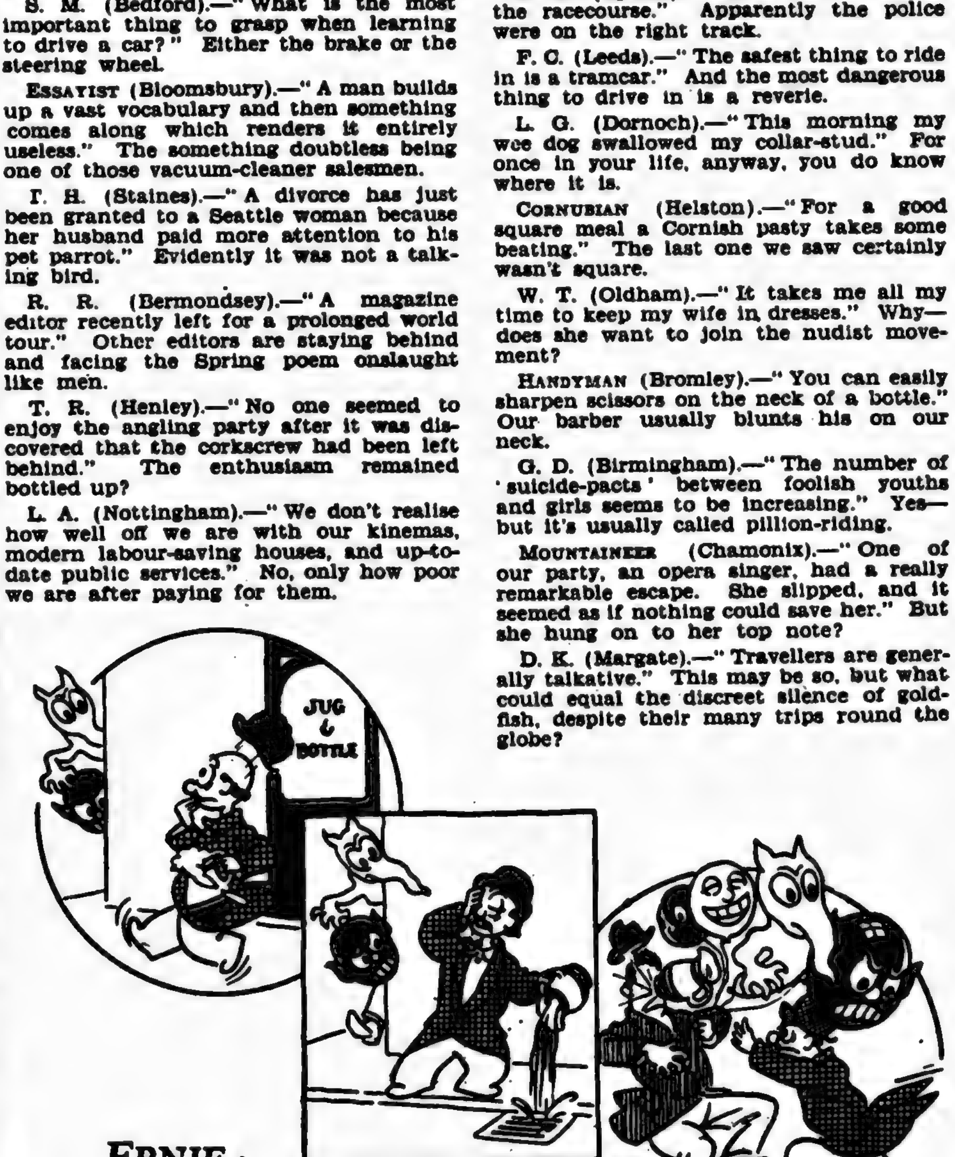
ESSAYIST (Bloomsbury).—" A man builds up a vast vocabulary and then something comes along which renders it entirely useless." The something doubtless being one of those vacuum-cleaner salesmen.

I. H. (Staines).—" A divorce has just been granted to a Seattle woman because her husband paid more attention to his pet parrot." Evidently it was not a talking bird.

R. R. (Bermondsey).—" A magazine editor recently left for a prolonged world tour." Other editors are staying behind and facing the Spring poem onslaught like men.

T. R. (Henley).—" No one seemed to enjoy the angling party after it was discovered that the corkscrew had been left behind." The enthusiasm remained bottled up?

L. A. (Nottingham).—" We don't realise how well off we are with our kinemas, modern labour-saving houses, and up-to-date public services." No, only how poor we are after paying for them.



ERNIE:

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

***R. W. M.* (Glasgow). — "My dentist has a radio set in his waiting room." After that, of course, you don't mind so much what happens in his surgery.**

" ROBBED " (Taunton).—" My golfing clothes were stolen while I was out." You must have been nonplussed.

BUSINESS MAN (E.C.).—" I have the very latest thing in typists." Ours never arrives until about ten o'clock either.

S. H. (Sheffield).—" I started life without a pair of shoes to my name and now I have half a million." Who cleans them?

H. E. (Boston).—" The signal for a ship in distress is SOS." The signal for a man in distress is I.O.U.

F. N. (Norwich).—" Our dairyman upset a whole churn on the pavement." He must have seen the inspector coming.

CLEVER (Tiverton).—" I can never think what to put down when I start writing a letter." Ever thought of your pen?

H. M. (Epsom).—" He was arrested on the racecourse." Apparently the police were on the right track.

F. C. (Leeds).—" The safest thing to ride in is a tramcar." And the most dangerous thing to drive in is a reverie.

L. G. (Dornoch).—" This morning my wee dog swallowed my collar-stud." For once in your life, anyway, you do know where it is.

CORNUBIAN (Helston).—" For a good square meal a Cornish pasty takes some beating." The last one we saw certainly wasn't square.

W. T. (Oldham).—" It takes me all my time to keep my wife in dresses." Why—does she want to join the nudist movement?

HANDYMAN (Bromley).—" You can easily sharpen scissors on the neck of a bottle." Our barber usually blunts his on our neck.

G. D. (Birmingham).—" The number of 'suicide-pacts' between foolish youths and girls seems to be increasing." Yes—but it's usually called pillion-riding.

MOUNTAINEER (Chamonix).—" One of our party, an opera singer, had a really remarkable escape. She slipped, and it seemed as if nothing could save her." But she hung on to her top note?

D. K. (Margate).—" Travellers are generally talkative." This may be so, but what could equal the discreet silence of goldfish, despite their many trips round the globe?

G. L. (Barnes).—" A dentist has be- come a comedian." New gags?

EFFIE (Effing-ham).—" What d the letters 'A.B conjure up in mos minds? " Sea.

T. M. (Bristol).—" I always shave the night before." Mos men shave thei chins.

FREE LANCE (Clap-ham). — " Editor fight to get my stuff." You mus be writing adver-tisements.

P. T. L. (West-bury).—" My young man won't go to church with me." He will one of these days.

L. C. (Bow).—" A woman generally lets the cat out o the bag." And it always comes out tale first.

H. M. (Padding-ton).—" The Fascist salute is often seen in London." Especially amongst straphangers.

BUTCHER (Totnes). —" I always prefer overweight to underweight." Not only when you're buying, we hope.

PATER (Hornsey).— " My son, aged fourteen, is about the same size as I am." Can you wear his suits?

F. L. (Watford).—" A motorist was fined for embracing his lady passenger." Was he rounding a dangerous curve?

RETIRING (Yarmouth).—" I don't want my neighbours to know I stammer." Don't talk to them then.

ELSIE (Dulwich).—" I am going out with a bill-poster, but am a bit doubtful as to his fidelity." He should stick to you all right.

BILL (Bournemouth).—" When addressing the envelope for this letter, I was almost killed by an explosion in the kitchen." That's hard luck on us!

MOTORIST (Bucknall).—" Driving a car enables me to look at life through rose-coloured spectacles." Do you ever have any " pinking " trouble?

FISHERMAN (Brixham).—" I'll believe in the Loch Ness monster when I put my hands upon him." Are you expecting a big catch?

LODGER (Nantwich).—" My landlady spoils my socks when she mends them." We should have thought that you spoilt them when you made the holes.

HORACE W. (Maidstone).—" People ought to take more interest in local affairs." Are you suggesting that gossiping is dying out?

E. D. S. (Cowes).—" My young man is talking of joining the Air Force, but I don't want him to." Aren't you keen on his rising in the world?

D. L. (Barnet).—" A South London boy is said to be able to imitate the bagpipes with marvellous realism." The little fellow simply picks up the household cat and squeezes it affectionately under his arm.

P. G. (Torquay).—" They seem to be waking up at the B.B.C." Yes—we gave them an early hint about our record offer of 30 Radio Gramophones on page 47, and they're rising to the occasion!

R. N. (Dover).—" Charged with having no driving mirror a woman motorist said it wasn't necessary, as she never powdered her nose." She evidently didn't realise the danger of her shining headlight to other motorists.

F. D. (Hampstead).—" There is a lot of difference between the independent and dependent classes." Yes, the independent class is the one that doesn't get any breakfast if the dependent class doesn't cook it.

FAN (Manchester).—" A great actor is one who can move an audience to laughter when he portrays joy, and to tears when he portrays grief." Whereas a poor actor moves it to tears when he portrays joy and to laughter when he portrays grief.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

STOP THAT COLD with VAPEX

TRADE MARK INHALANT

"A drop on your handkerchief"

Between the first and the second sneeze there is time to take precautions. You can either neglect the oncoming cold, with all its unpleasant and possibly dangerous consequences, or you can stop the infection with "Vapex".

* * *

Simply put a drop on the handkerchief. As you breathe it grows stronger and stronger. The head is relieved. The "stuffiness" goes. The whole respiratory system is gently stimulated to increased resistance.

* * *

"Vapex" stops colds quickly because it goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the warm passages of the nose and throat. The simple act of breathing the pleasant "Vapex" vapour brings an active germicide into direct contact with the infection.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/-.

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.
V104

"SURE SHIELD" BRAND Fruit Laxatives

FRUIT LAXATIVES
Better than Castor Oil
8

From all Chemists *In Packets 1½d. & 3d.*

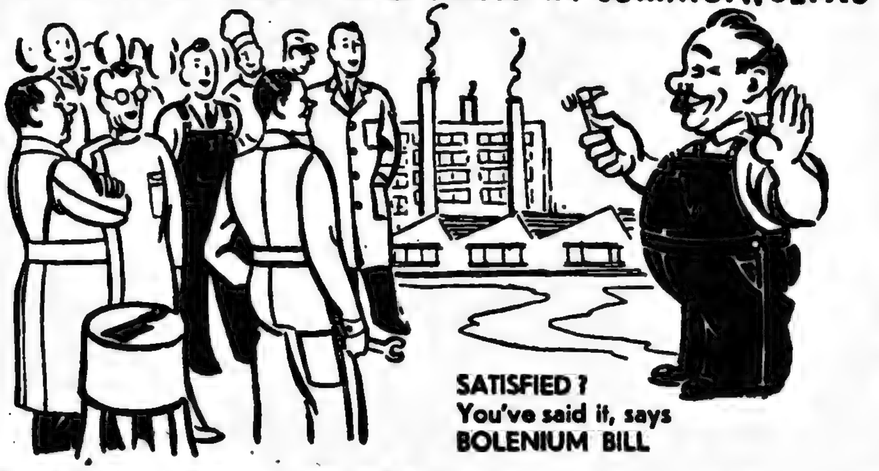
TRAIN the SYSTEM to FUNCTION at REGULAR and NORMAL ·TIMES·

There is no Laxative so Effective, Safe and Gentle

It is one thing to have had a reputation. It is another thing to have maintained it for a quarter of a century.

REMEMBER—You can always be sure of "SURE SHIELD" BRAND

"WE HAVE AT LEAST ONE THING IN COMMON, GENTS



SATISFIED ?
You've said it, says
BOLENIUM BILL

BOLENIUM OVERALL OF US!"

In every walk of life the men who know swear by Boleniums. If it's a dirty job, Boleniums keep you clean—if it's a clean job, Boleniums keep you smart—whatever the job, these famous coats and overalls will give you lasting wear and yeoman service. Bolenium Overalls are "worn by the man who knows." Ask your outfitter or write for name of nearest stockist.

PRICE LIST

BIB & BRACE OVERALLS
Grade 3, 6/6
Grade 2, 7/6
Grade 1, 9/11
BOILER SUITS
Grade 3, 9/11
Grade 2, 12/6
Grade 1, 14/11
LONG KHAKI COATS
5/6, 7/6, 8/11
LONG WHITE COATS
7/6, 8/6, 9/11

Ask your outfitter or write for complete price lists.

BIB & BRACE 6/6

BOLENIUM

PRONOUNCED BO-LENNY-UM

OVERALLS OF EVERY KIND

BIB and BRACE OVERALLS, BOILER SUITS, BUTCHERS, CLOTHING, WAREHOUSE COATS, PROVISION COATS, JACKETS, TROUSERS, ETC.

BOLENIUM OVERALLS (DEPT. I) UPTON PARK, LONDON, E.13

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

The World's greatest Razor-Blade Value!

1d EACH *6 for 6d*

BRITISH MADE

GUARANTEED PERFECT SHAVES

Smooth cutting—the keenest edge—long life, and only 1d. each are the achievements of this marvellous blade. Try one and be convinced.

STUPENDOUS OFFER. A magnificent new razor with 6 perfect Razex Blades in handsome case for 1s.

At all Chemists or post free direct from
RAZEX (Dept. J.B.), 42, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.

RAZEX BLADE

SMOKE

St. BRUNO

It's a Man's Tobacco

"I love you" *he whispered*

Every man thrills at the sight of fresh, new, white skin—the adorable kind of skin you can now have. Make this test yourself with Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood. This now contains whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients, combined with predigested dairy cream and olive oil. It instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores and dissolves blackheads. Gives amazing new skin beauty and freshness in only three days—such as can be obtained in no other way. Use this new Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood every morning and watch results.

TO SUFFERERS FROM

PILES!

There is no need for us to tell you of the maddening irritation, the day and night torture caused by pile trouble. We tell you that if you only start using Man Zan at once it will stop maddening irritation, soothe and completely heal blind or bleeding piles. Read just these two from a host of letters.

Mrs. M. A. A., Nuneaton, writes:—"For over a year I suffered with terrible burning piles. Fomentations and ointments gave me only temporary relief. Then I heard of Man Zan, and decided to try it. Now, in less than three weeks, I am completely cured of this dreadful complaint."

Mrs. J. T., Penrith, says:—"Itching and bleeding piles worried me for over two years, and I could not obtain any relief. I was recommended to try Man Zan, and immediately I found relief. Now I am free of the terrible agony."

Don't suffer longer the nerve-destroying, weakening misery of pile trouble. Man Zan will most surely give you instant relief.

Sold in easy, clean-to-use, special tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. For Free Test Supply (sent in plain wrapper) send name and address to E. C. De Witt & Co. Ltd. (Dept. R.36), Croydon.

MANZAN

BRAND PILE REMEDY

£1,200 Won in Crossword Competition No. 247.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following twenty-five competitors who share the £1,000 offered.

S. Ardron, 50, Dean Street, Bangor, N. Wales; Mrs. M. Armour, 100, Mount Collyer Street, Belfast; A. K. Barlow, Westbrook House, Margate; W. Barrow, 46, Richmond Street, Barnstaple; J. Bartlett, 36, St. John's Wood Terrace, London, N.W.8; R. J. Bewell, 3, Steventon Road, London, W.12; E. Bradbury, 34, Keble Street, Tooting, S.W.17; Mrs. L. Codd, 21, Romilly Crescent, Canton, Cardiff; J. Dent, Ashover, Chesterfield; Mrs. G. Fackerell, 101, Merthyr Road, Whitchurch, Cardiff; Mrs. F. Farncombe, 106, Ardgowan Road, Catford, S.E.6; A. George, 2, Manning Street, Stepney, E.14; Miss M. Good, 50, Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea; Miss E. D. Herbert, 300, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2; W. Light, 40, Mawthorne Road, Willesden, N.W.10; L. Nicholls, 121, Sixth Avenue, Queen's Park, W.; Mrs. F. Osborne, 9, Windy Arbour, Kenilworth; J. A. Patterson, 21, Field Terrace, Jarrow-on-Tyne; R. Ricketts, 33, Andover Road, Southampton; Miss I. Seabrook, 61, Rope Walk, Ipswich; D. Tong, Waltham Road, Scartho, Grimsby; G. Vale, Hutton Hall, Long Marston, York; F. Willard, 6, Old Farm Yard, Wellingborough; G. Wilton, Aigburth, Long Copse, Fawley, Hants; J. A. Wintle, 61, Victoria Road, Chelmsford. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £40 will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, March 6th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solution and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 367 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive 5s. 3d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above Awards, the 367 competitors who share the Runners-up Prize will each receive a Season Ticket, providing 20 free 6d. entries to our Crossword.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 245. Fifty competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £2 each have been despatched.

Another Splendid New X-word offer with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £3 a week and £500 cash or £1,000, and prizes for runners-up appears on page 44.

5TH BIRTHDAY CAMPAIGN CONTINUES THIS WEEK!

BIGGER PENSION PLUS FORTUNE PRIZE...

...FOR JOHN BULL'S X-WORD...

£2 A WEEK FOR LIFE AND £600 CASH

...OR ONE LUMP SUM OF...

£1,000

£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

EXTRA... £100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO 6D. ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

OUR Fifth Birthday Contest is over, but Fifth Birthday Month is still here. That is why "John Bull" puts up for Crossword enthusiasts to-day an even bigger weekly prize. To a weekly Life Pension of £2 he will now add a fortune increased to £600, allowing £1,000 in one lump sum should the winner prefer this award as First Prize.

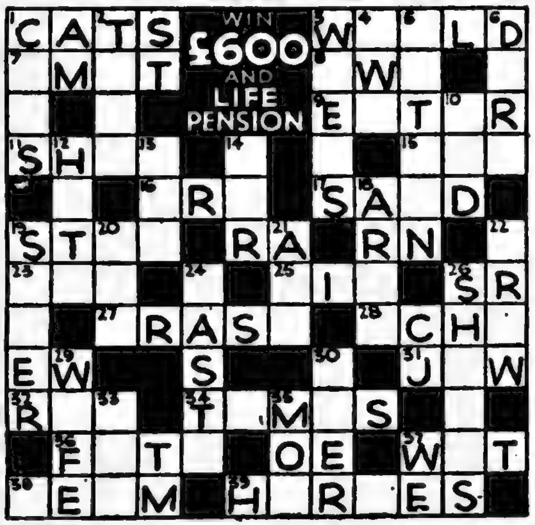
There is prize-money in plenty for the Runners-up also, for the substantial sum of £200 will be theirs as announced above.

Spend a pleasant fireside hour this evening with the unusual and interesting Clues given. You will find that common-sense will give you every word you need and you will thoroughly enjoy the solving of the ingenious problem.

Remember this, however—your entry must reach us by noon, Thursday, March 1, if you want to become our next Crossword Pensioner.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £600 Cash (or a lump sum of £1,000) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 8, 1934, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 15.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 249—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAR. 1, 1934



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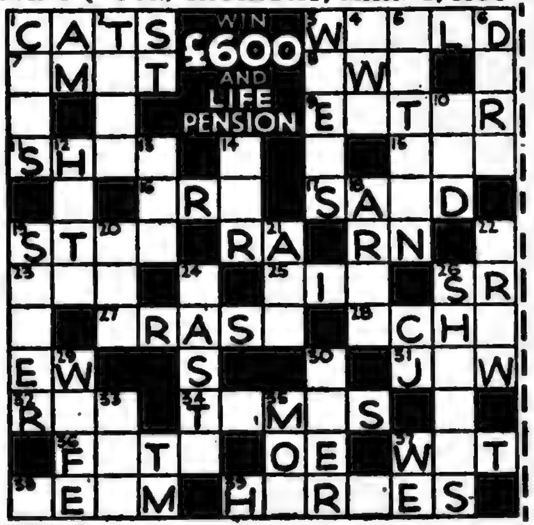

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In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.........No. ....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED ....

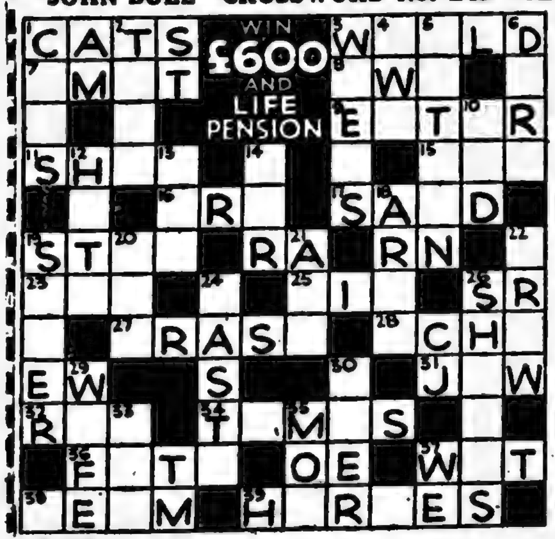
ADDRESS ....

....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 249—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAR. 1, 1934



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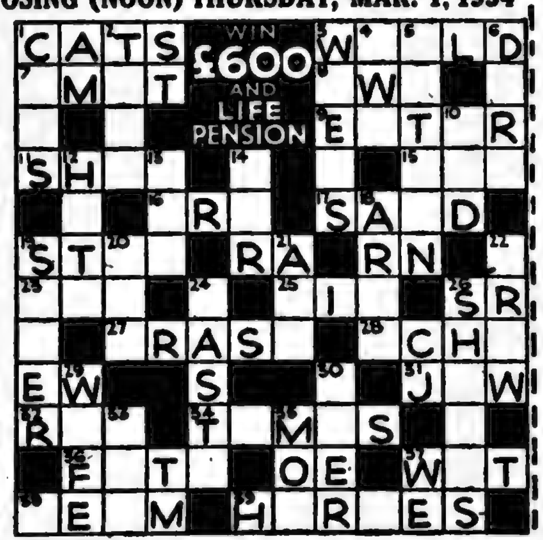

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In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value.........No. ....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED..

ADDRESS ....

....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for 6d. With four squares send one P.O. for 1/-. See Rule 1.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 249, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Winners in Competition No. 247 on Page 43.

Solutions and Winners in Competition No. 248 and Solution of Competition No. 249 will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 8, as announced.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Often keep you awake at night
3. Next one interests spiritualist
7. Leave out
8. Looks after her lambs
9. You do this to completed coupon
11. Another form of "show"
15. Busy little insect
16. Number of years
17. Remarked
19. What fixes your collar
23. May have four legs—or two
25. A fib
27. Rub out
28. Bad teeth do this
31. Talk tediously
32. Divide by tearing
34. Printing was seldom seen in ancient ones
36. Often held for charity
37. America is now
38. Should hold together, whatever the strain
39. Cowboy film heroes used to sit on these

DOWN

1. Are seen on wheels
2. Knowing this helps navigator
3. Can change the whole look of a garden
4. Possess
5. Keep possession of
6. Is dangerous for children to play with
10. Opposite of beginning
12. Often suffer in gale
13. Married
14. Can be a danger on our roads
18. Basement house has one
19. It's this to live well within your income
20. Put to some purpose
21. Kind of beer.
22. May mean one over eight
24. It finishes things—more quickly
26. New ones bring money to firm
29. Life partner
30. Runs away when turned on
33. Needs a stick when climbing
35. What the cows do

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form, send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, March 1, 1934.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 15, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, March 27, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared, £1,000 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

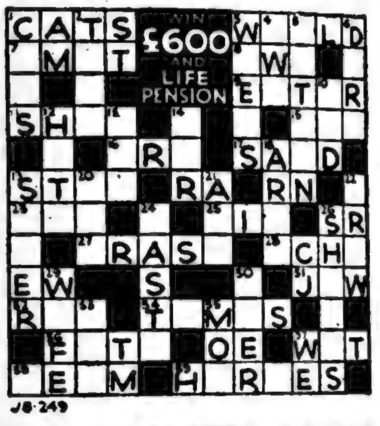
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to complete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



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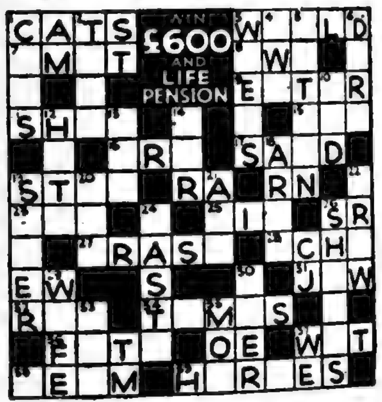

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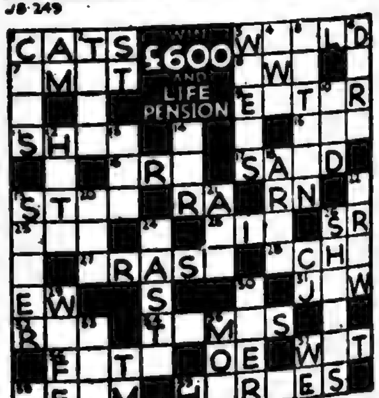

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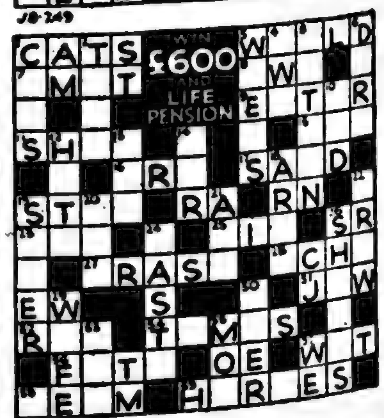

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FREE HELP with "John Bull's" puzzles awaits you in the Crossword Gazette. Register on Bulletin coupon in "Bullets" page.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results. Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful.

If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night, every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

We do not pay the Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

IRENE: I cannot understand, Lilian, how you manage to keep such a beautiful complexion. You are without doubt the most beautiful woman I have ever seen; yet, my dear, you must be at least 45 years old. You are ten years older than myself, and you look ten years younger! You have not got a wrinkle.

LILIAN: My darling, don't flatter me. I am certainly 45, and my skin is kept perfect with Doge Cream. It is simply wonderful: it takes all wrinkles away. I could not believe a face cream could work such magic. It is Venetian and does not grow hair. It is not a vanishing cream, because they only dry up the skin. It is without doubt a marvellous beautifier.

IRENE: Oh, Lilian, why did you keep this secret? Why did you not tell me of it before? I will get some at once.

Per Pot - - 1/-;
Large Pot - 2/-;
Large Tube 9d.;

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For Free Sample Tube of Doge Cream

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. D68), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for stiff joints, rubbed in gently by the fire and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.

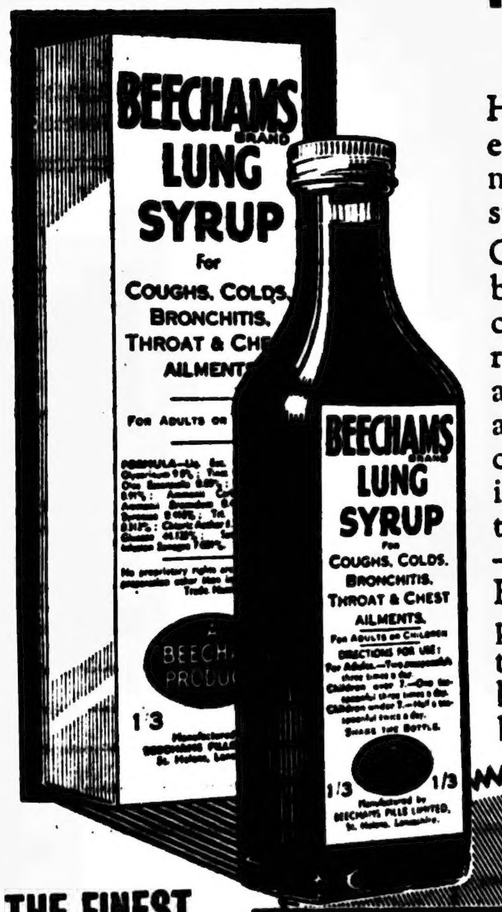
"Stop that cough before it gets worse

this new Lung Syrup brings quicker relief"

IT'S MADE BY BEECHAMS

Here is a remedy that will end once and for all the misery and distress of Chest sufferers.

Only Beechams Lung Syrup brings *complete* relief, because only this amazing remedy has the 'Five Fold' action. Beechams Lung Syrup attacks every contributory cause of the trouble. First it stops coughing. Then throat irritation is banished—breathing is eased—Feverishness and high temperature are reduced, and the system is cleansed of the harmful poisons generated by Respiratory Troubles.


BEECHAMS BRAND
LUNG SYRUP
For COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, THROAT & CHEST AILMENTS
BEECHAMS PRODUCT
1/3
Manufactured by BEECHAMS PILLS LIMITED, St. Helens, Lancashire.

THE FINEST REMEDY
For
COUGHS
CATARRH
BRONCHITIS
INFLUENZA
and CHEST
and LUNG
TROUBLES

BEECHAMS BRAND **Lung Syrup**

1/3 *per bottle.*

A Beecham Product.

INDIGESTION is NEVER confined to the Stomach

Indigestion never stops at the Stomach. Therefore, to relieve ALL your symptoms and make a good recovery you need 'BiSoDoL' which helps digestion ALL THE WAY.

'BiSoDoL' is a logical and scientific remedy which far surpasses other remedies in the scope of its action and the completeness of its effect. While ordinary stomach powders or bicarbonate of soda act in the stomach, 'BiSoDoL' puts the entire digestive system right.

On taking 'BiSoDoL' the first act of this remedy is to sweeten the sour fermenting contents of the stomach and give immediate relief from pain, fullness and flatulence. It soothes the gastric nerves and thus restores the acid balance of the gastric juice, so that food no longer turns sour, and stomach digestion proceeds in comfort.

'BiSoDoL' is a COMPLETE Remedy

But the restorative action of 'BiSoDoL' does not end in the stomach. The headaches, the liver attacks, the mental sluggishness and bodily lethargy, the fits of depression, the abdominal flatulence and distension—distressing symptoms of intestinal or bowel indigestion which are only too well known, especially to middle-aged and elderly people—are quickly relieved when 'BiSoDoL' is taken.

'BiSoDoL' actively assists the digestion of meats, fats, starches, indeed all foods. It supports the feeble digestion —ALL THE WAY—until digestive power is fully recovered.

Try 'BiSoDoL' and you will realise what a great stride has been made in the conquest of indigestion by this discovery.

PRICE 1/3 AND 3/-
(Family size 4/9)
OF ALL CHEMISTS

Prepared in England by
BiSoDoL Ltd., 12, Chenies Street,
London W.C. 1.

BiSoDoL

Pronounce it By-So-DoL

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

QUICK RELIEF AND COMFORT

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 285.

Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).

HEART TROUBLE

PRESCRIPTION THAT WILL GIVE YOUR HEART A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. Prices: 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/– (432 pills). This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down condition, and stops that falling to pieces feeling.

Here are further well-known **SHADFORTH** Prescriptions largely prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"**White Lions**" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144).

"**BRAIN SPARKLERS**" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).

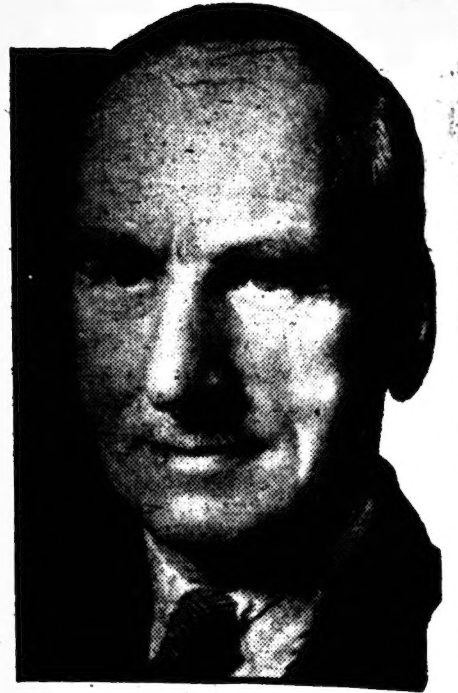
Reduce Your Blood Pressure with the Shadforth complete three-fold Treatment (No. 1108). It gives prompt relief and reduces the risk of a "stroke." Prices: 2/6 and 5/6.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or you can obtain privately packed and post free at these prices from:—

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, Ltd.,
Dispensing Chemists,
(Dept. J.B.18), 49, KING WILLIAM ST.,
London Bridge, E.C.4, and Branches.

Never miss reading
"SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING"
See page 2

HE WORKS at WESTMINSTER —but doesn't waste words!



Ignoring the advice of the sceptics, he went on to win £500!

TYPIST, accountant, labourer, grocer, housewife—a glance at our records shows an astonishing variety of walks in life represented by *Bullets* First Prize-winners.

Last week we added to our roll of well over 900 First Prize-winners the name of a Westminster clerk, Mr. E. Mills, 4, Saltcoats Road, Bedford Park, W. In capturing our 924th First Prize, Mr. Mills secured £500 and a Radio Gramophone with his neat and forceful *Bullet*: HONEST MAN—STANDS "SEARCHLIGHT"—SHEDS "BEAM."

"My successful effort was completed almost at once," this winner told a JOHN BULL man.

But although Mr. Mills describes his First Prize effort as "almost an inspiration," there is little doubt that it was really due to the training in making good *Bullets* he had given himself. Without it he might never have been able to turn his sudden bright idea to such tremendous advantage.

Most of the prizes Mr. Mills had previously won were "Target" awards. But these, as well as a £5 cheque he secured just before last Christmas, showed him that he was well on the way to his *Bullets* goal.

Much depends in *Bullets* on the determination with which you tackle the *Examples* each week and the courage you have to ignore the taunts of know-alls who know nothing about competitions.

Remembering that fact, it is interesting to recall the *Bullet* which won for Mr. Mills that welcome £5: THROWN AWAY—ADVICE—"OH, CHUCK IT!"

"People have often advised me to chuck *Bullets*," Mr. Mills recalled with a smile. "But apart from the prizes there is profit in the mental relaxation."

* * *

Another £500 and Radio Gramophone First Prize is waiting to be won this week—and each of the twenty-nine other chief cheques is accompanied by one of these magnificent £18 18s. instruments. See that your entry, using coupons on opposite page, is in by Saturday, March 3.

WIN A THOUSAND NIGHTS OF ENTERTAINMENT!

THANKS to this week's record-breaking offer of *thirty* £18 18s. Radio Gramophones another 30 "Bulleteers" are soon to realise the lasting joys of possessing a really fine instrument which will be the envy of all who see and hear it.

If you could listen to the astonishing performance of any of the scores of Radio Gramophones already awarded, filling a "Bulleteer's" home with a variety of entertainment nightly, you would spend every leisure moment on making *Bullets* during the next few days.

To help you realise the excellence of the Radio Gramophones JOHN BULL awards and the pleasure they give, read below just a few of the enthusiastic tributes such instruments have brought from previous winners:

"I am more than surprised at the magnificent cabinet. It is a thing of beauty and the tone of the radio and gramophone is superb."—*W. J. Simpson, 189, Abbeyhill Street, Glasgow.*

"I must congratulate you on your excellent selection. It is indeed a superb instrument and typical of JOHN BULL's method of working." *E. R. David, Hillsboro', Manor Way, Whitchurch, Cardiff.*

"I had expected something good, but my Radio Gramophone exceeds all expectations—it is the last word"—*G. A. Stephenson*, 200, *Norwood, Beverley, Yorks.*

"The Radio Gramophone is beyond my wildest dreams. The tone, like its appearance, is perfect and I can assure you it will always be our most treasured piece of furniture"—*Mrs. R. Ostler*, 22, *Battenburg Avenue, North End, Portsmouth.*

"The *Bullets* Radio Gramophone is a very handsome instrument and was in fine working order within half an hour of its arrival."—*Mr. E. A. Commett*, 4, *Morley Terrace, York.*

"The instrument seems to be able to pick up music at any time of the day or night."—*A. D. Rose*, 36, *Derby Crescent, Sunbury-on-Thames.*

"I should like to mention how carefully and efficiently the Radio Gramophone was packed. When I made the necessary adjustments and turned on the power, the music came on at once; something that just shows the great care and forethought exercised by you in the choice of a firm to supply prizes to Bulleteers.'"—*W. V. Burke, "Red Gorton," Helen's Bay, Belfast*

"The Radio Gramophone arrived on Saturday in perfect condition and was very promptly connected up to the wiring I had already installed for it. Since then we have had an enchanting week-end of music, the prelude to many more. The exterior of the set is in the most admirable good taste, but the quality of the performance is beyond anything I could have expected. It is difficult to believe that such purity of tone could be reproduced by mechanical means."—*H Harrison*, 5, *Green Avenue, Hall Green, Birmingham*, 11.

STUDY THESE WINNERS!

Homely *Bullets*, efforts dealing neatly with the affairs of the nation, others that are pieces of potted philosophy—you will find them all in the selection of recent big winners which we provide below for your assistance.

Remember that there are also scores of other ways to make a *Bullet* worthy of one of this week's 30 fine Cash-plus-Radio Gramophone prizes.

The Bride And Bridegroom
May Confetti "Hit" Hardest!
Pampered Child
I Feel, Counting Blessings.
Battle of Wits
Keeping Grandpa Off Crimea!
Redeeming Feature
"Search" Criminal For *That*!
Gives Me A Pain
"Limb" Wrapped In "Cotton-wool."
Too Often
"I" Repeated, Forms "Barrier."
Angel Of Peace
With *Powerful* Voice, Baby.
Happy Memories
"Flowers" Fireside *Keeps Fresh.*
In The Fading Light
"The Book's" Brought Nearer.
Good Sign
Doesn't "Squeak" When "Windy."
Hope's Lantern
Timid Dim It.
Shouting
Impresses Weak—Expresses Weakness.
Always Pays
To View Two Views.
The Worst
Of Us, Of Use.
Night Of Terror
Nations "Making Bed" For.
Now She's Gone
"Gap" Left—"Fences" Harder.
Deliver The Goods And
Stop Being "World Deliverers"!
Miss Prosperity
Will Marry "Will" Willingly.
Auntie's Parrot
"Murders" Song—Then "Swings."
Found Himself
In "Stew," Venturesome "Rabbit."

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT REGISTRATION FORMS

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent) ....
Address ....
....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....
Address ....
....
.... Date ....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 24 2/34.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.
Age ....
Address ....
....
....
Name and Address of Newsagent. ....
....
.... Date ....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B. 24/2/34

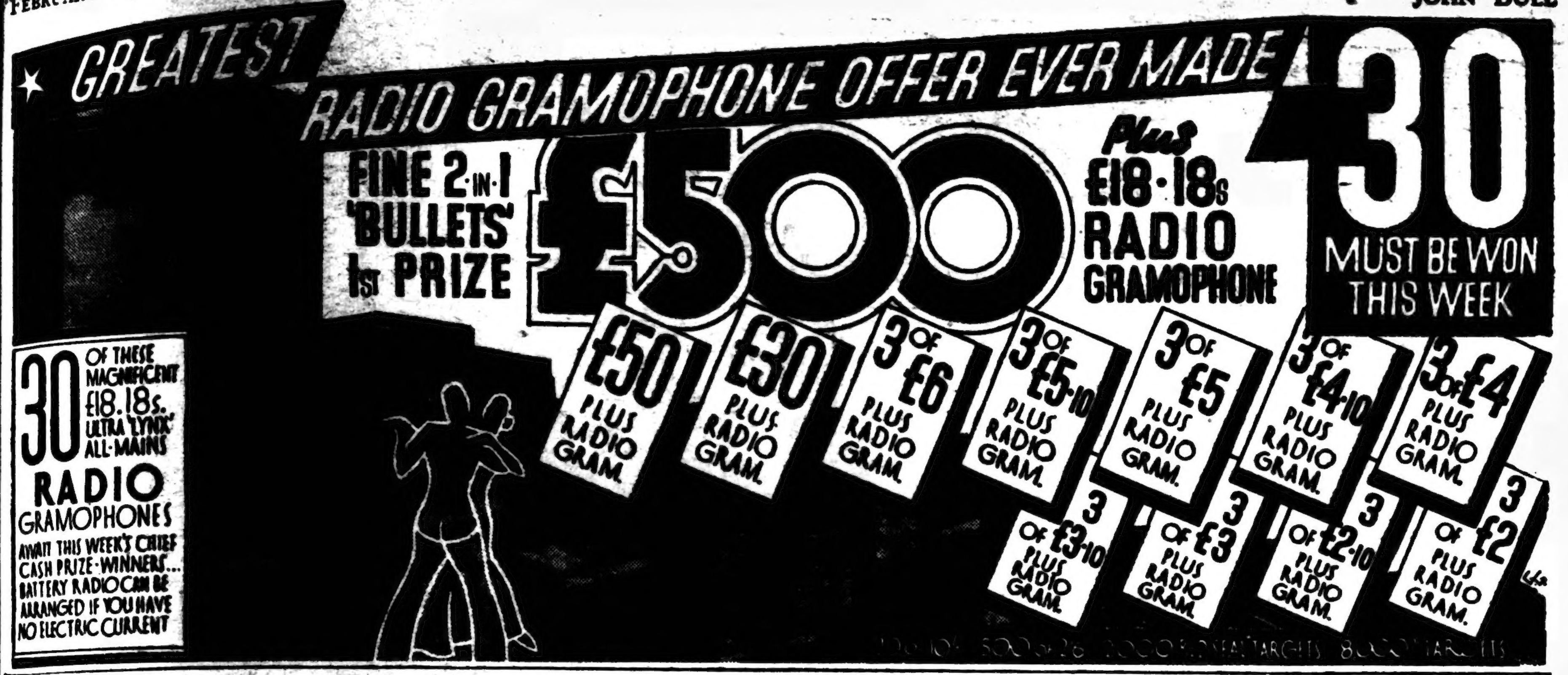
JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

Cash the Coupon!


GREATEST
RADIO GRAMOPHONE OFFER EVER MADE
FINE 2-IN-1 'BULLETS' 1ST PRIZE
£500
PLUS £18·18s RADIO GRAMOPHONE
30 MUST BE WON THIS WEEK
30 OF THESE MAGNIFICENT £18. 18s. ULTRA 'LYNX' ALL-MAINS RADIO GRAMOPHONES AWAIT THIS WEEK'S CHIEF CASH PRIZE-WINNERS... BATTERY RADIO CAN BE ARRANGED IF YOU HAVE NO ELECTRIC CURRENT
£50 PLUS RADIO GRAM.
£30 PLUS RADIO GRAM.
3 OF £6 PLUS RADIO GRAM.
3 OF £5·10 PLUS RADIO GRAM.
3 OF £5 PLUS RADIO GRAM.
3 OF £4·10 PLUS RADIO GRAM.
3 OF £4 PLUS RADIO GRAM.
3 OF £3·10 PLUS RADIO GRAM.
3 OF £3 PLUS RADIO GRAM.
3 OF £2·10 PLUS RADIO GRAM.
3 OF £2 PLUS RADIO GRAM.

Yet Another "Bullets" Record Shattered!

TO-DAY sees the launching of the greatest offer of Radio Gramophones with cash which has ever been known!

No prize, except a giant cheque, can quite grip the imagination like a magnificent Radio Gramophone. Long after a cheque would have been spent, there it stands in your home, a magic box of endless entertainment which pours out fresh delights each day at the touch of a switch.

The illustration above gives you only an impression of the £18 18s. Ultra "Lynx" instruments featured in this prize-list—only your ear can appreciate their glorious tone.

Never in any previous *Bullets* contest have you had as many as 30 opportunities of securing a cheque with a Radio Gramophone. And since your cheque may be as much as £500 cash, this is one of the finest one-week offers yet seen.

HOW TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, first read through the given *Examples*, marking those which appeal to you and jotting down all the rough ideas which any of them suggest.

Now, since a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, neatly linked to the *Example*, take each of your rough comments in turn and polish it into a *Bullet* accordingly. For instance, against the *Example*, PARLIAMENT'S SITTING, BUT, you might well write the rough note, *Members Must Work Harder*. This you could readily improve into the finished *Bullet*, PARLIAMENT'S SITTING, BUT—"LEANING BACK," MAY "FALL."

Before you begin it will pay you to study carefully the long list of previous big winners printed for your convenience on the opposite page.

Having learned the lessons in construction which these prize-winning *Bullets* provide, go ahead on your own efforts, see that your entry is in by Saturday, March 3, and a big Cheque plus a Radio Gramophone may well be your reward.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

PARLIAMENT'S SITTING, BUT
THE QUESTION IS
SEEN BUT NOT HEARD
OPTIMISTS SAY
COMING IN TIME
AT THE WORKS
TO RING THE BELL
WELCOME
DANGEROUS MAN
A BIT TOO HOT
AMBUSHED
ONLY WAY OUT
ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH
HER LAMB
SHAMMING
FOR THE PRESENT
FIRST AND FOREMOST
IN LIFE
BANGING THE DRUM
SHE HOPES
BEAUTY
STILL TALKING
IF I COULD
SLIPPING AWAY
SLACKNESS
SPEEDY END
IN THE BACK ROW
EVER SINCE
BAD LOT
USUALLY BEHIND
ONCE
LIGHT AS A FEATHER
AWKWARD FOR FATHER
RELATED TO HER
WORST OF ALL
PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in *Bullets Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £2-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 928 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for [illegible] awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 926 will be displayed at Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's bookstall, Turnham Green Station.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

Make Your Entry on These Big Coupons

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(928) Closing SAT., Mar. 3
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

Bullets must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(928) Closing SAT., Mar. 3
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(928) Closing SAT., Mar. 3
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(928) Closing SAT., Mar. 3
P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 928, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

50 BIG 2-In-1 PRIZES COMING NEXT WEEK!

THOUSANDS OF £££'s

For Enterprising Men!

Start a Profitable Business with THE MACHINE THAT MAKES MONEY

Mr. D. A. Adana, the Inventor.

Supply the Big **WEEKLY** Demand for Printed Material in **YOUR OWN** District and make **LARGE PROFITS** in **QUICK TIME.** The Possibilities are **ENORMOUS**—the Market **HUGE.** In small villages and large towns all over the country golden opportunities are going begging—simply waiting for Enterprising Men to take advantage of them. Tradesmen, Cinema Proprietors, Dance and Concert Organisers, etc., etc., all **MUST** have a regular supply of Printed Material from Week to Week. With the aid of My Wonder Working "Adana" Printing Machine **YOU** could easily produce this! So interesting and wonderfully fascinating is the work that it is just like a pleasant hobby.

Special Easy Payment Terms BY SMALL INSTALMENTS!

THE MARVELLOUS "ADANA" ALL-STEEL SUPER MODEL AUTOMATIC SELF-INKING PRINTING MACHINE.

Solid and Speedy Impression Control, Double Pressed Steel Type Bed, Heavy Pressed Steel Platen. Especially designed for Commercial Use in All Large and Small Printing Establishments. Makes Printing Simplicity Itself even to Absolute Beginners. **45/-**

Read How Others MAKE MONEY!

Only 15 Years Old but Earns 30/- per week!

Dear Sirs,—Please accept my heartiest congratulations, for your machine is wonderful, I first took, it up as a hobby—but now I am making an average of 30/- per week, which is very good I think for a 15-year-old.

D.E.S. (Liverpool).

"I Am Making A Nice Little Sum."

I received your plant. *It is a "little wonder" machine* and prints beautifully clear.

I have already done 3 big jobs and I am making a nice little sum. It will print as good as a professional printer can.

I have three orders for letterheads *waiting now.* (C.H.)

"I Can Think of No Better Investment."

I have no hesitation in saying that, for simplicity completeness and accuracy at the price *I can think of no better investment* and in my case it will *save its cost in a month.* I have had no experience previously with printing, but owing to the freedom from complicated parts and adjustments *I am already able to turn out what I need immediately with the plant supplied.* (A.R.)

A Golden Key to Money-Making.

I received your printing machine quite safely, and was more than delighted with same. I consider it *a machine that is capable of turning out first class work. It should also prove a golden help to the man or woman who is only blessed with a very small amount of this world's riches.* (H.S.)

"I Printed 500 Handbills."

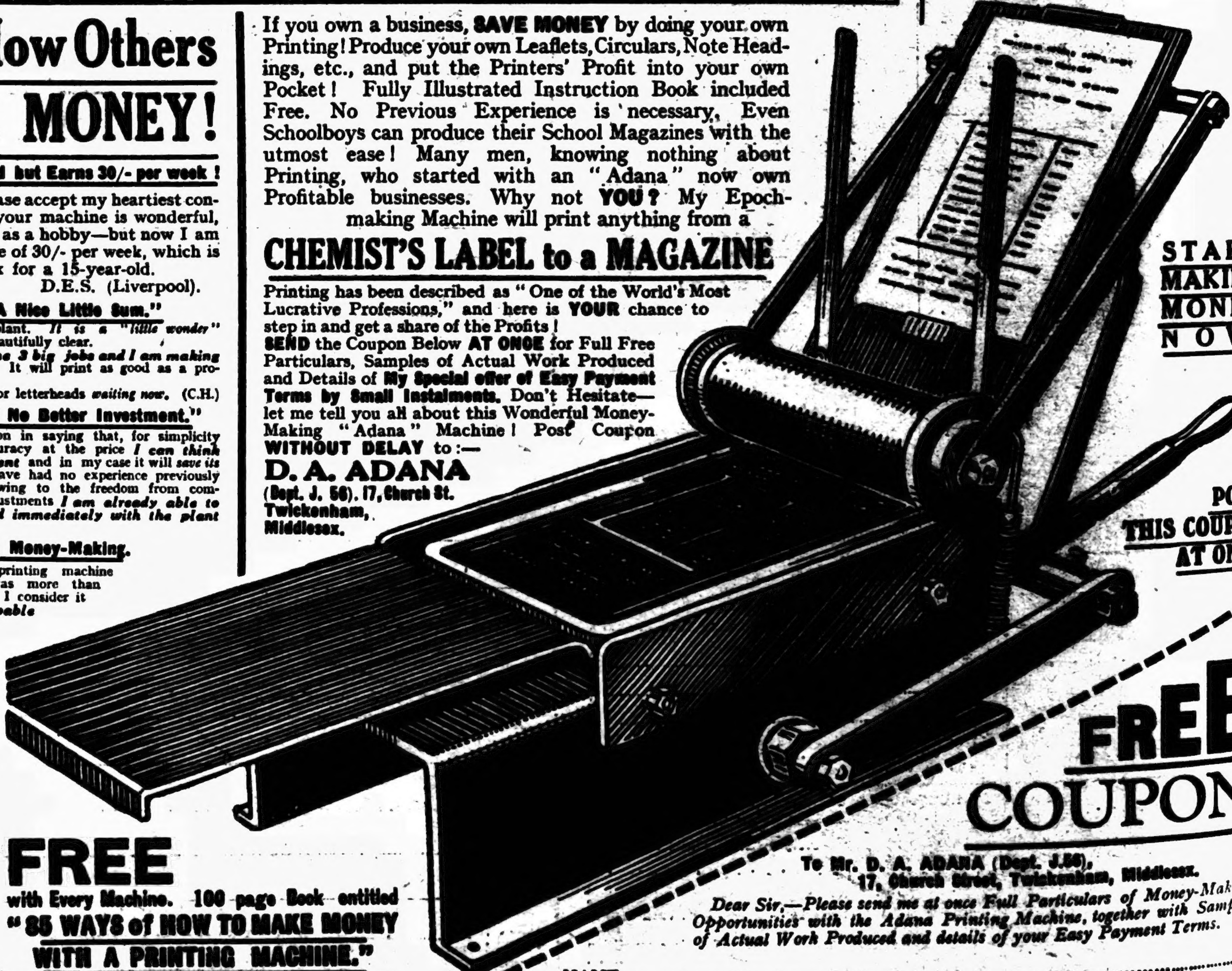
I must say I think the Adana machine *is wonderful value for money and extremely simple to work.* As soon as I had set up the type *I printed 500 handbills* without a single misprint! *I might say I had never done any printing before.* (R.C.)

If you own a business, **SAVE MONEY** by doing your own Printing! Produce your own Leaflets, Circulars, Note Headings, etc., and put the Printers' Profit into your own Pocket! Fully Illustrated Instruction Book included Free. No Previous Experience is necessary. Even Schoolboys can produce their School Magazines with the utmost ease! Many men, knowing nothing about Printing, who started with an "Adana" now own Profitable businesses. Why not **YOU?** My Epoch-making Machine will print anything from a

CHEMIST'S LABEL to a MAGAZINE

Printing has been described as "One of the World's Most Lucrative Professions," and here is **YOUR** chance to step in and get a share of the Profits! **SEND** the Coupon Below **AT ONCE** for Full Free Particulars, Samples of Actual Work Produced and Details of **My Special offer of Easy Payment Terms by Small Instalments.** Don't Hesitate—let me tell you all about this Wonderful Money-Making "Adana" Machine! Post Coupon **WITHOUT DELAY** to:—

D. A. ADANA
(Dept. J. 56). 17, Church St.
Twickenham,
Middlesex.



START MAKING MONEY NOW!

POST THIS COUPON AT ONCE

FREE

with Every Machine. 100 page Book entitled "85 WAYS of HOW TO MAKE MONEY WITH A PRINTING MACHINE."

Written by an expert in simple language. Fully Illustrated.

LONDON SHOWROOMS, LUDGATE HOUSE, FLEET ST., E.C.4.
MANCHESTER, 60, OLDHAM STREET.

FREE COUPON

To Mr. D. A. ADANA (Dept. J.56),
17, Church Street, Twickenham, Middlesex.

Dear Sir,—Please send me at once Full Particulars of Money-Making Opportunities with the Adana Printing Machine, together with Samples of Actual Work Produced and details of your Easy Payment Terms.

NAME..

ADDRESS ....

T.C.B.

Cut along dotted line

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